THE WORKS OF JONATHAN SWIFT, D. D: D. S. P. D.

WITH

NOTES HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY

J. HAWKESWORTH, L. L. D.

AND OTHERS.

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A TRI-

A CRITICAL ESSAY UPON THE FACULTIES OF THE MIND *.

To ———.

SIR,

BEING so great a lover of antiquities, it was reasonable to suppose you would be very much obliged with any thing that was new. I have been of late offended with many writers of essays and moral discourses, for running into stale to-

* In this piece the spirit of ridicule is very highly displayed. The author gravely pretends, that this subject is of mighty importance; that his sentiments are entirely new; that his quotations are untouched by others; and, above all, that he has treated his subject with much order, fulness, and perspicuity: On which account, he hath proposed it as a pattern for young writers to imitate, and desires it may be considered as the utmost effort of his genius. Whereas, in fact, the subject is of little importance, the sentiments are old and stale, the quotations are threadbare; and, to complete his ridicule, he has treated his subject in a light, careless, rambling, superficial manner, without order, fulness, meaning, or perspicuity: And therefore it is only to be considered, like the *meditation* on a broomstick, (Vol. VII.) in a farcical, satiric light, designed purely to expose the folly and temerity of those brainless, illiterate scribblers, who are eternally plaguing their cotemporaries with a parcel of wild, incoherent, nonsensical trash. *Swift.*

This essay will make you smile. *Orrery.*

pics and thread-bare quotations, and not handling their ſubject fully and cloſely: All which errors I have carefully avoided in the following eſſay, which I have propoſed as a pattern for young writers to imitate. The thoughts and obſervations being entirely new, the quotations untouched by others, the ſubject of mighty importance, and treated with much order and perſpicuity, it hath coſt me a great deal of time; and I deſire you will accept and conſider it as the utmoſt effort of my genius.

PHILOSOPHERS ſay, that man is a microcoſm, or little world, reſembling in miniature every part of the great; and, in my opinion, the body natural may be compared to the body politic: And if this be ſo, how can the Epicurean's opinion be true, that the univerſe was formed by a fortuitous concourſe of atoms; which I will no more believe, than that the accidental jumbling of the letters of the alphabet could fall by chance into a moſt ingenious and learned treatiſe of philoſophy. *Riſum teneatis amici?* [HOR.] This falſe opinion muſt needs create many more: It is like an error in the firſt concoction, which cannot be corrected in the ſecond; the foundation is weak, and whatever ſuperſtructure you raiſe upon it, muſt of neceſſity fall to the ground. Thus men are led from one error to another, until, with Ixion, they embrace a cloud inſtead of Juno; or, like the dog in the fable, loſe the ſubſtance in gaping at the ſhadow. For ſuch opinions cannot cohere; but, like the iron and clay

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in the toes of Nebuchadnezzar's image, muſt ſeparate and break in pieces. I have read in a certain author, that Alexander wept, becauſe he had no more worlds to conquer; which he needed not have done, if the fortuitous concourſe of atoms could create one: But this is an opinion fitter for that many-headed beaſt, the vulgar, to entertain, than for ſo wiſe a man as Epicurus; the corrupt part of his ſect only borrowed his name, as the monkey did the cat's claw to draw the cheſnut out of the fire.

However, the firſt ſtep to the cure is to know the diſeaſe; and though truth may be difficult to find, becauſe, as the philoſopher obſerves, ſhe lives in the bottom of a well, yet we need not, like blind men, grope in open day-light. I hope I may be allowed, among ſo many far more learned men, to offer my mite, ſince a ſtander-by may ſometimes perhaps ſee more of the game, than he that plays it. But I do not think a philoſopher obliged to account for every phænomenon in nature, or drown himſelf with Ariſtotle, for not being able to ſolve the ebbing and flowing of the tide, in that fatal ſentence he paſt upon himſelf, *Quia te non capio, tu capies me.* Wherein he was at once the judge and the criminal, the accuſer and executioner. Socrates on the other hand, who ſaid he knew nothing, was pronounced by the oracle to be the wiſeſt man in the world.

But to return from this digreſſion, I think it as clear as any demonſtration in Euclid, that na-

ture does nothing in vain; if we were able to dive into her ſecret receſſes, we ſhould find that the ſmalleſt blade of graſs, or moſt contemptible weed, has its particular uſe; but ſhe is chiefly admirable in her minuteſt compoſitions, the leaſt and moſt contemptible inſect moſt diſcovers the art of nature, if I may ſo call it, though nature, which delights in variety, will always triumph over art: And as the poet obſerves,

Naturam expellas furca licet, uſque recurret. HOR.

But the various opinions of philoſophers have ſcattered through the world as many plagues of the mind, as Pandora's box did thoſe of the body, only with this difference, that they have not left hope at the bottom. And if truth be not fled with Aſtræa, ſhe is certainly as hidden as the ſource of Nile, and can be found only in Utopia. Not that I would reflect on thoſe wiſe ſages, which would be a ſort of ingratitude; and he that calls a man ungrateful, ſums up all the evil that a man can be guilty of,

Ingratum ſi dixeris, omnia dicis.

But what I blame the philoſophers for (though ſome may think it a paradox) is chiefly their pride; nothing leſs than an *ipſe dixit*, and you muſt pin your faith on their ſleeve. And though Diogenes lived in a tub, there might be, for ought I know, as much pride under his rags, as in the fine-ſpun garment of the divine Plato. It is reported of this Diogenes, that when Alexander came to ſee him, and promiſed to give him whatever

ever he would aſk, the *cynic* only anſwered, *Take not from me what thou canſt not give me, but ſtand from between me and the light;* which was almoſt as extravagant as the philoſopher, that flung his money into the ſea, with this remarkable ſaying——

How different was this man from the uſurer, who being told his ſon would ſpend all he had got, replied, *He cannot take more pleaſure in ſpending, than I did in getting it.* Theſe men could ſee the faults of each other, but not their own; thoſe they flung into the bag behind *: *Non videmus id manticæ quod in tergo eſt.* I may perhaps be cenſured for my free opinions by thoſe carping Momus's, whom authors worſhip, as the Indians do the devil, for fear. They will endeavour to give my reputation as many wounds as the man in the almanack; but I value it not; and perhaps, like flies, they may buzz ſo often about the candle, till they burn their wings. They muſt pardon me, if I venture to give them this advice, not to rail at what they cannot underſtand: It does but diſcover that ſelf-tormenting paſſion of envy, than which the greateſt tyrant never invented a more cruel torment.

Invidia Siculi non invenere tyranni
Tormentum majus—— JUV.

* Alluding to the fable of Phædrus, that Jupiter had hung over every man's ſhoulder two fatchels, of which one hung before, and contained the faults of his neighbours, and the other behind, which contained his own. *Hawkeſ.*

I muſt be ſo bold to tell my critics and witlings, that they can no more judge of this, than a man that is born blind can have any true idea of colours. I have always obſerved that your empty veſſels ſound loudeſt: I value their laſhes as little as the ſea did thoſe of Xerxes, when he whipped it *. The utmoſt favour a man can expect from them, is that which Polyphemus promiſed Ulyſſes, that he would devour him the laſt: They think to ſubdue a writer, as Cæſar did his enemy, with a *veni, vidi, vici*. I confeſs I value the opinion of the judicious few, a Rymer, a Dennis, or a W——k; but for the reſt, to give my judgment at once, I think the long diſpute among the philoſophers about a *vacuum* may be determined in the affirmative, that it is to be found in a critic's head. They are at beſt but the drones of the learned world, who devour the honey, and will not work themſelves; and a writer need no more regard them, than the moon does the barking of a little ſenſeleſs cur. For, in ſpite of their terrible roaring, you may with half an eye diſcover the *aſs* under the *lion's* ſkin.

But to return to our diſcourſe: Demoſthenes being aſked what was the firſt part of an orator, replied, *action*: what was the ſecond, *action*: what was the third, *action*: and ſo on *ad infinitum*.

* It is told of Xerxes, that when the ſea broke down the bridge of boats which he had laid over the Helleſpont, he ordered it to be laſhed, and fetters to be thrown into it. *Hawkeſ.*

tum. This may be true in oratory; but contemplation in other things exceeds action. And therefore a wiſe man is never leſs alone, than when he is alone:

Nunquam minus ſolus quam cum ſolus.

And Archimedes, the famous mathematician, was ſo intent upon his problems, that he never minded the ſoldier who came to kill him. Therefore, not to detract from the juſt praiſe belonging to orators, they ought to conſider that nature, which gave us two eyes to ſee, and two ears to hear, has given us but one tongue to ſpeak, wherein however ſome do ſo abound, that the virtuoſi, who have been ſo long in ſearch for the perpetual motion, may infallibly find it there.

Some men admire republics, becauſe orators flouriſh there moſt, and are the great enemies of tyranny: But my opinion is, that one tyrant is better than a hundred. Beſides, theſe orators inflame the people, whoſe anger is really but a ſhort fit of madneſs.

Ira furor brevis eſt.——— HOR.

After which, laws are like cobwebs, which may catch ſmall flies, but let waſps and hornets break through. But in oratory the greateſt art is to hide art.

Artis eſt celare artem.

But this muſt be the work of time; we muſt lay

lay hold on all opportunities, and let ſlip no occaſion, elſe we ſhall be forced to weave Penelope's web, unravel in the night what we ſpun in the day. And therefore I have obſerved, that time is painted with a lock before, and bald behind, ſignifying thereby, that we muſt take time (as we ſay) by the forelock; for when it is once paſt, there is no recalling it.

The mind of man is at firſt (if you will pardon the expreſſion) like a *tabula raſa*, or like wax, which, while it is ſoft, is capable of any impreſſion, till time has hardened it. And at length death, that grim tyrant, ſtops us in the midſt of our career. The greateſt conquerors have at laſt been conquered by death, which ſpares none, from the ſceptre to the ſpade.

Mors omnibus communis.

All rivers go to the ſea, but none return from it. Xerxes wept when he beheld his army, to conſider that in leſs than an hundred years they would be all dead. Anacreon was choaked with a grape-ſtone; and violent joy kills as well as violent grief. There is nothing in this world conſtant, but inconſtancy; yet Plato thought that if virtue would appear to the world in her own native dreſs, all men would be enamoured with her. But now, ſince intereſt governs the world, and men neglect the golden mean, Jupiter himſelf, if he came on the earth, would be deſpiſed, unleſs it were, as he did to Danaë, in

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a golden ſhower: For men now-a-days worſhip the riſing ſun, and not the ſetting.

Donec eris felix multos numerabis amicos.

Thus have I, in obedience to your commands, ventured to expoſe myſelf to cenſure in this critical age. Whether I have done right to my ſubject, muſt be left to the judgment of the learned reader: However, I cannot but hope, that my attempting of it may be an encouragement for ſome able pen to perform it with more ſucceſs.

PRE-

PREDICTIONS for the Year 1708 *.

Wherein the month, and day of the month, are ſet down, the perſons named, and the great actions and events of next year particularly related, as they will come to paſs.

Written to prevent the people of England from being farther impoſed on by the vulgar almanack-makers.

By ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Eſq;

I HAVE long conſidered the groſs abuſe of aſtrology in this kingdom; and upon debating the matter with myſelf, I could not poſſibly lay the fault upon the art, but upon thoſe groſs impoſtors, who ſet up to be the artiſts. I know ſeveral

* It is ſaid, that the author, when he had writ this paper, and being at a loſs what name to prefix to it, paſſing through Long-acre, obſerved a ſign over a houſe where a lockſmith dwelt, and found the name *Bickerſtaff* written under it: Which being a name ſomewhat uncommon, he choſe to call himſelf *Iſaac Bickerſtaff*. This name was ſome time afterwards made uſe of by Sir Richard Steele, and Mr Addiſon, in the Tatlers; in which papers, as well as many of the Spectators, it is well known that the author had a conſiderable part.

The papers which relate to Partridge the almanack-maker, are entirely humourous: And although they are not only temporary, but local; yet, by an art peculiar to Swift himſelf, they are rendered immortal, ſo as to be read with pleaſure, as long as the Engliſh language ſubſiſts. *Orrery.*

In

ſeveral learned men have contended, that the whole is a cheat; that it is abſurd and ridiculous to imagine the ſtars can have any influence at all upon human actions, thoughts, or inclinations; and whoever hath not bent his ſtudies that way, may be excuſed for thinking ſo, when he ſees in how wretched a manner that noble art is treated by a few mean illiterate traders between us and the ſtars; who import a yearly ſtock of nonſenſe, lies, folly, and impertinence, which they offer to the world as genuine from the planets, though they deſcend from no greater height than their own brains.

I intend in a ſhort time to publiſh a large and rational defence of this art; and therefore ſhall ſay no more in its juſtification at preſent, than that it hath been in all ages defended by many learned men, and among the reſt by Socrates himſelf, whom I look upon as undoubtedly the wiſeſt of uninſpired mortals: To which if we add,

In the papers relating to Partridge the almanack-maker, thoſe who have a taſte for mirth and humour, will find abundance of entertainment. They are deſigned as a ridicule upon all that fooliſh tribe, who ſet up for aſtrologers, and, without one rag of learning, are great pretenders to ſcience. The elegy on Partridge [in Vol. VIII.] can never be ſufficiently reliſhed by thoſe who are unacquainted with theſe whimſical tracts. However, it is a point worth obſerving, that upon all occaſions Dr Swift remembers the fanatical party; neither would he allow a poor cobler, ſtarmonger, and quack, to go out of the world, until upon his death-bed he had declared himſelf a nonconformiſt, and had a fanatic preacher to be his ſpiritual guide. *Swift.*

add, that those who have condemned this art, though otherwise learned, having been such as either did not apply their studies this way, or at least did not succeed in their applications; their testimony will not be of much weight to its disadvantage, since they are liable to the common objection, of condemning what they did not understand.

Nor am I at all offended, or do I think it an injury to the art, when I see the common dealers in it, the *students in astrology*, the *philomaths*, and the rest of that tribe, treated by wise men with the utmost scorn and contempt; but I rather wonder, when I observe gentlemen in the country, rich enough to serve the nation in parliament, poring in Partridge's almanack to find out the events of the year at home and abroad; not daring to propose a hunting-match, till Gadbury or he have fixed the weather.

I will allow either of the two I have mentioned, or any other of the fraternity, to be not only astrologers, but conjurers too, if I do not produce a hundred instances in all their almanacks to convince any reasonable man, that they do not so much as understand common grammar and syntax; that they are not able to spell any word out of the usual road, nor even in their prefaces to write common sense or intelligible English. Then for their observations and predictions, they are such as will equally suit any age or country in the world. *This month a certain great person will be threatened with death or sickness.*

ſickneſs. This the news-papers will tell them; for there we find, at the end of the year, that no month paſſes without the death of ſome perſon of note; and it would be hard if it ſhould be otherwiſe, when there are at leaſt two thouſand perſons of note in this kingdom, many of them old, and the almanack-maker has the liberty of chuſing the ſickline ſt ſeaſon of the year, where he may fix his prediction. Again, *this month an eminent clergyman will be preferred;* of which there may be ſome hundreds, half of them with one foot in the grave. Then, *ſuch a planet in ſuch a houſe ſhews great machinations, plots and conſpiracies, that may in time be brought to light:* After which, if we hear of any diſcovery, the aſtrologer gets the honour; if not, his prediction ſtill ſtands good. And at laſt, *God preſerve King William from all his open and ſecret enemies, amen.* When if the King ſhould happen to have died, the aſtrologer plainly foretold it; otherwiſe it paſſeth but for the pious ejaculation of a loyal ſubject: Though it unluckily happened in ſome of their almanacks, that poor King William was prayed for many months after he was dead, becauſe it fell out, that he died about the beginning of the year.

To mention no more of their impertinent predictions, what have we to do with their advertiſements about *pills and drink for the venereal diſeaſe?* or their mutual quarrels in verſe and proſe of Whig and Tory, wherewith the ſtars have little to do?

Having long obſerved and lamented theſe, and a hundred other abuſes of this art too tedious to repeat, I reſolved to proceed in a new way, which I doubt not will be to the general ſatisfaction of the kingdom: I can this year produce but a ſpecimen of what I deſign for the future; having employed moſt part of my time in adjuſting and correcting the calculations I made ſome years paſt, becauſe I would offer nothing to the world, of which I am not as fully ſatisfied, as that I am now alive. For theſe two laſt years I have not failed in above one or two particulars, and thoſe of no very great moment. I exactly foretold the miſcarriage at Toulon, with all its particulars; and the loſs of Admiral Shovel, though I was miſtaken as to the day, placing that accident about thirty-ſix hours ſooner than it happened; but upon reviewing my ſchemes, I quickly found the cauſe of that error. I likewiſe foretold the battle of Almanza to the very day and hour, with the loſs on both ſides, and the conſequences thereof. All which I ſhewed to ſome friends many months before they happened, that is, I gave them papers ſealed up, to open at ſuch a time, after which they were at liberty to read them; and there they found my predictions true in every article, except one or two very minute.

As for the few following predictions I now offer the world, I forbore to publiſh them, till I had peruſed the ſeveral almanacks for the year we are now entered upon. I found them all in

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the uſual ſtrain; and I beg the reader will compare their manner with mine: And here I make bold to tell the world, that I lay the whole credit of my art upon the truth of theſe predictions; and I will be content that Partridge, and the reſt of his clan, may hoot me for a cheat and impoſtor, if I fail in any ſingle particular of moment. I believe, any man who reads this paper, will look upon me to be at leaſt a perſon of as much honeſty and underſtanding, as a common maker of almanacks. I do not lurk in the dark; I am not wholly unknown in the world; I have ſet my name at length, to be a mark of infamy to mankind, if they ſhall find I deceive them.

In one point I muſt deſire to be forgiven, that I talk more ſparingly of home-affairs: As it would be imprudence to diſcover ſecrets of ſtate, ſo it might be dangerous to my perſon; but in ſmaller matters, and ſuch as are not of public conſequence, I ſhall be very free; and the truth of my conjectures will as much appear from theſe as the other. As for the moſt ſignal events abroad, in France, Flanders, Italy, and Spain, I ſhall make no ſcruple to predict them in plain terms: Some of them are of importance, and I hope I ſhall ſeldom miſtake the day they will happen; therefore, I think good to inform the reader, that I all along make uſe of the *old ſtyle* obſerved in England, which I deſire he will compare with that of the news-papers, at the time they relate the actions I mention.

I muſt add one word more: I know it hath been the opinion of ſeveral learned perſons, who think well enough of the true art of aſtrology, that the ſtars do only *incline*, and not *force* the actions or wills of men; and, therefore, however I may proceed by right rules, yet I cannot in prudence ſo confidently aſſure the events will follow exactly as I predict them.

I hope I have maturely conſidered this objection, which in ſome caſes is of no little weight. For example: A man may, by the influence of an over-ruling planet, be diſpoſed or inclined to luſt, rage, or avarice, and yet by the force of reaſon overcome that evil influence; and this was the caſe of Socrates*: But the great events of the world uſually depending upon numbers of men, it cannot be expected they ſhould all unite to croſs their inclinations, for purſuing a general deſign, wherein they unanimouſly agree. Beſides, the influence of the ſtars reaches to many actions and events, which are not any way in the power of reaſon; as ſickneſs, death, and what we commonly call accident, with many more needleſs to repeat.

But now it is time to proceed to my predictions,

* A phyſiognomiſt being brought by Socrates's ſcholars to examine the features of their maſter, pronounced him, according to the rules of art, paſſionate, intemperate, and libidinous; And when he was reproached and derided by them for a judgment ſo remote from the truth, Socrates reſcued him from their inſult, by declaring, that his natural diſpoſition was ſuch as had been deſcribed, before it was corrected by the ſtudy of philoſophy. *Hawkeſ.*

tions, which I have begun to calculate from the time that the *ſun* enters into Aries. And this I take to be properly the beginning of the natural year. I purſue them to the time that he enters Libra, or ſomewhat more, which is the buſy period of the year. The remainder I have not yet adjuſted, upon account of ſeveral impediments needleſs here to mention: Beſides, I muſt remind the reader again, that this is but a ſpecimen of what I deſign in ſucceeding years to treat more at large, if I may have liberty and encouragement.

My firſt prediction is but a trifle; yet I will mention it, to ſhew how ignorant thoſe ſottiſh pretenders to aſtrology are in their own concerns: It relates to Partridge the almanack-maker; I have conſulted the ſtar of his nativity by my own rules, and find he will infallibly die upon the 29th of March next, about eleven at night, of a raging fever; and therefore I adviſe him to conſider of it, and ſettle his affairs in time.

The month of April will be obſervable for the death of many great perſons. On the 4th will die the Cardinal de Noailles, Archbiſhop of Paris; on the 11th the young prince of Aſturias, ſon to the Duke of Anjou; on the 14th a great *peer* of this realm will die at his country-houſe; on the 19th an old *layman* of great fame for learning; and, on the 23d, an eminent goldſmith in Lombard-ſtreet. I could mention others, both at home and abroad, if I did not conſider

ſuch events of very little uſe or inſtruction to the reader, or to the world.

As to public affairs: On the 7th of this month there will be an inſurrection in Dauphine, occaſioned by the oppreſſions of the people, which will not be quieted in ſome months.

On the 15th will be a violent ſtorm on the ſouth-eaſt coaſt of France, which will deſtroy many of their ſhips, and ſome in the very harbour.

The 19th will be famous for the revolt of a whole province or kingdom, excepting one city, by which the affairs of a certain prince in the alliance will take a better face.

May, againſt common conjectures, will be no very buſy month in Europe, but very ſignal for the death of the Dauphin, which will happen on the 7th, after a ſhort fit of ſickneſs, and grievous torments with the ſtrangury. He dies leſs lamented by the court than the kingdom.

On the 9th a *Mareſchal* of France will break his leg by a fall from his horſe. I have not been able to diſcover whether he will then die or not.

On the 11th will begin a moſt important ſiege, which the eyes of all Europe will be upon: I cannot be more particular; for, in relating affairs that ſo nearly concern the *confederates*, and conſequently this kingdom, I am forced to confine myſelf, for ſeveral reaſons very obvious to the reader.

On the 15th news will arrive of a very *ſurpri-*

ſing

ſing event, than which nothing could be more unexpected.

On the 19th three noble ladies of this kingdom will, againſt all expectation, prove with child, to the great joy of their huſbands.

On the 23d a famous buffoon of the playhouſe will die a ridiculous death, ſuitable to his vocation.

June. This month will be diſtinguiſhed at home, by the utter diſperſing of thoſe ridiculous deluded enthuſiaſts, commonly called the prophets; occaſioned chiefly by ſeeing the time come, when many of their prophecies ſhould be fulfilled, and then finding themſelves deceived by contrary events. It is indeed to be admired, how any deceiver can be ſo weak to foretel things near at hand, when a very few months muſt of neceſſity diſcover the impoſture to all the world: In this point leſs prudent than common almanack-makers, who are ſo wiſe to wander in generals, and talk dubiouſly, and leave to the reader the buſineſs of interpreting.

On the 1ſt of this month a French general will be killed by a random-ſhot of a cannon-ball.

On the 6th a fire will break out in the ſuburbs of Paris, which will deſtroy above a thouſand houſes; and ſeems to be the foreboding of what will happen, to the ſurpriſe of all Europe, about the end of the following month.

On the 10th a great battle will be fought, which will begin at four of the clock in the afternoon, and laſt till nine at night with great obſtinacy,

nacy, but no very decisive event. I shall not name the place, for the reasons aforesaid; but the commanders on each left wing will be killed.—— I see bonfires, and hear the noise of guns for a victory.

On the 14th there will be a false report of the French King's death.

On the 20th Cardinal Portocarero will die of a dysentery, with great suspicion of poison; but the report of his intention to revolt to King Charles will prove false.

July. The 6th of this month a *certain general* will, by a glorious action, recover the reputation he lost by former misfortunes.

On the 12th a *great commander* will die a prisoner in the hands of his enemies.

On the 14th a shameful discovery will be made of a French Jesuit, giving poison to a great foreign general; and when he is put to the torture, he will make wonderful discoveries.

In short, this will prove a month of great action, if I might have liberty to relate the particulars.

At home the death of an old famous senator will happen on the 15th at his country-house, worn with age and diseases.

But that which will make this month memorable to all posterity, is the death of the French King, Lewis XIV. after a week's sickness at Marli, which will happen on the 29th, about six o'clock in the evening. It seems to be an effect of the gout in his stomach, followed by a flux.

And

And in three days after Monſieur Chamillard will follow his maſter, dying ſuddenly of an apoplexy.

In this month likewiſe an ambaſſador will die in London; but I cannot aſſign the day.

Auguſt. The affairs of France will ſeem to ſuffer no change for a while under the Duke of Burgundy's adminiſtration; but the genius that animated the whole machine being gone, will be the cauſe of mighty turns and revolutions in the following year. The new King makes yet little change either in the army or the miniſtry; but the libels againſt his grandfather, that fly about his very court, give him uneaſineſs.

I ſee an expreſs in mighty haſte, with joy and wonder in his looks, arriving by break of day on the 26th of this month, having travelled in three days a prodigious journey by land and ſea. In the evening I hear bells and guns, and ſee the blazing of a thouſand bonfires.

A young admiral of noble birth does likewiſe this month gain immortal honour by a great atchievement.

The affairs of Poland are this month entirely ſettled: Auguſtus reſigns his pretenſions, which he had again taken up for ſome time: Staniſlaus is peaceably poſſeſſed of the throne; and the King of Sweden declares for the Emperor.

I cannot omit one particular accident here at home; that near the end of this month much miſchief will be done at Bartholomew fair, by the fall of a booth.

September. This month begins with a very ſurpriſing

ſurpriſing fit of froſty weather, which will laſt near twelve days.

The Pope having long languiſhed laſt month, the ſwellings in his legs breaking, and the fleſh mortifying, will die on the 11th inſtant; and in three weeks time, after a mighty conteſt, be ſucceeded by a Cardinal of the *imperial* faction, but a native of Tuſcany, who is now about ſixty-one years old.

The French army acts now wholly on the defenſive, ſtrongly fortified in their trenches; and the young French King ſends overtures for a treaty of peace by the Duke of Mantua; which, becauſe it is a matter of ſtate that concerns us here at home, I ſhall ſpeak no farther of.

I ſhall add but one prediction more, and that in myſtical terms, which ſhall be included in a verſe out of Virgil,

Alter erit jam Tethys, et altera quæ vehat Argo
Delectos Heroas.

Upon the 25th day of this month, the fulfilling of this prediction will be manifeſt to every body.

This is the fartheſt I have proceeded in my calculations for the preſent year. I do not pretend, that theſe are all the great events which will happen in this period, but that thoſe I have ſet down will infallibly come to paſs. It will perhaps ſtill be objected, why I have not ſpoke more particularly of affairs at home, or of the ſucceſs of our armies abroad, which I might, and could

could very largely have done; but thoſe in power have wiſely diſcouraged men from meddling in public concerns, and I was reſolved by no means to give the leaſt offence. This I will venture to ſay, that it will be a glorious campagin for the Allies, wherein the Engliſh forces, both by ſea and land, will have their full ſhare of honour; that her Majeſty Queen ANNE will continue in health and proſperity; and that no ill accident will arrive to any in the chief miniſtry.

As to the particular events I have mentioned, the readers may judge by the fulfilling of them, whether I am on the level with common aſtrologers; who, with an old paultry cant, and a few pot-hooks for planets, to amuſe the vulgar, have, in my opinion, too long been ſuffered to abuſe the world: But an honeſt phyſician ought not to be deſpiſed, becauſe there are ſuch things as mountebanks. I hope I have ſome ſhare of reputation, which I would not willingly forfeit for a frolic or humour: And I believe no gentleman, who reads this paper, will look upon it to be of the ſame caſt or mould with the common ſcribbles that are every day hawked about. My fortune hath placed me above the little regard of writing for a few pence, which I neither value or want: Therefore let not wiſe men too haſtily condemn the eſſay, intended for a good deſign, to cultivate and improve an ancient art, long in diſgrace by having fallen into mean unſkilful hands. A little time will determine whether I have deceived others or myſelf: And I think it

is no very unreaſonable requeſt, that men would pleaſe to ſuſpend their judgments till then. I was once of the opinion with thoſe, who deſpiſe all predictions from the ſtars, till, in the year 1686, a man of quality ſhewed me, written in his Album *, that the moſt learned aſtronomer, Captain Halley, aſſured him, he would never believe any thing of the ſtars influence, if there were not a great revolution in England in the year 1688. Since that time I began to have other thoughts; and after eighteen years diligent ſtudy and application, I think I have no reaſon to repent of my pains. I ſhall detain the reader no longer, than to let him know, that the account I deſign to give of next year's events, ſhall take in the principal affairs that happen in Europe; and if I be denied the liberty of offering it to my own country, I ſhall appeal to the learned world, by publiſhing it in Latin, and giving order to have it printed in Holland.

THE

* Album is the name of a paper book, in which it was uſual for a man's friends to write down a ſentence with their names, to keep them in his remembrance. It is ſtill common in ſome of the foreign univerſities. *Hawkeſ.*

THE ACCOMPLISHMENT OF THE FIRST OF Mr BICKERSTAFF's PREDICTIONS.

Being an ACCOUNT of the DEATH of Mr PARTRIDGE, the ALMANACK-MAKER, upon the 29th inſtant *.

IN A LETTER TO A PERSON OF HONOUR.

Written in the year 1708.

My LORD,

IN obedience to your Lordſhip's commands, as well as to ſatisfy my own curioſity, I have for ſome days paſt inquired conſtantly after Partridge the almanack-maker, of whom it was foretold in Mr Bickerſtaff's predictions, publiſhed about a month ago, that he ſhould die the 29th inſtant, about eleven at night, of a raging fever. I had ſome ſort of knowledge of him when I was employed in the revenue, becauſe he uſed every year to preſent me with his almanack, as he did other gentlemen, upon the ſcore of ſome little gratuity we gave him. I ſaw him accidentally once or twice about ten days before he died, and obſerved he began very much

* See an elegy on the ſuppoſed death of Partridge, and the epitaph, Vol. VIII.

much to droop and languiſh, though I hear his friends did not ſeem to apprehend him in any danger. About two or three days ago he grew ill, was confined firſt to his chamber, and in a few hours after to his bed, where Dr Caſe and Mrs Kirlieus * were ſent for to viſit, and to preſcribe to him. Upon this intelligence I ſent thrice every day one ſervant or other to inquire after his health; and yeſterday, about four in the afternoon, word was brought me, that he was paſt hopes: Upon which I prevailed with myſelf to go and ſee him, partly out of commiſeration, and, I confeſs, partly out of curioſity. He knew me very well, ſeemed ſurpriſed at my condeſcenſion, and made me compliments upon it, as well as he could in the condition he was. The people about him ſaid, he had been for ſome time delirious; but when I ſaw him, he had his underſtanding as well as ever I knew, and ſpoke ſtrong and hearty without any ſeeming uneaſineſs or conſtraint. After I had told him how ſorry I was to ſee him in thoſe melancholy circumſtances, and ſaid ſome other civilities, ſuitable to the occaſion, I deſired him to tell me freely and ingeniouſly, whether the predictions Mr Bickerſtaff had publiſhed relating to his death, had not too much affected and worked on his imagination. He confeſſed, he had often had it in his head, but never with much apprehenſion, till about a fortnight before; ſince which time it had the perpetual poſſeſſion of

* Two famous quacks at that time.

of his mind and thoughts, and he did verily believe was the true natural cauſe of his preſent diſtemper: For, ſaid he, I am thoroughly perſuaded, and I think I have very good reaſons, that Mr Bickerſtaff ſpoke altogether by gueſs, and knew no more what will happen this year, than I did myſelf. I told him his diſcourſe ſurpriſed me; and I would be glad he were in a ſtate of health to be able to tell me, what reaſon he had to be convinced of Mr Bickerſtaff's ignorance. He replied, I am a poor ignorant fellow, bred to a mean trade, yet I have ſenſe enough to know, that all pretences of foretelling by aſtrology are deceits, for this manifeſt reaſon, becauſe the wiſe and the learned, who can only judge whether there be any truth in this ſcience, do all unanimouſly agree to laugh at and deſpiſe it, and none but the poor ignorant vulgar give it any credit, and that only upon the word of ſuch ſilly wretches as I and my fellows, who can hardly write or read. I then aſked him why he had not calculated his own nativity, to ſee whether it agreed with Bickerſtaff's prediction? At which he ſhook his head, and ſaid, Oh! Sir, this is no time for jeſting, but for repenting thoſe fooleries, as I do now from the very bottom of my heart. By what I can gather from you, ſaid I, the obſervations and predictions you printed with your almanacks were mere impoſitions on the people. He replied, if it were otherwiſe, I ſhould have the leſs to anſwer for. We have a common form for all thoſe

things; as to foretelling the weather, we never meddle with that, but leave it to the printer, who takes it out of any old almanack, as he thinks fit; the reſt was my own invention, to make my almanacks ſell, having a wife to maintain, and no other way to get my bread; for mending old ſhoes is a poor livelihood; and (added he, ſighing) I wiſh I may not have done more miſchief by my phyſic than my aſtrology; though I had ſome good receipts from my grandmother, and my own compoſitions were ſuch, as I thought could at leaſt do no hurt.

I had ſome other diſcourſe with him, which now I cannot call to mind; and I fear I have already tired your lordſhip. I ſhall only add one circumſtance, that on his death-bed he declared himſelf a nonconformiſt, and had a fanatic preacher to be his ſpiritual guide. After half an hour's converſation I took my leave, being almoſt ſtifled by the cloſeneſs of the room. I imagined he could not hold out long, and therefore withdrew to a little coffee-houſe hard by, leaving a ſervant at the houſe, with orders to come immediately, and tell me, as near as he could, the minute when Partridge ſhould expire, which was not above two hours after; when, looking upon my watch, I found it to be above five minutes after ſeven; by which it is clear that Mr Bickerſtaff was miſtaken almoſt four hours in his calculation. In the other circumſtances he was exact enough. But whether he hath not been the cauſe of this poor man's death,

death, as well as the predictor, may be very reaſonably diſputed. However, it muſt be confeſſed, the matter is odd enough, whether we ſhould endeavour to account for it by chance, or the effect of imagination: For my own part, though I believe no man hath leſs faith in theſe matters, yet I ſhall wait with ſome impatience, and not without ſome expectation, the fulfilling of Mr Bickerſtaff's ſecond perdiction, that the Cardinal de Noailles is to die upon the fourth of April; and if that ſhould be verified as exactly as this of poor Partridge, I muſt own I ſhould be wholly ſurpriſed, and at a loſs, and ſhould infallibly expect the accompliſhment of all the reſt.

'SQUIRE BICKERSTAFF DETECTED;

OR,

The ASTROLOGICAL IMPOSTOR convicted *.

By JOHN PARTRIDGE, Student in Phyſic and Aſtrology,

IT is hard, my dear countrymen of theſe united nations, it is very hard, that a Briton born, a Proteſtant aſtrologer, a man of Revolu-

* This piece being on the ſame ſubject, and very rare, we have thought fit to add it, though not written by the ſame hand.——N. B. In the Dublin edition it is ſaid to be written by the late Nicholas Rowe, Eſq; which is a miſtake: For the Rev. Dr Yalden, preacher of Bridewell, Mr Partridge's near neighbour, drew it up for him. *Hawkeſ.*

tion-principles, an aſſertor of the liberty and property of the people, ſhould cry out in vain for juſtice againſt a Frenchman, a Papiſt, and an illiterate pretender to ſcience, that would blaſt my reputation, moſt inhumanly bury me alive, and defraud my native country of thoſe ſervices, which, in my double capacity, I daily offer the public.

What great provocations I have received, let the impartial reader judge, and how unwillingly, even in my own defence, I now enter the liſts againſt falſehood, ignorance, and envy; but I am exaſperated, at length, to drag out this Cacus * from the den of obſcurity where he lurks, detect him by the light of thoſe ſtars he has ſo impudently traduced, and ſhew there is not a monſter in the ſkies ſo pernicious and malevolent to mankind, as an ignorant pretender to phyſic and aſtrology. I ſhall not directly fall on the many groſs errors, nor expoſe the notorious abſurdities of this proſtituted libeller, till I have let the learned world fairly into the controverſy depending, and then leave the unprejudiced to judge of the merits and juſtice of my cauſe.

It was towards the concluſion of the year 1707, when an impudent pamphlet crept into the world, intitled, *Predictions*, &c. *by* Iſaac Bickerſtaff, *Eſq;*——Amongſt the many arrogant aſſertions laid down by that lying ſpirit of divination, he was pleaſed to pitch on the Cardinal

* A thief ſeized in a cavern by Hercules.

dinal de Noailles and myſelf, among many other eminent and illuſtrious perſons, that were to die within the compaſs of the enſuing year; and peremptorily fixes the month, day, and hour of our deaths: This, I think, is ſporting with great men, and public ſpirits, to the ſcandal of religion, and reproach of power; and if ſovereign princes and aſtrologers muſt make diverſion for the vulgar———why then farewel, ſay I, to all governments, eccleſiaſtical and civil. But, I thank my better ſtars, I am alive to confront this falſe and audacious predictor, and to make him rue the hour he ever affronted a man of ſcience and reſentment. The Cardinal may take what meaſures he pleaſes with him; as his Excellency is a foreigner, and a Papiſt, he has no reaſon to rely on me for his juſtification: I ſhall only aſſure the world he is alive—but as he was bred to letters, and is maſter of a pen, let him uſe it in his own defence. In the mean time I ſhall preſent the public with a faithful narrative of the ungenerous treatment and hard uſage I have received from the virulent papers and malicious practices of this pretended aſtrologer.

A true and impartial account of the proceedings of ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esq; againſt me.

THE 28th of March, *anno Dom.* 1708, being the night this ſham prophet had ſo impudently fixed for my laſt, which made little impreſſion on myſelf; but I cannot anſwer for my whole family; for my wife, with a concern more than uſual, prevailed on me to take ſomewhat to ſweat for a cold; and, between the hours of eight and nine, to go to bed: The maid, as ſhe was warming my bed, with a curioſity natural to young wenches, runs to the window, and aſks of one paſſing the ſtreet, who the bell tolled for? Dr Partridge, ſays he, the famous almanack-maker, who died ſuddenly this evening: The poor girl provoked, told him, he lied like a raſcal; the other very ſedately replied, the ſexton had ſo informed him, and, if falſe, he was to blame for impoſing upon a ſtranger. She aſked a ſecond, and a third, as they paſſed, and every one was in the ſame tone. Now, I do not ſay theſe are accomplices to a certain aſtrological 'ſquire, and that one Bickerſtaff might be ſauntering thereabouts; becauſe I will aſſert nothing here, but what I dare atteſt for plain matter of fact. My wife at this fell into a violent diſorder; and I muſt own I was a little diſcompoſed at the oddneſs of the accident. In the mean time one knocks at my door; Betty runs

runs down, and opening, finds a ſober grave perſon, who modeſtly inquires, if this was Dr Partridge's? She taking him for ſome cautious city-patient, that came at that time for privacy, ſhews him into the dining-room. As ſoon as I could compoſe myſelf, I went to him, and was ſurpriſed to find my gentleman mounted on a table with a two-foot rule in his hand, meaſuring my walls, and taking the dimenſions of the room. Pray, Sir, ſays I, not to interrupt you, have you any buſineſs with me? Only Sir, replies he, order the girl to bring me a better light, for this is but a very dim one. Sir, ſays I, my name is Partridge: Oh! the doctor's brother, belike, cries he; the ſtair-caſe, I believe, and theſe two apartments hung in cloſe mourning, will be ſufficient, and only a ſtrip of bays round the other rooms. The doctor muſt needs die rich, he had great dealings in his way for many years: If he hath no family-coat, you had as good uſe the eſcutcheons of the company; they are as ſhowiſh, and will look as magnificent as if he was deſcended from the blood-royal. With that I aſſumed a greater air of authority, and demanded who employed him, or how he came there? Why, I was ſent, Sir, by the company of undertakers, ſays he, and they were employed by the honeſt gentleman, who is executor to the good doctor departed; and our raſcally porter, I believe, is fallen faſt aſleep with the black cloth and ſconces, or he had been here, and we might have been tacking up by this time. Sir, ſays

ſays I, pray be adviſed by a friend, and make the beſt of your ſpeed out of my doors, for I hear my wife's voice, (which by-the-bye, is pretty diſtinguiſhable), and in that corner of the room ſtands a good cudgel, which ſomebody has felt before now; if that light in her hands, and ſhe know the buſineſs you come about, without conſulting the ſtars, I can aſſure you it will be employed much to the detriment of your perſon. Sir, cries he, bowing with great civility, I perceive extreme grief for the loſs of the doctor diſorders you a little at preſent, but early in the morning I will wait on you with all neceſſary materials. Now I mention no Mr Bickerſtaff; nor do I ſay, that a certain ſtargazing 'ſquire has been playing my executor before his time; but I leave the world to judge, and he that puts things and things fairly together, will not be much wide of the mark.

Well, once more I got my doors cloſed, and prepared for bed, in hopes of a little repoſe after ſo many ruffling adventures; juſt as I was putting out my light in order to it, another bounces as hard as he can knock; I open the window, and aſk who is there, and what he wants? I am Ned the Sexton, replies he, and come to know whether the doctor left any orders for a funeral-ſermon, and where he is to be laid, and whether his grave is to be plain or bricked? Why, ſirrah, ſays I, you know me well enough; you know I am not dead, and how dare you affront me after this manner? Alack-a-day, Sir,

replies

replies the fellow, why it is in print, and the whole town knows you are dead; why, there is Mr White the joiner is but fitting ſcrews to your coffin, he will be here with it in an inſtant: He was afraid you would have wanted it before this time. Sirrah, ſirrah, ſays I, you ſhall know to-morrow, to your coſt, that I am alive, and alive like to be. Why, it is ſtrange, Sir, ſays he, you ſhould make ſuch a ſecret of your death to us that are your neighbours; it looks as if you had a deſign to defraud the church of its dues; and let me tell you, for one that has lived ſo long by the heavens, that is unhandſomely done. Hiſt, hiſt, ſays another rogue that ſtood by him; away, doctor, into your flannel-gear as faſt as you can, for here is a whole pack of diſmals coming to you with their black equipage; and how indecent will it look for you to ſtand frightening folks at your window, when you ſhould have been in your coffin this three hours? In ſhort, what with undertakers, embalmers, joiners, ſextons, and your damned elegy-hawkers upon a late practitioner in phyſic and aſtrology, I got not one wink of ſleep that night, nor ſcarce a moment's reſt ever ſince. Now, I doubt not but this villainous ſquire has the impudence to aſſert, that theſe are entirely ſtrangers to him; he, good man, knows nothing of the matter, and honeſt Iſaac Bickerſtaff, I warrant you, is more a man of honour, than to be an accomplice with a pack of raſcals, that walk the ſtreets on nights, and diſturb good people in their beds; but he is

out

out if he thinks the whole world is blind; for there is one John Partridge can ſmell a knave as far as Grubſtreet,—although he lies in the moſt exalted garret, and writes himſelf 'ſquire:—But I will keep my temper, and proceed in the narration.

I could not ſtir out of doors for the ſpace of three months after this, but preſently one comes up to me in the ſtreet; Mr Partridge, that coffin you was laſt buried in, I have not been yet paid for: Doctor, cries another dog, how do you think people can live by making of graves for nothing? next time you die, you may even toll out the bell yourſelf for Ned. A third rogue tips me by the elbow, and wonders how I have the conſcience to ſneak abroad without paying my funeral-expences. Lord, ſays one, I durſt have ſwore that was honeſt Dr Partridge, my old friend; but, poor man, he is gone. I beg your pardon, ſays another, you look ſo like my old acquaintance, that I uſed to conſult on ſome private occaſions; but, alack! he is gone the way of all fleſh.—Look, look, look, cries a third, after a competent ſpace of ſtaring at me, would not one think our neighbour the almanack-maker was crept out of his grave to take the other peep at the ſtars in this world, and ſhew how much he is improved in fortune-telling by having taken a journey to the other?

Nay, the very reader of our pariſh, a good, ſober, diſcreet perſon, has ſent two or three times for me to come and be buried decently, or ſend him ſufficient reaſons to the contrary, or if I have been

been interred in any other pariſh, to produce my certificate, as the act * requires. My poor wife is almoſt run diſtracted with being called widow Partridge, when ſhe knows it is falſe; and once a term ſhe is cited into the court to take out letters of adminiſtration. But the greateſt grievance is, a paultry quack, that takes up my calling juſt under my noſe; and in his printed directions with N. B.—ſays, he lives in the houſe of the late ingenious Mr John Partridge, an eminent practitioner in leather, phyſic, and aſtrology.

But to ſhew how far the wicked ſpirit of envy, malice, and reſentment, can hurry ſome men, my nameleſs old perſecutor had provided me a monument at the ſtone-cutter's, and would have erected it in the pariſh-church; and this piece of notorious and expenſive villainy had actually ſucceeded, if I had not uſed my utmoſt intereſt with the veſtry, where it was carried at laſt but by two voices, that I am alive. That ſtratagem failing, out comes a long ſable elegy, bedecked with hour-glaſſes, mattocks, ſculls, ſpades, and ſkeletons, with an epitaph as confidently written to abuſe me and my profeſſion, as if I had been under ground theſe twenty years.

And, after ſuch barbarous treatment as this,

* The ſtatute of 30 Car. II. for burying in woollen requires, that oath ſhall be made of the compliance with this act, and a certificate thereof lodged with the miniſter of the pariſh within eight days after interment. *Hawkeſ.*

can the world blame me, when I aſk, what is become of the freedom of an Engliſhman? and where is the liberty and property that my *old glorious friend* came over to aſſert? We have drove Popery out of the nation, and ſent ſlavery to foreign climes. The arts only remain in bondage, when a man of ſcience and character ſhall be openly inſulted in the midſt of the many uſeful ſervices he is daily paying the public. Was it ever heard, even in Turkey or Algiers, that a ſtate-aſtrologer was bantered out of his life by an ignorant impoſtor, or bawled out of the world by a pack of villainous, deep-mouthed hawkers? Though I print almanacks, and publiſh advertiſements; though I produce certificates under the miniſters and church-wardens hands that I am alive, and atteſt the ſame on oath at quarter-ſeſſions, out comes a full and true relation of the death and interment of John Partridge; truth is bore down, atteſtations neglected, the teſtimony of ſober perſons deſpiſed, and a man is looked upon by his neighbours as if he had been ſeven years dead, and is buried alive in the midſt of his friends and acquaintance.

Now, can any man of common ſenſe think it conſiſtent with the honour of my profeſſion, and not much beneath the dignity of a philoſopher, to ſtand bawling before his own door?—Alive! alive ho!—the famous Dr Partridge! no counterfeit, but all alive!—as if I had the twelve celeſtial monſters of the *zodiac* to ſhew within, or was forced for a livelihood to turn retailer to May

and

and Bartholomew fairs. Therefore, if her Majeſty would but graciouſly be pleaſed to think a hardſhip of this nature worthy her royal conſideration, and the next parliament, in their great wiſdom, caſt but an eye towards the deplorable caſe of their old *philomath*, that annually beſtows his poetical good wiſhes on them, I am ſure there is one Iſaac Bickerſtaff, Eſq; would ſoon be truſſed up for his bloody predictions, and putting good ſubjects in terror of their lives: And that henceforward to murder a man by way of prophecy, and bury him in a printed letter, either to a Lord or Commoner, ſhall as legally entitle him to the preſent poſſeſſion of Tyburn, as if he robbed on the highway, or cut your throat in bed.

I ſhall demonſtrate to the judicious, that France and Rome are at the bottom of this horrid conſpiracy againſt me; and that culprit aforeſaid is a Popiſh emiſſary, has paid his viſits to St Germains, and is now in the meaſures of Lewis XIV. That in attempting my reputation, there is a general maſſacre of learning deſigned in theſe realms; and through my ſides there is a wound given to all the Proteſtant almanack-makers in the univerſe.

Vivat Regina.

A Vindication of Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq; against what is objected to him by Mr Partridge, in his Almanack for the present year 1709.

By the said Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq;

Written in the year 1709.

MR Partridge hath been lately pleased to treat me after a very rough manner, *in that which is called*, his almanack for the present year: Such usage is very indecent from *one gentleman to another*, and doth not at all contribute to the discovery of truth, which ought to be the great end in all disputes of the *learned*. To call a man *fool* and *villain*, and *impudent fellow*, only for differing from him in a point merely speculative, is, in my humble opinion, a very improper style for a person of *his education*. I appeal to the *learned world*, whether, in my last year's predictions, I gave him the least provocation for such unworthy treatment. Philosophers have differed in all ages; but the discreetest among them have always differed as became philosophers. Scurrility and passion, in a controversy among *scholars*, is just so much of nothing to the purpose, and at best a tacit confession of a weak cause: My concern is not so much for my own reputation, as that of the *republic of letters*, which Mr Partridge hath endeavoured to wound through my

my ſides. If men of public ſpirit muſt be ſuperciliouſly treated for their ingenious attempts, how will true uſeful knowledge be ever advanced? I wiſh Mr Partridge knew the thoughts, which *foreign univerſities* have conceived of his ungenerous proceedings with me; but I am too tender of his reputation to publiſh them to the world. That ſpirit of envy and pride, which blaſts ſo many riſing geniuſes in our nation, is yet unknown among *profeſſors* abroad: The neceſſity of juſtifying myſelf will excuſe my vanity, when I tell the reader, that I have near a hundred *honorary* letters from ſeveral parts of Europe (ſome as far as Muſcovy) in praiſe of my performance; beſides ſeveral others, which, as I have been credibly informed, were opened in the poſt-office, and never ſent me. It is true, the *inquiſition* in Portugal was * pleaſed to burn my predictions, and condemn the author and readers of them; but I hope at the ſame time, it will be conſidered, in how deplorable a ſtate *learning* lies at preſent in that kingdom: And, with the profoundeſt veneration for *crowned heads*, I will preſume to add, that it a little concerned his Majeſty of Portugal to interpoſe his authority in behalf of a *ſcholar* and a *gentleman*, the ſubject of a nation with which ne is now in ſo ſtrict an alliance. But the other kingdoms and ſtates of Europe have treated mewith more candour and generoſity. If I had leave to print the Latin letters tranſmit-

* This is fact, as the author was aſſured by Sir Paul Methuen, then ambaſſador to that crown.

ted to me from foreign parts, they would fill a volume, and be a full defence againſt all that Mr Partridge, or his accomplices of the Portugal *inquiſition*, will be ever able to object; who, by the way, are the only enemies my predictions have ever met with at home or abroad. But I hope, I know better what is due to the honour of a *learned correſpondence* in ſo tender a point. Yet ſome of thoſe illuſtrious perſons will perhaps excuſe me for tranſcribing a paſſage or two in my vindication *. The moſt learned Monſieur Leibnitz thus addreſſes to me his third letter: *Illuſtriſſimo Bickerſtaffio aſtrologiæ inſtauratori*, &c. Monſieur *le Clerc*, quoting my predictions in a treatiſe he publiſhed laſt year, is pleaſed to ſay, *Ita nuperrime Bickerſtaffius, magnum illud Angliæ ſidus.* Another great profeſſor writing of me, has theſe words: *Bickerſtaffius, nobilis Anglus, aſtrologorum hujuſce ſæculi facile princeps.* Signior *Magliabecchi*, the *Great Duke's* famous library-keeper, ſpends almoſt his whole letter in compliments and praiſes. It is true, the renowned *profeſſor* of aſtronomy, at Utrecht, ſeems to differ from me in one article; but it is after the modeſt manner, that becomes a philoſopher; as *pace tanti viri dixerim:* And *page* 55, he ſeems to lay the error upon the printer (as indeed it ought) and ſays, *Vel forſan error typographi, cum alioquin Bickerſtaffius vir doctiſſimus*, &c.

If

* The quotations here inſerted, are an imitation of Dr Bently, in ſome part of the famous controverſy between him and Mr Boyle, afterwards Earl of Orrery.

If Mr Partridge had followed theſe examples in the controverſy between us, he might have ſpared me the trouble of juſtifying myſelf in ſo public a manner. I believe no man is readier to own his errors than I, or more thankful to thoſe who will pleaſe to inform him of them. But it ſeems this gentleman, inſtead of encouraging the progreſs of his own art, is pleaſed to look upon all attempts of that kind as an invaſion of his province. He hath been indeed ſo wiſe to make no objection againſt the truth of my predictions, except in one ſingle point relating to himſelf: And to demonſtrate how much men are blinded by their own partiality, I do ſolemnly aſſure the reader, that he is the only perſon from whom I ever heard that objection offered; which conſideration alone, I think, will take off all its weight.

With my utmoſt endeavours I have not been able to trace above two objections ever made againſt the truth of my laſt year's prophecies: The firſt was of a Frenchman, who was pleaſed to publiſh to the world, that *the Cardinal* de Noailles *was ſtill alive, notwithſtanding the pretended prophecy of Monſieur* Biquerſtaffe: But how far a Frenchman, a *Papiſt*, and an *enemy*, is to be believed in his own cauſe againſt an Engliſh *Proteſtant*, who is *true to the government*, I ſhall leave to the candid and impartial reader.

The other objection is the unhappy occaſion of this diſcourſe, and relates to an article of my predictions, which foretold the death of Mr Partridge

Partridge to happen on March 29. 1708. This he is pleaſed to contradict abſolutely in the almanack he hath publiſhed for the preſent year, and in that ungentlemanly manner (pardon the expreſſion) as I have above related. In that work he very roundly aſſerts, that he *is not only now alive, but was likewiſe alive upon that very* 29th *of* March *when I had foretold he ſhould die.* This is the ſubject of the preſent controverſy between us; which I deſign to handle with all brevity, perſpicuity, and calmneſs: In this diſpute, I am ſenſible the eyes, not only of England, but of all Europe, will be upon us; and the *learned* in every country will, I doubt not, take part on that ſide, where they find moſt appearance of reaſon and truth.

Without entering into criticiſms of *chronology* about the hour of his death, I ſhall only prove that Mr Partridge is not alive. And my firſt argument is thus: Above a thouſand gentlemen having bought his almanacks for this year, merely to find what he ſaid againſt me; at every line they read, they would lift up their eyes, and cry out betwixt rage and laughter, *they were ſure no man alive ever writ ſuch damned ſtuff as this.* Neither did I ever hear that opinion diſputed: So that Mr Partridge lies under a *dilemma*, either of diſowning his almanack, or allowing himſelf to be *no man alive.* But now if an *uniformed* carcaſe walks ſtill about, and is pleaſed to call itſelf Partridge, Mr Bickerſtaff does not think himſelf any way anſwerable for that. Neither had

had the ſaid carcaſe any right to beat the poor boy, who happened to paſs by it in the ſtreet, crying, *A full and true account of* Dr Partridge's *death*, &c.

Secondly, Mr Partridge pretends to tell fortunes, and recover ſtolen goods; which all the pariſh ſays, he muſt do by converſing with the devil and other evil ſpirits: And no wiſe man will ever allow, he could converſe perſonally with either, till after he was dead.

Thirdly, I will plainly prove him to be dead, out of his own almanack for this year, and from the very paſſage which he produceth to make us think him alive. He there ſays, *he is not only now alive, but was alſo alive upon that very* 29*th of* March, *which I foretold he ſhould die on*: By this, he declares his opinion, that a man may be alive now, who was not alive a twelvemonth ago. And indeed, there lies the ſophiſtry of his argument. He dares not aſſert he was alive ever ſince that 29th of *March*, but that he *is now alive, and was ſo on that day*: I grant the latter; for he did not die till night, as appears by the printed account of his death, in a *letter to a lord*; and whether he be ſince revived, I leave the world to judge. This indeed is perfect cavilling, and I am aſhamed to dwell any longer upon it.

Fourthly, I will appeal to Mr Partridge himſelf, whether it be probable I could have been ſo indiſcreet, to begin my predictions with the *only* falſehood that ever was pretended to be in them; and this in an affair at home, where I had

had ſo many opportunities to be exact; and muſt have given ſuch advantages againſt me to a perſon of Mr Partridge's wit and learning, who, if he could poſſibly have raiſed one ſingle objection more againſt the truth of my prophecies, would hardly have ſpared me.

And here I muſt take occaſion to reprove the above-mentioned writer of the relation of Mr Partridge's death, in *a letter to a lord;* who was pleaſed to tax me with a miſtake of *four whole hours* in my calculation of that event. I muſt confeſs this cenſure, pronounced with an air of certainty, in a matter that ſo nearly concerned me, and by a *grave judicious author*, moved me not a little. But though I was at that time out of town, yet ſeveral of my friends, whoſe curioſity had led them to be exactly informed (for as to my own part, having no doubt at all in the matter, I never once thought of it) aſſured me, I computed to ſomething under half an hour; which (I ſpeak my private opinion) is an error of no very great magnitude, that men ſhould raiſe a clamour about it. I ſhall only ſay, it would not be amiſs, if that author would henceforth be more tender of other mens reputation as well as his own. It is well there were no more miſtakes of that kind; if there had, I preſume he would have told me of them with as little ceremony.

There is one objection againſt Mr Partridge's death, which I have ſometimes met with, though indeed very ſlightly offered, that he ſtill continues

nues to write almanacks. But this is no more than what is common to all of that profeſſion; Gadbury, poor Robin, Dove, Wing, and ſeveral others, do yearly publiſh their almanacks, though ſeveral of them have been dead ſince before the *Revolution*. Now the natural reaſon of this I take to be, that whereas it is the privilege of other authors *to live after their deaths*; almanack-makers are alone excluded, becauſe their diſſertations, treating only upon the minutes as they paſs, become uſeleſs as thoſe go off. In conſideration of which, *time*, whoſe *regiſters* they are, gives them a leaſe in reverſion, to continue their works after their death.

I ſhould not have given the public or myſelf the trouble of this vindication, if my name had not been made uſe of by ſeveral perſons, to whom I never lent it; one of which, a few days ago, was pleaſed to father on me a new ſet of predictions. But I think theſe are things too ſerious to be trifled with. It grieved me to the heart, when I ſaw my labours, which had coſt me ſo much thought and watching, bawled about by common hawkers, which I only intended for the weighty conſideration of the graveſt perſons. This prejudiced the world ſo much at firſt, that ſeveral of my friends had the aſſurance to aſk me, whether I were in jeſt? To which I only anſwered coldly, *that the event would ſhew*. But it is the talent of our age and nation, to turn things of the greateſt importance into ridicule. When the end of the year had *verified all my predictions*,

dictions, out comes Mr Partridge's almanack, disputing the point of his death; so that I am employed, like the general who was forced to kill his enemies twice over, whom a *necromancer* had raised to life. If Mr Partridge hath practised the same experiment upon himself, and be again alive, long may he continue so; that doth not in the least contradict my veracity: But I think I have clearly proved, by *invincible demonstration*, that he died at farthest within half an hour of the time I foretold, and not four hours sooner, as the above-mentioned author, in his letter to a lord, hath maliciously suggested, with design to blast my credit, by charging me with so gross a mistake.

A famous PREDICTION of MERLIN, the Britiſh Wizard *.

Written above a thouſand years ago, and relating to the year 1709.

With explanatory notes, by T. N. Philomath.

Written in the year 1709.

LAST year was publiſhed a paper of predictions, pretended to be written by one Iſaac Bickerſtaff, Eſq; but the true deſign of it was to ridicule the art of aſtrology, and expoſe its

* Dr Swift, in his preface to this piece, would inſinuate, that what he publiſhes to the world is a tranſlation of Merlin's prophecy, two hundred years old. The main deſign of the Doctor in this prediction, if he were really in earneſt, (which I verily believe he was not, as I am perſuaded that he only writ this prophecy in order to vex the Whigs, and to fret that ungrateful miniſtry which had forgotten the obligations he had conferred upon them), was to encourage Q. Anne to a ſecond marriage, in order that her Majeſty might repair, if poſſible, that infinite loſs ſhe had ſuſtained by the death of the Duke of Glouceſter, who, by all accounts, was one of the fineſt princes that ever was born in England, and accordingly was univerſally regretted by the whole nation, the fanatical party, and all their black adherents, only excepted. This appears from the 11th, 12th, 13th, and 14th lines of this prophecy.

And without diſpute, as, in England, there were many thouſands who were deſirous to ſee a prince deſcended from a Queen whom they loved with ſuch ardour and affection; ſo, in the wildneſs of their imagination, they endeavoured

its profeſſors as ignorant, or impoſtors. Againſt this imputation, Dr Partridge hath learnedly vindicated himſelf in his almanack for that year.

For a farther vindication of this famous art, I have thought fit to preſent the world with the following prophecy. The original is ſaid to be of the famous Merlin, who lived about a thouſand years ago; and the following tranſlation is two hundred years old, for it ſeems to be written near

endeavoured to perſuade her Majeſty, at the age of about forty-five, to marry a ſecond time. But whether it was owing to that exceſſive regard which ſhe bore unto the memory of her beloved the Prince of Denmark; or whether it was becauſe ſhe never had a child after the age of five or ſix and twenty; or whether it was for ſome political reaſon or other, ſhe refuſed in this reſpect to gratify the inclinations of her people; which, however, as animoſities and factions were then riſing to an exceſſive height, ſhe had cauſe to repent of before the time of her deceaſe. For as the Queen was driven to ſuch inexpreſſible ſtraits by the fury and machinations of the contending parties, that, with all her experience in government, ſhe knew not whom to truſt; if ſhe had married ſome wiſe and thoughtful prince, entirely remote from all pretenſions to the crown, (ſuppoſing that ſuch a one could have been found in Europe at that time), ſhe might have paſſed the remainder of her life with more eaſe and tranquillity. For as a prince in that ſituation would have had nothing more to do, than to have made the Queen happy and her reign glorious, he might have acted as moderator between both parties, ſecured unto himſelf the eſteem of all the wiſe and virtuous, and perhaps after the deceaſe of the Queen might have been highly regarded by her ſucceſſor during the remainder of his life. But alas! party-rage carried all before it, and every ſcheme of accommodation was equally rejected by Whigs and Tories. *Swift.*

near the end of Henry the ſeventh's reign. I found it in an old edition of Merlin's prophecies, imprinted at London by John Hawkins, in the year 1530, *page* 39. I ſet it down word for word in the old orthography, and ſhall take leave to ſubjoin a few explanatory notes.

Seven and ten addyd to nine,
Of Fraunce her woe this is the ſigne,
Tamys rivere twys y-frozen,
Walke ſans wetyng ſhoes ne hozen.
Then comyth foorthe, ich underſtonde,
From Towne of Stoffe to fattyn Londe,
An herdie Chyſtan, woe the morne
To Fraunce that ever he was born.
Then ſhall the fyſhe beweyle his boſſe;
Nor ſhall grin berrys make up the loſſe.
Yonge Symnele ſhall again miſcarrye:
And Norway's pryd again ſhall marrey.*
And from the tree where bloſums feele,
Ripe fruit ſhall come, and all is wele,
Reaums ſhall dance honde in honde,
And it ſhall be merrye in old Inglonde,
Then old Inglonde ſhall be no more,
And no man ſhall be ſorie therefore.
Geryon ſhall have three hedes agayne,
Til Hapſburge makyth them but twayne.

* Q. Anne is called *Norway's pryd*, becauſe ſhe had vouchſafed to marry the Prince of Denmark; and we all know, that Norway is part of the dominion belonging to that crown. *Swift.*

Explanatory notes.

Seven and ten. This line deſcribes the year when theſe events ſhall happen. Seven and ten make ſeventeen, which I explain ſeventeen hundred, and this number added to nine, makes the year we are now in; for it muſt be underſtood of the natural year, which begins the firſt of January.

Tamys rivere twys, &c. The river Thames frozen twice in one year, ſo as man to walk on it, is a very ſignal accident, which perhaps hath not fallen out for ſeveral hundred years before, and is the reaſon why ſome aſtrologers have thought, that this prophecy could never be fulfilled, becauſe they imagined ſuch a thing would never happen in our climate.

From town of Stoffe, &c. This is a plain deſignation of the Duke of Marlborough: one kind of ſtuff uſed to fatten land is called Marle, and every body knows that Borough is a name for a town; and this way of expreſſion is after the uſual dark manner of old aſtrological predictions.

Then ſhall the fyſhe, &c. By the *fiſh*, is underſtood the *Dauphin* of France, as their King's eldeſt ſons are called: It is here ſaid, he ſhall lament the loſs of the Duke of Burgundy, called the Boſſe, which is an old Engliſh word for *hump-ſhoulder*, or *crook-back*, as that Duke is known to be; and the prophecy ſeems to mean, that he ſhould be overcome or ſlain. By the *grin berrys*, in

in the next line, is meant the young Duke of Berry, the *Dauphin's* third ſon, who ſhall not have valour or fortune enough to ſupply the loſs of his eldeſt brother.

Young Symnele, &c. By Symnele is meant the pretended Prince of Wales, who, if he offers to attempt any thing againſt England, ſhall miſcarry as he did before. Lambert Symnele is the name of a young man, noted in our hiſtories for perſonating the ſon (as I remember) of Edward the fourth.

And Norway's pryd, &c. I cannot gueſs * who is meant by Norway's *pride*; perhaps the reader may, as well as the ſenſe of the two following lines.

Reaums ſhall, &c. Reaums, or, as the word is now, *realms*, is the old name for *kingdoms*: and this is a very plain prediction of our happy *union*, with the felicities that ſhall attend it. It is added, that Old Englandſhall be no more, and yet no man ſhall be ſorry for it. And indeed, properly ſpeaking, England is now no more, for the whole iſland is one kingdom, under the name of Britain.

Geryon ſhall, &c. This prediction, though ſomewhat obſcure, is wonderfully adapt. Geryon is ſaid to have been a king of Spain, whom Hercules ſlew. It was a fiction of the poets, that he had three heads, which the author ſays he ſhall have again: that is, Spain ſhall have

* Queen Anne.

three kings; which is now wonderfully verified; for beſides the King of Portugal, which properly is part of Spain, there are now two rivals for Spain, Charles and Philip: but Charles being deſcended from the Count of Hapſburgh, founder of the Auſtrian family, ſhall ſoon make thoſe heads but two, by overturning Philip, and driving him out of Spain.

Some of theſe predictions are already fulfilled; and it is highly probable the reſt may be in due time; and I think, I have not forced the words by my explication into any other ſenſe than what they will naturally bear. If this be granted, I am ſure it muſt be alſo allowed, that the author (whoever he were) was a perſon of extraordinary ſagacity; and that aſtrology, brought to ſuch perfection as this, is by no means an art to be deſpiſed, whatever Mr Bickerſtaff, or other merry gentlemen, are pleaſed to think. As to the tradition of theſe lines having been writ in the original by Merlin, I confeſs I lay not much weight upon it: But it is enough to juſtify their authority, that the book from whence I have tranſcribed them, was printed 170 years ago, as appears by the title-page. For the ſatisfaction of any gentlemen, who may be either doubtful of the truth, or curious to be informed; I ſhall give order to have the very book ſent to the printer of this paper, with directions to let any body ſee it that pleaſes, becauſe I believe it pretty ſcarce.

The

The WONDERFUL WONDER of WONDERS.

THERE is a certain perſon lately arrived at this city, whom it is very proper the world ſhould be informed of. His character may perhaps be thought very inconſiſtent, improbable, and unnatural; however, I intend to draw it with the utmoſt regard to truth. This I am the better qualified to do, becauſe he is a ſort of *dependent* upon our family, and *almoſt* of the ſame *age*; though I cannot directly ſay I have ever *ſeen* him. He is a native of this country, and hath lived long among us; but what appears wonderful, and hardly credible, was never ſeen *before* by any mortal.

It is true indeed, he always chuſes the *loweſt* place in company; and contrives it ſo, to keep *out of ſight*. It is reported however, that in his younger days he was frequently *expoſed* to *view*, but always againſt his will, and was ſure to *ſmart* for it.

As to his family, he came into the world a younger brother, being of *ſix* children the *fourth* in order of (1) birth: Of which the eldeſt is now *head* of the houſe; the ſecond and third carry *arms*; but the two youngeſt are only *footmen*: Some indeed add, that he hath likewiſe a twin-brother, who lives *over-againſt* him, and keeps a (2) *victualling-houſe*; he hath the reputation to be a *cloſe*, *griping*, *ſqueezing* fellow; and that when his bags are *full* he is often *needy*; yet when

when the fit takes him, as faſt as he gets, he *lets it fly*.

When in *office*, no one *diſcharges* himſelf, or *doth his buſineſs* better. He hath *ſometimes ſtrained hard* for an honeſt livelihood; and never got a *bit*, till every body elſe had *done*.

One practice appears very blameable in him; that every morning he privately frequents *unclean houſes*, where any modeſt perſon would bluſh to be ſeen. And although this be generally known, yet the world, as cenſorious as it is, hath been ſo kind to overlook this infirmity in him. To deal impartially; it muſt be granted, that he is too great a lover of himſelf, and very often conſults his own *eaſe* at the expence of his beſt friends; but this is one of his *blind ſides*; and the beſt of men I fear are not without *them*.

He hath been conſtituted by the *higher* powers in the ſtation of *receiver-general*, in which employment ſome have cenſured him for playing *faſt* and *looſe*. He is likewiſe *overſeer* of the *golden mines*, which he daily inſpecteth, when his health will permit him.

He was long bred under a (3) *maſter of arts*, who inſtilled good *principles* in him; but theſe were ſoon *corrupted*. I know not whether this deſerves mention, that he is ſo very capricious, as to take it for an equal affront to talk either of *kiſſing* or *kicking* him, which hath occaſioned a thouſand quarrels: However, no-body was ever ſo great a ſufferer for faults, which he neither was, nor poſſibly could be guilty of.

In

In his *religion* he hath thus much of the quaker, that he ſtands *always covered*, even in the preſence of the King; in moſt other points a perfect (4) *idolater*, although he endeavours to *conceal* it; for he is known to offer daily ſacrifices to certain *ſubterraneous nymphs*, whom he worſhips in an *humble poſture*, *prone on his face*, and *ſtript ſtark naked*: And ſo leaves his *offerings behind him*, which the (5) *prieſts* of thoſe goddeſſes are careful enough to remove upon certain ſeaſons, with the utmoſt privacy, at *midnight*, and from thence maintain themſelves and families. In all *urgent neceſſities* and *preſſures* he applies himſelf to theſe deities, and ſometimes even in the *ſtreets* and *high-ways*, from an opinion that thoſe powers have an influence in all places, although their peculiar reſidence be in caverns under ground. Upon theſe *occaſions* the faireſt ladies will not refuſe to *lend* their *hands* to aſſiſt him: For, although they are aſhamed to have him *ſeen* in their company, or even ſo much as to hear him *named*; yet it is well known, that he is one of their *conſtant followers*.

In *politics*, he always ſubmits to what is *uppermoſt*; but he peruſes pamphlets *on both ſides* with great impartiality, though ſeldom till *every body elſe hath done with them*.

His *learning* is of a mixed kind, and he may properly be called a *hellua librorum*, or another *Jacobus de Voragine*; though his ſtudies are chiefly confined to *ſchool-men*, *commentators*, and *German divines*, together with *modern poetry* and *critics*;

tics; and he is an *atomic* philoſopher, ſtrongly maintaining a *void* in *nature*, which he ſeems to have fairly proved by many *experiments*.

I ſhall now proceed to deſcribe ſome peculiar qualities, which in ſeveral inſtances ſeem to diſtinguiſh this perſon from the common race of other mortals.

His *grandfather* was a member of the *rump* parliament, as the *grandſon* is of the *preſent*, where he often *riſes*, ſometimes *grumbles*, but never *ſpeaks*. However, he lets nothing paſs *willingly*, but what is *well digeſted*. His courage is indiſputable, for he will take the boldeſt man alive *by the noſe*.

He is generally the *firſt abed* in the family, and the *laſt up*; which is to be lamented; becauſe when he happens to *riſe before* the reſt, it hath been thought to forebode ſome *good fortune to his ſuperiors*.

As wiſdom is acquired by age, ſo by every new (6) *wrinkle in his face* he is reported to gain ſome *new knowledge*.

In him we may obſerve the true effects and conſequences of *tyranny* in a ſtate: For as he is a great *oppreſſor* of all *below* him, ſo there is nobody more *oppreſſed* by thoſe *above* him: Yet in his time he hath been ſo highly in favour, that many *illuſtrious perſons* have been entirely indebted to *him* for their *preferments*.

He hath diſcovered from his own experience the true *point* wherein all human actions, projects,

jects, and designs do chiefly *terminate*; and how *mean* and *sordid* they are *at the bottom*.

It behoves the public to keep him *quiet*; for his *frequent murmurs* are a certain sign of *intestine* tumults.

No philosopher ever lamented more the luxury, for which these nations are so justly taxed; it hath been known to cost him (7) *tears of blood*: For in his own nature he is far from being *profuse*; though indeed he never stays a night at a gentleman's house without *leaving something behind him*.

He receives with great submission whatever his patrons think fit to give him: And when they lay *heavy burdens* upon him, which is frequently enough, he gets rid of them as soon as he can; but not without *some labour* and *much grumbling*.

He is a perpetual *hanger-on*: yet no-body knows how to be *without him*. He patiently suffers himself to be *kept under*, but loves to be well used, and in that case will sacrifice his *vitals* to give you *ease*: And he has hardly one acquaintance, for whom he hath not been *bound*; yet, as far as we can find, was never known to *lose* any thing by it.

He is observed to be very (8) *unquiet* in the company of a Frenchman in *new clothes*, or a young *coquette*.

He is, in short, the subject of much *mirth* and *raillery*, which he seems to take well enough; though

though it hath not been obſerved, that ever any *good thing* came from himſelf.

There is ſo general an opinion of his juſtice, that ſometimes very *hard caſes* are left to his deciſion: And while he *ſits* upon them, he carries himſelf exactly *even between both ſides*, except where ſome *knotty point* ariſes; and then he is obſerved to *lean* a little to the *right* or *left*, as the matter inclines him; but his reaſons for it are ſo manifeſt and convincing, that every man approves them.

POSTSCRIPT.

Gentle Reader,

THOUGH I am not inſenſible how many thouſand perſons have been, and ſtill are, with great dexterity, *handling* this ſubject, and no leſs aware of what infinite reams of paper have been *laid out upon it*; however, in my opinion, no man living has *touched* it with greater nicety, and more delicate turns, than our author. But becauſe there is ſome intended obſcurity in this relation; and curioſity, inquiſitive of *ſecrets*, may poſſibly not enter into the *bottom* and *depth* of the ſubject, it was thought not improper to take off the veil, and gain the reader's favour by enlarging his *inſight*. *Ars enim non habet inimicum, niſi ignorantem.* It is well known, that it has been the policy of all times to deliver down *important* ſubjects by emblem and riddle, and not to ſuffer the knowledge of truth to be derived to us in plain and ſimple terms, which are generally as ſoon forgotten as conceived. For this reaſon the *Heathen* religion is moſtly couched under *mythology*. For the like reaſon (this being a FUNDAMENTAL in its kind) the author has thought fit to wrap up his treaſure in *clean linen*, which it is our buſineſs to lay *open*, and ſet in a due light; for I have obſerved, upon any

any accidental diſcovery, the leaſt *glimpſe* has given a great diverſion to the eager ſpectator, as many ladies could teſtify, *were it proper*, or *the caſe would admit.*

The politeſt companies have vouchſafed to ſmile at the *bare* name, and ſome people of faſhion have been ſo little ſcrupulous of *bringing it in play*, that it was the uſual ſaying of a knight and a man of good breeding, *That whenever he aroſe, his a-ſe roſe with him.*

NOTES.

(1) He alludes to the manner of our birth, the *head* and arms appearing before the poſteriors and the two feet, which he calls the *footmen.*

(2) *Victualling-houſe.*] The *belly*, which receives and digeſts our nouriſhment.

(3) *Maſter of arts.*] Perſius: *Magiſter artis, ingeniique largitor venter.*

(4) *Idolater.*] Alludes to the ſacrifices offered by the Romans to the goddeſs Cloacina.

(5) *Prieſts.*] Gold-finders, who perform their office in the night-time: But our author further ſeems to have an eye to the cuſtom of the Heathen prieſts ſtealing the offerings in the night; of which ſee more in the ſtory of Bell and the Dragon.

(6) *Wrinkle.*] This refers to a proverb—*You have one wrinkle in your a-ſe more than you had before.*

(7) *Tears of blood.*] *Hæmorrhoids*, according to the phyſicians, are a frequent conſequence of intemperance.

(8) *Unquiet.*] Their tails being generally obſerved to be moſt reſtleſs.

The WONDER of ALL the WONDERS, that ever the WORLD wondered at.

For all perſons of quality and others.

NEWLY arrived at this city of Dublin the famous artiſt John Emanuel Schoitz, who, to the great ſurpriſe and ſatisfaction of all ſpectators, is ready to do the following wonderful performances; the like before never ſeen in this kingdom.

He will heat a bar of iron red-hot, and thruſt it into a barrel of gunpowder before all the company, and yet it ſhall not take fire.

He lets any gentleman charge a blunderbuſs with the ſame gunpowder, and twelve leaden bullets; which blunderbuſs the ſaid artiſt diſcharges full in the face of the ſaid company, without the leaſt hurt, the bullets ſticking in the wall behind them.

He takes any gentleman's own ſword, and runs it through the ſaid gentleman's body, ſo that the point appears bloody at the back to all the ſpectators; then he takes out the ſword, wipes it clean, and returns it to the owner, who receives no manner of hurt.

He takes a pot of ſcalding oil, and throws it by great ladles-full directly at the ladies, without ſpoiling their clothes or burning their ſkins.

He takes any perſon of quality's child from

two

two years old to ſix, and lets the child's own father or mother take a pike in their hands; then the artiſt takes the child in his arms, and toſſes it upon the point of the pike, where it ſticks, to the great ſatisfaction of all ſpectators; and is then taken off without ſo much as a hole in his coat.

He mounts upon a ſcaffold juſt over the ſpectators, and from thence throws down a great quantity of large tiles and ſtones, which fall like ſo many pillows, without ſo much as diſcompoſing either perukes or head-dreſſes.

He takes any perſon of quality up to the ſaid ſcaffold, which perſon pulls off his ſhoes, and leaps nine foot directly down on a board prepared on purpoſe, full of ſharp ſpikes ſix inches long, without hurting his feet or damaging his ſtockings.

He places the ſaid board on a chair, upon which a lady ſits down with another lady in her lap, while the ſpikes, inſtead of entering into the under lady's fleſh, will feel like a velvet cuſhion.

He takes any perſon of quality's footman, ties a rope about his bare neck, and draws him up by pullies to the ceiling, and there keeps him hanging as long as his maſter or the company pleaſes; the ſaid footman, to the wonder and delight of all beholders, having a pot of ale in one hand and a pipe in the other; and when he is let down, there will not appear the leaſt mark of the cord about his neck.

He bids a lady's maid put her finger into a cup of clear liquor like water, upon which her face and both her hands are immediately withered like an old woman of fourſcore, her belly ſwells as if ſhe were within a week of her time, and her legs are as thick as mill-poſts; but upon putting her finger into another cup, ſhe becomes as young and handſome as ſhe was before.

He gives any gentleman leave to drive forty twelve-penny nails up to the head in a porter's backſide, and then places the ſaid porter on a loadſtone chair, which draws out every nail, and the porter feels no pain.

He likewiſe draws the teeth of half a dozen gentlemen, mixes, and jumbles them in a hat, gives any perſon leave to blindfold him, and returns each their own, and fixes them as well as ever.

With his fore-finger and thumb he thruſts ſeveral gentlemens and ladies eyes out of their heads without the leaſt pain, at which time they ſee an unſpeakable number of beautiful colours; and after they are entertained to the full, he places them again in their proper ſockets, without any damage to the ſight.

He lets any gentleman drink a quart of hot melted lead, and by a draught of prepared liquor, of which he takes part himſelf, he makes the ſaid lead paſs through the ſaid gentleman before all the ſpectators, without any damage; after which it is produced in a cake to the company.

With

With many other wonderful performances of art, too tedious here to mention.

The ſaid artiſt has performed before moſt kings and princes in Europe with great applauſe.

He performs every day (except Sundays) from ten of the clock to one in the forenoon; and from four till ſeven in the evening, at the New-inn in Smithfield.

The firſt ſeat a Britiſh crown, the ſecond a Britiſh half-crown, and the loweſt a Britiſh ſhilling.

N. B. The beſt hands in town are to play at the ſaid ſhow.

A PROPOSAL for correcting, improving, and aſcertaining the ENGLISH TONGUE *.

In a LETTER to the Moſt Honourable ROBERT Earl of OXFORD and MORTIMER, Lord High Treaſurer of GREAT-BRITAIN.

To the Moſt Honourable ROBERT Earl of OXFORD, &c.

My LORD,

WHAT I had the honour of mentioning to your Lordſhip ſome time ago in converſation, was not a new thought, juſt then ſtarted by accident or occaſion, but the reſult of long reflection;

* It is well known, that if the Queen had lived a year or two longer, this propoſal would, in all probability, have taken effect. For the Lord Treaſurer had already nominated ſeveral perſons, without diſtinction of quality or party, who were to compoſe a ſociety for the purpoſes mentioned by the author; and reſolved to uſe his credit with her Majeſty, that a fund ſhould be applied to ſupport the expence of a large room, where the ſociety ſhould meet, and for other incidents. But this ſcheme fell to the ground, partly by the diſſentions among the great men at court; but chiefly by the lamented death of that glorious Princeſs.

This piece might have been a very uſeful performance, if it had been longer, and leſs eclipſed by compliments to the noble perſon to whom it is addreſſed. It ſeems to have been intended as a preface to ſome more enlarged deſign: At the head of which ſuch an introduction muſt have appeared with great propriety. A work of this kind

flection; and I have been confirmed in my ſentiments by the opinion of ſome very judicious perſons, with whom I conſulted. They all agreed, that nothing would be of greater uſe towards the improvement

kind is much wanted, as our language, inſtead of being improved, is every day growing worſe, and more debaſed. We bewilder ourſelves in various orthography. We ſpeak and we write at random; and if a man's common converſation were to be committed to paper, he would be ſtartled *for to* find himſelf guilty, in *a few* ſentences; of ſo many ſoleciſms and ſuch falſe Engliſh. I believe we are the only people in the Chriſtian world, who repeat the Lord's prayer in an ungrammatical manner: And I remember to have heard, that when a motion was made in the convocation to alter the word *which* for the word *who*, the propoſition was rejected by the majority. This inſtance may ſhew you of what ſort of men the moſt learned, and even the moſt reverend aſſemblies, are ſometimes compoſed. But let us conſider the conduct of a neighbouring nation. How induſtrious have the French been to improve their language? and to what a ſtate of perfection have they brought it? Rome, by her conqueſts, made her dialect univerſal: France, by her policy, has done the ſame. By policy, I mean the encouragement of arts and ſciences; which will often render a nation more powerful than arms. Nothing has contributed ſo much to the purity and excellence of the French tongue, as the noble academies eſtabliſhed for that purpoſe: And, until ſome public work of the ſame kind is undertaken in England, we cannot flatter ourſelves with any hopes of amending the errors, or aſcertaining the limits of our ſtyle. I ſhall not preſume even to whiſper to you, that I think a deſign of this ſort is ſufficiently momentous to attract the conſideration of our legiſlative powers. Their thoughts are otherwiſe employed, and their faculties otherwiſe applied. But I will venture to ſay, that if to

our

improvement of knowledge and politeneſs, than ſome effectual method for *correcting*, *enlarging*, and *aſcertaining* our language; and they think it a work very poſſible to be compaſſed under the protection

our hoſpitals for lunatics, an hoſpital was added for the reception and ſupport of men of ſenſe and learning, it would be of the higheſt honour to the preſent age, and of no leſs advantage to poſterity. I call it an hoſpital, becauſe I ſuppoſe it to be erected for the benefit of ſuch perſons, whoſe infirm fortunes, or diſeaſed revenues, may have rendered the ſtrength and abilities of their minds weak and uſeleſs to the public: For I entirely agree with Ariſtotle, where he ſays, in the words of his ſcholiaſt, *Eum præclara et magna vix poſſe exequi et præſtare, cui facultates deſunt: quoniam per amicos et civilem potentiam, veluti per inſtrumenta, neceſſe eſt pleraque effici.* The reflections that ariſe from this theme, I find, are driving me beyond due bounds: Therefore I ſhall only add, that I heartily wiſh you may think an attention to your native language as uſeful and improving a ſtudy as can be purſued, in whatever ſtation of life Providence may allot you. *Orrery.*

In this epiſtle Dr Swift complains to the Earl of Oxford, as firſt miniſter, in the name of all the learned and polite perſons of the nation, that our language is extremely imperfect, that its daily improvements are by no means equal to its daily corruptions; that the pretenders to poliſh and refine it, have chiefly multiplied abuſes and abſurdities; and that in many inſtances it offends againſt every part of grammar. He proves, with irreſiſtible force of reaſon, that our language ought to be refined to a certain ſtandard, and then fixed for ever: He remarks the ſeveral inconveniencies which ariſe perpetually from our ſtupid inattention to theſe matters. He doth not however preſcribe any methods for aſcertaining the language, but throws out ſome general obſervations,

protection of a prince, the countenance and encouragement of a miniſtry, and the care of proper perſons choſen for ſuch an undertaking. I was glad to find your Lordſhip's anſwer in ſo different a ſtyle, from what hath been commonly made uſe of on the like occaſions for ſome years paſt, *That all ſuch thoughts muſt be deferred to a time of peace:* A topic which ſome have carried ſo far, that they would not have us by any means think of preſerving our civil or religious conſtitution; becauſe we are engaged in a war abroad. It will be among the diſtinguiſhing marks of your miniſtry, my Lord, that you have a genius above all ſuch regards, and that no reaſonable propoſal for the honour, the advantage, or the ornament of your country, however foreign to your more immediate office, was ever neglected by you. I confeſs the merit of this candour and condeſcenſion is very much leſſened, becauſe your Lordſhip hardly leaves us room to offer our good wiſhes; removing all our difficulties, and ſupplying our wants, faſter than the moſt viſionary projector can adjuſt his ſchemes. And therefore, my Lord, the deſign of this paper is not ſo much to offer you *ways* and *means*, as to complain of a *grievance*, the redreſſing of which is to be your own work,

obſervations, leaving the reſt to the inſpection of that ſociety, which he hoped would have been ſpeedily inſtituted by the Lord Treaſurer. But this ſcheme fell to the ground, partly by the diſſentions among the great men at court, and chiefly by the lamented death of Queen Anne, that ever-glorious Princeſs. *Swift.*

work, as much as that of paying the *nation's debts*, or opening a trade into the South-ſea; and though not of ſuch immediate benefit as either of theſe, or any other of your glorious actions, yet perhaps, in future ages, not leſs to your honour.

My Lord, I do here, in the name of all the learned and polite perſons of the nation, complain to your Lordſhip, as *firſt miniſter*, that our language is extremely imperfect; that its daily improvements are by no means in proportion to its daily corruptions; that the pretenders to poliſh and refine it have chiefly multiplied abuſes and abſurdities; and that, in many inſtances, it offends againſt every part of grammar. But leſt your Lordſhip ſhould think my cenſure too ſevere, I ſhall take leave to be more particular.

I believe your Lordſhip will agree with me in the reaſon why our language is leſs refined than thoſe of Italy, Spain, or France. It is plain, that the Latin tongue, in its purity, was never in this iſland, towards the conqueſt of which few or no attempts were made till the time of Claudius; neither was that language ever ſo vulgar in Britain, as it is known to have been in Gaul and Spain. Further, we find, that the Roman legions here were at length all recalled to help their country againſt the Goths, and other barbarous invaders. Mean time the Britains, left to ſhift for themſelves, and daily haraſſed by cruel inroads from the Picts, were forced to call in the Saxons for their defence; who conſequently reduced the greateſt part of the iſland to their own power,

power, drove the Britains into the moſt remote and mountainous parts, and the reſt of the country, in cuſtoms, religion, and language, became wholly Saxon. This I take to be the reaſon why there are more Latin words remaining in the Britiſh tongue than in the old Saxon, which, excepting ſome few variations in the orthography, is the ſame in moſt original words with our preſent Engliſh, as well as with the German and other Northern dialects.

Edward the *Confeſſor*, having lived long in France, appears to be the firſt who introduced any mixture of the French tongue with the Saxon; the court affecting what the prince was fond of, and others taking it up for a faſhion, as it is now with us. William *the Conqueror* proceeded much further, bringing over with him vaſt numbers of that nation, ſcattering them in every monaſtery, giving them great quantities of land, directing all pleadings to be in that language, and endeavouring to make it univerſal in the kingdom. This at leaſt is the opinion generally received: but your Lordſhip hath fully convinced me, that the French tongue made yet a greater progreſs here under Harry *the ſecond*, who had large territories on that continent, both from his father and his wife, made frequent journeys and expeditions thither, and was always attended with a number of his countrymen, retainers at his court. For ſome centuries after, there was a conſtant intercourſe between France and England by the dominions we poſſeſſed there, and the conqueſts

conqueſts we made; ſo that our language, between two and three hundred years ago, ſeems to have had a greater mixture with French than at preſent; many words having been afterwards rejected, and ſome ſince the time of Spencer; although we have ſtill retained not a few, which have been long antiquated in France. I could produce ſeveral inſtances of both kinds, if it were of any uſe or entertainment.

To examine into the ſeveral circumſtances by which the language of a country may be altered, would force me to enter into a wide field. I ſhall only obſerve, that the Latin, the French, and the Engliſh, ſeem to have undergone the ſame fortune. The firſt, from the days of Romulus to thoſe of Julius Cæſar, ſuffered perpetual changes: And by what we meet in thoſe authors who occaſionally ſpeak on that ſubject, as well as from certain fragments of old laws, it is manifeſt, that the Latin, three hundred years before Tully, was as unintelligible in his time, as the Engliſh and French of the ſame period are now; and theſe two have changed as much ſince William *the Conqueror* (which is but little leſs than ſeven hundred years) as the Latin appears to have done in the like term. Whether our language or the French will decline as faſt as the the Roman did, is a queſtion that would perhaps admit more debate than it is worth. There were many reaſons for the corruptions of the laſt: As, the change of their government to a tyranny, which ruined the ſtudy of eloquence, there

there being no further uſe or encouragement for popular orators: Their giving not only the freedom of the city, but capacity for employments, to ſeveral towns in Gaul, Spain, and Germany, and other diſtant parts, as far as Aſia; which brought a great number of foreign pretenders into Rome: The ſlaviſh diſpoſition of the ſenate and people, by which the wit and eloquence of the age were wholly turned into panegyric, the moſt barren of all ſubjects: The great corruption of manners, and introduction of foreign luxury, with foreign terms to expreſs it, with ſeveral others that might be aſſigned; not to mention thoſe invaſions from the Goths and Vandals, which are too obvious to inſiſt on.

The Roman language arrived at great perfection, before it began to decay: And the French, for theſe laſt fifty years, hath been poliſhing as much as it will bear, and appears to be declining by the natural inconſtancy of that people, and the affectation of ſome late authors to introduce and multiply cant words, which is the moſt ruinous corruption in any language. La Bruyere, a late celebrated writer among them, makes uſe of many new terms, which are not to be found in any of the common dictionaries before his time. But the Engliſh tongue is not arrived to ſuch a degree of perfection, as to make us apprehend any thoughts of its decay; and if it were once refined to a certain ſtandard, perhaps there might be ways found out to fix it for ever, or at leaſt till we are invaded and made a

conqueſt by ſome other ſtate; and even then our beſt writings might probably be preſerved with care, and grow into eſteem, and the authors have a chance for immortality.

But without ſuch great revolutions as theſe (to which we are, I think, leſs ſubject than kingdoms upon the continent) I ſee no abſolute neceſſity why any language ſhould be perpetually changing; for we find many examples to the contrary. From Homer to Plutarch are above a thouſand years; ſo long at leaſt the purity of the Greek tongue may be allowed to laſt, and we know not how far before. The Grecians ſpread their colonies round all the coaſts of Aſia Minor, even to the northern parts lying towards the Euxine, in every iſland of the Ægæan ſea, and ſeveral others in the Mediterranean; where the language was preſerved entire for many ages, after they themſelves became colonies to Rome, and till they were over-run by the barbarous nations upon the fall of that empire. The Chineſe have books in their language above two thouſand years old, neither have the frequent conqueſts of the Tartars been able to alter it. The German, Spaniſh, and Italian, have admitted few or no changes for ſome ages paſt. The other languages of Europe I know nothing of; neither is there any occaſion to conſider them.

Having taken this compaſs, I return to thoſe conſiderations upon our own language, which I would humbly offer your Lordſhip. The period, wherein the Engliſh tongue received moſt improvement,

improvement, I take to commence with the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and to conclude with the great rebellion in forty-two. 'Tis true, there was a very ill taſte both of ſtyle and wit, which prevailed under King James the firſt; but that ſeems to have been corrected in the firſt years of his ſucceſſor, who, among many other qualifications of an excellent prince, was a great patron of learning. From the civil war to this preſent time, I am apt to doubt whether the corruptions in our language have not at leaſt equalled the refinements of it; and theſe corruptions very few of the beſt authors in our age have wholly eſcaped. During the uſurpation, ſuch an infuſion of enthuſiaſtic jargon prevailed in every writing, as was not ſhaken off in many years after. To this ſucceeded that licentiouſneſs which entered with the Reſtoration, and from infecting our religion and morals, fell to corrupt our language; which laſt was not like to be much improved by thoſe, who at that time made up the court of King Charles the ſecond; either ſuch who had followed him in his baniſhment, or who had been altogether converſant in the dialect of thoſe fanatic times, or young men who had been educated in the ſame country; ſo that the court, which uſed to be the ſtandard of propriety and correctneſs of ſpeech, was then, and I think hath ever ſince continued, the worſt ſchool in England for that accompliſhment; and ſo will remain, till better care be taken in the education of our young nobility, that

they may ſet out into the world with ſome foundation of literature, in order to qualify them for patterns of politeneſs. The conſequence of this defect upon our language may appear from the plays, and other compoſitions written for entertainment within fifty years paſt; filled with a ſucceſſion of affected phraſes, and new conceited words, either borrowed from the current ſtyle of the court, or from thoſe who, under the character of men of wit and pleaſure, pretended to give the law. Many of theſe refinements have already been long antiquated, and are now hardly intelligible; which is no wonder, when they were the product only of ignorance and caprice.

I have never known this great town without one or more *dunces* of figure, who had credit enough to give riſe to ſome new word, and propagate it in moſt converſations, though it had neither humour nor ſignificancy. If it ſtruck the preſent taſte, it was ſoon transferred into the plays and current ſcribbles of the week, and became an addition to our language; while the men of wit and learning, inſtead of early obviating ſuch corruptions, were too often ſeduced to imitate and comply with them.

There is another ſet of men, who have contributed very much to the ſpoiling of the Engliſh tongue; I mean the poets from the time of the Reſtoration. Theſe gentlemen, although they could not be inſenſible how much our language was already overſtocked with monoſyllables, yet, to ſave time and pains, introduced that barbarous

cuſtom

cuſtom of abbreviating words, to fit them to the meaſure of their verſes; and this they have frequently done ſo very injudiciouſly, as to form ſuch harſh unharmonious ſounds, that none but a northern ear could endure: They have joined the moſt obdurate conſonants without one intervening vowel, only to ſhorten a ſyllable; and their taſte in time became ſo depraved, that what was at firſt a poetical licence not to be juſtified, they made their choice, alledging, that the words pronounced at length ſounded faint and languid. This was a pretence to take up the ſame cuſtom in proſe: So that moſt of the books we ſee now-a-days, are full of thoſe manglings and abbreviations. Inſtances of this abuſe are innumerable: What does your Lordſhip think of the words, *drudg'd*, *diſturb'd*, *rebuk'd* *fledg'd*, and a thouſand others every where to be met with in proſe as well verſe? where, by leaving out a vowel to ſave a ſyllable, we form ſo jarring a ſound, and ſo difficult to utter, that I have often wondered how it could ever obtain.

Another cauſe (and perhaps borrowed from the former) which hath contributed not a little to the maiming of our language, is a fooliſh opinion, advanced of late years, that we ought to ſpell exactly as we ſpeak; which, beſides the obvious inconvenience of utterly deſtroying our etymology, would be a thing we ſhould never ſee an end of. Not only the ſeveral towns and counties of England have a different way of pronouncing,

nouncing, but even here in London they clip their words after one manner about the court, another in the city, and a third in the ſuburbs; and in a few years, it is probable, will all differ from themſelves, as fancy or faſhion ſhall direct: All which, reduced to writing, would entirely confound orthography. Yet many people are ſo fond of this conceit, that it is ſometimes a difficult matter to read modern books and pamphlets; where the words are ſo curtailed, and varied from their original ſpelling, that whoever hath been uſed to plain Engliſh, will hardly know them by ſight.

Several young men at the univerſities, terribly poſſeſſed with the fear of pedantry, run into a worſe extreme, and think all politeneſs to conſiſt in reading the daily traſh ſent down to them from hence: This they call *knowing the world*, and *reading men and manners*. Thus furniſhed, they come up to town, reckon all their errors for accompliſhments, borrow the neweſt ſet of phraſes; and if they take a pen into their hands, all the odd words they have picked up in a coffee-houſe, or a gaming ordinary, are produced as flowers of ſtyle; and the orthography refined to the utmoſt. To this we owe thoſe monſtrous productions, which, under the name of *trips*, *ſpies*, *amuſements*, and other conceited appellations, have over-run us for ſome years paſt. To this we owe that ſtrange race of wits, who tell us, they write to the *humour of the age*. And I wiſh I could ſay, theſe quaint fopperies were wholly

wholly abſent from graver ſubjects. In ſhort, I would undertake to ſhew your Lordſhip ſeveral pieces, where the beauties of this kind are ſo predominant, that with all your ſkill in languages you could never be able to read or underſtand them.

But I am very much miſtaken, if many of theſe falſe refinements among us do not ariſe from a principle, which would quite deſtroy their credit, if it were well underſtood and conſidered. For I am afraid, my Lord, that with all the real good qualities of our country we are naturally not very polite. This perpetual diſpoſition to ſhorten our words, by retrenching the vowels, is nothing elſe but a tendency to lapſe into the barbarity of thoſe northern nations from whom we are deſcended, and whoſe languages labour all under the ſame defect. For it is worthy our obſervation, that the Spaniards, the French, and the Italians, although derived from the ſame northern anceſtors with ourſelves, are with the utmoſt difficulty taught to pronounce our words, which the Swedes and Danes, as well as the Germans and the Dutch, attain to with eaſe, becauſe our ſyllables reſemble theirs in the roughneſs and frequency of conſonants. Now, as we ſtruggle with an ill climate, to improve the nobler kinds of fruits, are at the expence of walls to receive and reverberate the faint rays of the ſun, and fence againſt the northern blaſts, we ſometimes, by the help of a good ſoil, equal the productions of warmer countries, who have no need

need to be at ſo much coſt and care. It is the ſame thing with reſpect to the politer arts among us; and the ſame defect of heat which gives a fierceneſs to our natures, may contribute to that roughneſs of our language, which bears ſome analogy to the harſh fruit of colder countries. For I do not reckon that we want a *genius* more than the reſt of our neighbours: But your Lordſhip will be of my opinion, that we ought to ſtruggle with theſe natural diſadvantages as much as we can, and be careful whom we employ, whenever we deſign to correct them; which is a work that has hitherto been aſſumed by the leaſt qualified hands. So that if the choice had been left to me, I would rather have truſted the refinement of our language, as far as it relates to ſound, to the judgment of the women, than of illiterate court-fops, half-witted poets, and univerſity-boys. For it is plain, that women, in their manner of corrupting words, do naturally diſcard the conſonants, as we do the vowels. What I am going to tell your Lordſhip appears very trifling; that more than once, where ſome of both ſexes were in company, I have perſuaded two or three of each to take a pen, and write down a number of letters joined together, juſt as it came into their heads; and upon reading this gibberiſh, we have found that which the men had wrote, by the frequent encountering of rough conſonants, to ſound like High-Dutch; and the other by the women like Italian, abounding in vowels and liquids. Now, though I would by no

no means give ladies the trouble of adviſing us in the reformation of our language, yet I cannot help thinking, that ſince they have been left out of all meetings, except parties at play, or where worſe deſigns are carried on, our converſation hath very much degenerated.

In order to reform our language, I conceive, my Lord, that a free judicious choice ſhould be made of ſuch perſons as are generally allowed to be beſt qualified for ſuch a work, without any regard to quality, party, or profeſſion. Theſe, to a certain number at leaſt, ſhould aſſemble at ſome appointed time and place, and fix on rules, by which they deſign to proceed. What methods they will take, is not for me to preſcribe. Your Lordſhip, and other perſons in great employment, might pleaſe to be of the number: And I am afraid ſuch a ſociety would want your inſtruction and example as much as your protection; for I have, not without a little envy, obſerved of late the ſtyle of ſome great miniſters very much to exceed that of any other productions.

The perſons who are to undertake this work will have the example of the French before them to imitate, where theſe have proceeded right, and to avoid their miſtakes. Beſides the grammar-part, wherein we are allowed to be very defective, they will obſerve many groſs improprieties, which, however authoriſed by practice, and grown familiar, ought to be diſcarded. They will find many words that deſerve to be utterly thrown

thrown out of our language, many more to be corrected, and perhaps not a few, long ſince antiquated, which ought to be reſtored on account of their energy and ſound.

But what I have moſt at heart is, that ſome method ſhould be thought on for *aſcertaining* and *fixing* our language for ever, after ſuch alterations are made in it as ſhall be thought requiſite. For I am of opinion, that it is better a language ſhould not be wholly perfect, than that it ſhould be perpetually changing: And we muſt give over at one time, or at length infallibly change for the worſe, as the Romans did, when they began to quit their *ſimplicity* of ſtyle for affected refinements, ſuch as we meet in Tacitus and other authors; which ended by degrees in many barbarities, even before the Goths had invaded Italy.

The fame of our writers is uſually confined to theſe two iſlands, and it is hard it ſhould be limited in *time* as much as *place* by the perpetual variations of our ſpeech. It is your Lordſhip's obſervation, that if it were not for the Bible and Common-prayer Book in the vulgar tongue, we ſhould hardly be able to underſtand any thing that was written among us an hundred years ago; which is certainly true: For thoſe books being perpetually read in churches, have proved a kind of ſtandard for language, eſpecially to the common people. And I doubt, whether the alterations ſince introduced, have added much to the beauty or ſtrength of the Engliſh tongue, though they have taken off a great deal from

that

that *ſimplicity*, which is one of the greateſt perfections in any language. You, my Lord, who are ſo converſant in the ſacred writings, and ſo great a judge of them in their originals, will agree, that no tranſlation our country ever yet produced, hath come up to that of the Old and New Teſtament; and by the many beautiful paſſages, which I have often had the honour to hear your Lordſhip cite from thence, I am perſuaded, that the tranſlators of the Bible were maſters of the Engliſh ſtyle, much fitter for that work than any we ſee in our preſent writings; which I take to be owing to the *ſimplicity* that runs through the whole. Then, as to the greateſt part of our *liturgy*, compiled long before the tranſlation of the Bible now in uſe, and little altered ſince; there ſeems to be in it as great ſtrains of true ſublime eloquence, as are anywhere to be found in our language; which every man of good taſte will obſerve in the *communion-ſervice*, that of *burial*, and other parts.

But when I ſay, that I would have our language, after it is duly correct, always to laſt, I do not mean that it ſhould never be enlarged. Provided that no word, which a ſociety ſhall give a ſanction to, be afterwards antiquated and exploded, they may have liberty to receive whatever new ones they ſhall find occaſion for; becauſe then the old books will yet be always valuable according to their intrinſic worth, and not thrown aſide on account of unintelligible words and phraſes, which appear harſh and uncouth, only

only becauſe they are out of faſhion. Had the Roman tongue continued vulgar in that city till this time, it would have been abſolutely neceſſary, from the mighty changes that have been made in law and religion, from the many terms of art required in trade and in war, from the new inventions that have happened in the world, from the vaſt ſpreading of navigation and commerce, with many other obvious circumſtances, to have made great additions to that language; yet the ancients would ſtill have been read and underſtood with pleaſure and eaſe. The Greek tongue received many enlargements between the time of Homer and that of Plutarch, yet the former author was probably as well underſtood in Trajan's time as the latter. What Horace ſays of *words going off and periſhing like leaves, and new ones coming in their place*, is a misfortune he laments, rather than a thing he approves; but I cannot ſee why this ſhould be abſolutely neceſſary, or if it were, what would have become of his *monumentum aere perennius*.

Writing by memory only, as I do at preſent, I would gladly keep within my depth; and therefore ſhall not enter into further particulars. Neither do I pretend more than to ſhew the uſefulneſs of this deſign, and to make ſome general obſervations, leaving the reſt to that ſociety, which I hope will owe its inſtitution and patronage to your Lordſhip. Beſides, I would willingly avoid repetition, having about a year ago communicated to the public much of what I had to offer upon

upon this ſubject, by the hands of an ingenious gentleman, who for a long time did thrice a-week divert or inſtruct the kingdom by his papers; and is ſuppoſed to purſue the ſame deſign at preſent, under the title of Spectator. This author, who had tried the force and compaſs of our language with ſo much ſucceſs, agrees entirely with me in moſt of my ſentiments relating to it; ſo do the greateſt part of the men of wit and learning, whom I have had the happineſs to converſe with; and therefore I imagine that ſuch a ſociety would be pretty unanimous in the main points.

Your Lordſhip muſt allow, that ſuch a work as this, brought to perfection, would very much contribute to the glory of her Majeſty's reign; which ought to be recorded in words more durable than braſs, and ſuch as our poſterity may read a thouſand years hence with pleaſure as well as admiration. I always diſapproved that falſe compliment to princes, that the moſt laſting monument they can have, is the hearts of their ſubjects. It is indeed their greateſt preſent felicity to reign in their ſubjects hearts; but theſe are too periſhable to preſerve their memories, which can only be done by the pens of able and faithful hiſtorians. And I take it to be your Lordſhip's duty, as *prime miniſter*, to give order for inſpecting our language, and rendering it fit to record the hiſtory of ſo great and good a princeſs. Beſides, my Lord, as diſintereſted as you appear to the world, I am convinced, that no man is more in the power of a prevailing fa-

vourite paſſion than yourſelf; I mean that deſire of true and laſting honour, which you have borne along with you through every ſtage of your life. To this you have often ſacrificed your intereſt, your eaſe, and your health; for preſerving and increaſing this, you have expoſed your perſon to ſecret treachery and open violence. There is not perhaps an example in hiſtory of any miniſter, who, in ſo ſhort a time, hath performed ſo many great things, and overcome ſo many difficulties. Now, though I am fully convinced, that you fear God, honour your Queen, and love your country, as much as any of your fellow-ſubjects, yet I muſt believe, that the deſire of fame hath been no inconſiderable motive to quicken you in the purſuit of thoſe actions, which will beſt deſerve it. But at the ſame time I muſt be ſo plain as tell your Lordſhip, that if you will not take ſome care to ſettle our language, and put it into a ſtate of continuance, I cannot promiſe that your memory ſhall be preſerved above an hundred years, farther than by imperfect tradition.

As barbarous and ignorant as we were in former centuries, there was more effectual care taken by our anceſtors to preſerve the memory of times and perſons, than we find in this age of learning and politeneſs, as we are pleaſed to call it. The rude Latin of the Monks is ſtill very intelligible; whereas, had their records been delivered down only in the vulgar tongue, ſo barren and ſo barbarous, ſo ſubject to continual

ſucceeding

ſucceeding changes, they could not now be underſtood, unleſs by antiquaries, who make it their ſtudy to expound them. And we muſt at this day have been content with ſuch poor abſtracts of our Engliſh ſtory, as laborious men of low genius would think fit to give us: And even theſe in the next age would be likewiſe ſwallowed up in ſucceeding collections. If things go on at this rate, all I can promiſe your Lordſhip, is, that about two hundred years hence ſome painful compiler, who will be at the trouble of ſtudying old language, may inform the world, that, in the reign of Queen Anne, Robert Earl of Oxford, a very wiſe and excellent man, was made *High Treaſurer*, and ſaved his country, which in thoſe days was almoſt ruined by a *foreign war*, and a *domeſtic faction*. Thus much he may be able to pick out, and willing to transfer into his new hiſtory; but the reſt of your character, which I or any other writer may now value ourſelves by drawing, and the particular account of the great things done under your miniſtry, for which you are already ſo celebrated in moſt parts of Europe, will probably be dropped on account of the antiquated ſtyle and manner they are delivered in. How then ſhall any man, who hath a genius for hiſtory, equal to the beſt of the ancients, be able to undertake ſuch a work with ſpirit and chearfulneſs, when he conſiders that he will be read with pleaſure but a very few years, and in an age or two ſhall hardly be underſtood without an interpreter? This is like

employing an excellent ſtatuary to work upon mouldering ſtone. Thoſe who apply their ſtudies to preſerve the memory of others, will always have ſome concern for their own. And I believe it is for this reaſon, that ſo few writers among us, of any diſtinction, have turned their thoughts to ſuch a diſcouraging employment: For the beſt Engliſh hiſtorian muſt lie under this mortification, that when his ſtyle grows antiquated, he will be only conſidered as a tedious relator of facts; and perhaps conſulted in his turn, among other neglected authors, to furniſh materials for ſome future collector.

I doubt your Lordſhip is but ill entertained with a few ſcattered thoughts upon a ſubject that deſerves to be treated with ability and care: However, I muſt beg leave to add a few words more, perhaps not altogether foreign to the ſame matter. I know not whether that which I am going to ſay may paſs for caution, advice, or reproach, any of which will be juſtly thought very improper from one in my ſtation to one in your's. However, I muſt venture to affirm, that if genius and learning be not encouraged under your Lordſhip's adminiſtration, you are the moſt inexcuſeable perſon alive. All your other virtues, my Lord, will be defective without this; your affability, candour, and good nature; that perpetual agreeableneſs of converſation, ſo diſengaged in the midſt of ſuch a weight of buſineſs and oppoſition; even your juſtice, prudence, and magnanimity, will ſhine leſs bright without it. Your

Lordſhip

Lordſhip is univerſally allowed to poſſeſs a very large portion in moſt parts of literature; and to this you owe the cultivating thoſe many virtues which otherwiſe would have been leſs adorned, or in lower perfection. Neither can you acquit yourſelf of theſe obligations, without letting the arts in their turn ſhare your influence and protection: Beſides, who knows but ſome *true genius* may happen to ariſe under your miniſtry, *exortus ut ætherius ſol.* Every age might perhaps produce one or two of theſe to adorn it, if they were not ſunk under the cenſure and obloquy of plodding, ſervile, imitating pedants: I do not mean by a true genius any bold writer, who breaks through the rules of decency to diſtinguiſh himſelf by the ſingularity of his opinions; but one who, upon a deſerving ſubject, is able to open new ſcenes, and diſcover a vein of true and noble thinking, which never entered into any imagination before; every ſtroke of whoſe pen is worth all the paper blotted by hundreds of others in the compaſs of their lives. I know, my Lord, your friends will offer in your defence, that in your private capacity you never refuſed your purſe and credit to the ſervice and ſupport of learned or ingenious men; and that ever ſince you have been in public employment, you have conſtantly beſtowed your favours to the moſt deſerving perſons. But I deſire your Lordſhip not to be deceived: We never will admit of theſe excuſes, nor will allow your private liberality, as great as it is, to atone for your exceſſive public

thrift. But here again I am afraid moſt good ſubjects will interpoſe in your defence, by alledging the deſperate condition you found the nation in, and the neceſſity there was for ſo able and faithful a ſteward to retrieve it, if poſſible, by the utmoſt frugality. We grant all this, my Lord; but then it ought likewiſe to be conſidered, that you have already ſaved ſeveral millions to the public, and that what we aſk is too inconſiderable to break into any rules of the ſtricteſt good huſbandry. The French King beſtows about half a dozen penſions to learned men in ſeveral parts of Europe, and perhaps a dozen in his own kingdom; which in the whole do probably not amount to half the income of many a private commoner in England, yet have more contributed to the glory of that prince, than any million he hath otherwiſe employed. For learning, like all true merit, is eaſily ſatisfied; whilſt the falſe and counterfeit is perpetually craving, and never thinks it hath enough. The ſmalleſt favour given by a great prince, as a mark of eſteem, to reward the endowments of the mind, never fails to be returned with praiſe and gratitude, and loudly celebrated to the world. I have known, ſome years ago, ſeveral penſions given to particular perſons, (how deſervedly I ſhall not inquire), any one of which, if divided into ſmaller parcels, and diſtributed by the crown to thoſe who might upon occaſion diſtinguiſh themſelves by ſome extraordinary production of wit or learning, would be amply ſufficient to anſwer the end.

Or

Or if any ſuch perſons were above money, (as every great genius certainly is with very moderate conveniencies of life), a medal, or ſome mark of diſtinction, would do full as well.

But I forget my province, and find myſelf turning projector before I am aware; although it be one of the laſt characters under which I ſhould deſire to appear before your Lordſhip, eſpecially when I have the ambition of aſpiring to that of being, with the greateſt reſpect and truth,

My LORD,

Your Lordſhip's

moſt obedient, moſt obliged,

and moſt humble ſervant.

London, Feb. 22.
1711-12.

Some

Some FREE THOUGHTS upon the PRESENT STATE of AFFAIRS *.

Written in the year 1714.

WHATEVER may be thought or practiſed by profound politicians, they will hardly be able to convince the reaſonable part of mankind, that the moſt plain, ſhort, eaſy, ſafe, and lawful way

* About a month before the demiſe of Queen Anne, the Dean having laboured to reconcile the miniſters to each other without ſucceſs, retired to the houſe of a friend in Berkſhire, and never ſaw them more. But, during this retreat, he wrote the following treatiſe, which he thought might be of ſome uſe even in that juncture, and ſent it up to London to be printed; but upon ſome difference in opinion between the author and the late Lord Bolingbroke, the publication was delayed till the Queen's death; and then he recalled his copy. It was afterwards placed in the hands of the late Alderman Barber, from whom it was obtained to be printed. The ruin of the miniſtry, by this animoſity among themſelves, was long foreſeen and foretold by Swift; and it appears by Lord Bolingbroke's letter to Sir William Wyndham, that in his heart he renounced his friendſhip for Oxford long before the concluſion of the peace, though it did not appear till afterwards. "The peace," ſays he, "which had been judged "to be the only ſolid foundation whereupon we could e-"rect a Tory ſyſtem; and yet when it was made we "found ourſelves at a ſtand; nay, the very work, which "ought to have been the baſis of our ſtrength, was in "part demoliſhed before our eyes, and we were ſtoned "with the ruins of it." This event probably rendered the diſunion of the miniſtry viſible; ſome principally endeavouring to ſecure themſelves, ſome ſtill labouring to eſtabliſh

way to any good end is not more eligible than one directly contrary in ſome or all of theſe qualities. I have been frequently aſſured by great miniſters, that politics were nothing but common ſenſe; which, as it was the only true thing they ſpoke, ſo it was the only thing they could have wiſhed I ſhould not believe. God hath given the bulk of mankind a capacity to underſtand reaſon when it is fairly offered; and by reaſon they would eaſily be governed, if it were left to their choice. Thoſe princes, in all ages, who were moſt diſtinguiſhed for their myſterious ſkill in government, found by the event, that they had ill conſulted their own quiet, or the eaſe and happineſs of their people; nor hath poſterity remembered them with honour: ſuch as Lyſander and Philip among the Greeks, Tiberius in Rome, Pope Alexander the ſixth and his ſon Cæſar Borgia, Queen Catharine de Medicis, Philip the ſecond of Spain, with many others. Nor are examples leſs frequent of miniſters, famed for men

eſtabliſh at all events the party they had eſpouſed, which ſaw nothing but "increaſe of mortification, and nearer "approaches to ruin." And it is not to be wondered, that when this treatiſe was written, the Dean's attempts to reconcile his friends were unſucceſsful; for Bolingbroke declares, that he abhorred Oxford to ſuch a degree, that he would rather have ſuffered baniſhment or death, than have taken meaſures in concert with him to have avoided either. *Hawkeſ.*

When you have read this pamphlet, *digito compeſce labellum.* Orrery.

men of deep intrigue, whoſe politics have produced little more than murmurings, factions, and diſcontents, which uſually terminated in the diſgrace and ruin of the authors.

I can recollect but three occaſions in a ſtate, where the talents of ſuch men may be thought neceſſary; I mean in a ſtate where a prince is obeyed and loved by his ſubjects: Firſt, in the negociation of a peace; ſecondly, in adjuſting the intereſts of our own country with thoſe of the nations round us, watching the ſeveral motions of our neighbours and allies, and preſerving a due balance among them; laſtly, in the management of parties and factions at home. In the firſt of theſe caſes I have often heard it obſerved, that plain good ſenſe, and a firm adherence to the point, have proved more effectual than all thoſe arts, which I remember a great foreign miniſter uſed in contempt to call the *ſpirit of negociating*. In the ſecond caſe much wiſdom, and a thorough knowledge in affairs both foreign and domeſtic, are certainly required: after which I know no talents neceſſary beſides method and ſkill in the common forms of buſineſs. In the laſt caſe, which is that of managing parties, there ſeems indeed to be more occaſion for employing this gift of the lower politics, whenever the tide runs high againſt the court and miniſtry, which ſeldom happens under any tolerable adminiſtration, while the true intereſt of the nation is purſued. But here, in England (for I do not pretend to eſtabliſh maxims of government in general) while the

the prince and miniſtry, the clergy, the majority of landed men, and bulk of the people, appears to have the ſame views and ſame principles, it is not obvious to me, how thoſe at the helm can have many opportunities of ſhewing their ſkill in myſtery and refinement, beſides what themſelves think fit to create.

I have been aſſured by men long practiſed in buſineſs, that the ſecrets of court are much fewer than we generally ſuppoſe; and I hold it for the greateſt ſecret of court, that they are ſo: Becauſe the firſt ſprings of great events, like thoſe of great rivers, are often ſo mean and ſo little, that in decency they ought to be hid: And therefore miniſters are ſo wiſe to leave their proceedings to be accounted for by reaſoners at a diſtance, who often mould them into ſyſtems, that do not only go down very well in the coffee-houſe, but are ſupplies for pamphlets in the preſent age, and may probably furniſh materials for memoirs and hiſtories in the next.

It is true indeed, that even thoſe who are very near the court, and are ſuppoſed to have a large ſhare in the management of public matters, are apt to deduct wrong conſequences, by reaſoning upon the cauſes and motives of thoſe actions, wherein themſelves are employed. A great miniſter puts you a caſe, and aſks your opinion, but conceals an eſſential circumſtance, upon which the whole weight of the matter turns; then he deſpiſeth your underſtanding for counſelling him no better, and concludes he ought to truſt

truſt entirely to his own wiſdom. Thus he grows to abound in ſecrets and reſerves, even towards thoſe with whom he ought to act in the greateſt confidence and concert; and thus the world is brought to judge, that whatever be the iſſue and event, it was all foreſeen, contrived, and brought to paſs by ſome maſter-ſtroke of his politics.

I could produce innumerable inſtances, from my own memory and obſervation, of events imputed to the profound ſkill and addreſs of a miniſter, which in reality were either the mere effects of negligence, weakneſs, humour, paſſion, or pride, or at beſt but the natural courſe of things left to themſelves.

During this very ſeſſion of parliament, a moſt ingenious gentleman, who hath much credit with thoſe in power, would needs have it, that in the late diſſenſions at court, which grew too high to be any longer a ſecret, the whole matter was carried with the utmoſt dexterity on one ſide, and with manifeſt ill conduct on the other. To prove this, he made uſe of the moſt plauſible topics, drawn from the nature and diſpoſitions of the ſeveral perſons concerned, as well as of her Majeſty; all which he knows as much of as any man; and gave me a detail of the whole with ſuch an appearance of probability, as, committed to writing, would paſs for an admirable piece of ſecret hiſtory. Yet I am at the ſame time convinced by the ſtrongeſt reaſons, that the iſſue of thoſe diſſenſions, as to the part they had

in

in the court and Houſe of Lords, was partly owing to very different cauſes, and partly to the ſituation of affairs, from whence, in that conjuncture, they could not eaſily terminate otherwiſe than they did, whatever unhappy conſequences they may have for the future.

In like manner, I have heard a phyſician pronounce with great gravity, that he had cured ſo many patients of malignant fevers, and as many more of the ſmall-pox; whereas, in truth, nine parts in ten of thoſe who recovered, owed their lives to the ſtrength of nature and a good conſtitution, while ſuch a one happened to be their doctor.

But, while it is ſo difficult to learn the ſprings and motives of ſome facts, and ſo eaſy to forget the circumſtances of others, it is no wonder they ſhould be ſo groſsly miſrepreſented to the public by curious inquiſitive heads, who proceed altogether upon conjectures; and in reaſoning upon affairs of ſtate are ſure to be miſtaken by ſearching too deep. And as I have known this to be the frequent error of many others, ſo I am ſure it hath been perpetually mine, whenever I have attempted to diſcover the cauſes of political events by refinement and conjecture; which I muſt acknowledge hath very much abated my veneration for what they call *arcana imperii*; whereof I dare pronounce, that the fewer there are in any adminiſtration, it is juſt ſo much the better.

What I have hitherto ſaid, hath by no means

been intended to detract from the qualities requiſite in thoſe who are truſted with the adminiſtration of public affairs; on the contrary, I know no ſtation of life, where great abilities and virtues of all kinds are ſo highly neceſſary, and where the want of any thing is ſo quickly or univerſally felt. A great miniſter hath no virtue for which the public may not be the better, nor any defect by which the public is not certainly a ſufferer. I have known more than once or twice, within four years paſt, an omiſſion, in appearance very ſmall, prove almoſt fatal to a whole ſcheme, and very hardly retrieved. It is not always ſufficient for the perſon at the helm, that he is intrepid in his nature, free from any tincture of avarice or corruption, and that he hath great natural and acquired abilities.

I never thought the reputation of much ſecrecy was a character of any advantage to a miniſter, becauſe it put all other men upon their guard to be as ſecret as he, and was conſequently the occaſion that perſons and things were always miſrepreſented to him: Becauſe likewiſe too great an affectation of ſecrecy is uſually thought to be attended with thoſe little intrigues and refinements, which among the vulgar denominate a man a great politician; but among others is apt, whether deſervedly or no, to acquire the opinion of cunning; a talent which differs as much from the true knowledge of government, as that of an attorney from an able lawyer. Neither indeed am I altogether convinced

vinced, that this habit of multiplying ſecrets may not be carried on ſo far as to ſtop that communication, which is neceſſary in ſome degree among all who have any conſiderable part in the management of public affairs: Becauſe I have obſerved the inconveniencies ariſing from a want of love between thoſe who were to give directions, to *have* been of as ill conſequence, as any that could happen from the diſcovery of ſecrets. I ſuppoſe, when a building is to be erected, the model may be the contrivance only of one head; and it is ſufficient that the under-workmen be ordered to cut ſtones into certain ſhapes, and place them in certain poſitions: But the ſeveral maſter-builders muſt have ſome general knowledge of the deſign, without which they can give no orders at all. And, indeed, I do not know a greater mark of an able miniſter, than that of rightly adapting the ſeveral faculties of men; nor is any thing more to be lamented than the impracticableneſs of doing this in any great degree under our preſent circumſtances, while ſo many ſhut themſelves out by adhering to a faction, and while the court is enſlaved to the impatience of others, who deſire to ſell their vote, or their intereſt, as dear as they can. But whether this hath not been ſubmitted to more than was neceſſary, whether it hath not been dangerous in the example, and pernicious in the practice, I will leave to the inquiry of thoſe who can better determine.

It may be matter of no little admiration to

conſider in ſome lights the ſtate of affairs among us for four years paſt. The Queen finding herſelf and the majority of her kingdom grown weary of the avarice and inſolence, the miſtaken politics, and deſtructive principles of her former miniſters, calls to the ſervice of the public another ſet of men, who, by confeſſion of their enemies, had equal abilities, at leaſt, with their predeceſſors; whoſe intereſt made it neceſſary for them (although their inclinations had been otherwiſe) to act upon thoſe maxims which were moſt agreeable to the conſtitution in church and ſtate; whoſe birth and patrimonies gave them weight in the nation; and who (I ſpeak of thoſe who were to have the chief part in affairs) had long lived under the ſtricteſt bonds of friendſhip: With all theſe advantages, ſupported by a vaſt majority of the landed intereſt, and the inferior clergy almoſt to a man, we have ſeveral times ſeen the preſent adminiſtration in the greateſt diſtreſs, and very near the brink of ruin, together with the cauſe of the church and monarchy, committed to their charge; neither doth it appear to me at the minute I am now writing, that their power or duration are upon tolerable foot of ſecurity: Which I do not ſo much impute to the addreſs and induſtry of their enemies, as to ſome failures among themſelves, which I think have been full as viſible in their cauſes as their effects.

Nothing hath given me greater indignation than to behold a miniſtry, who came with the advantages

advantages I have repreſented, acting ever ſince upon the defenſive in the Houſe of Lords with a majority on their ſide; and inſtead of calling others to account, as it was reaſonably expected, miſ-ſpending their time, and loſing many opportunities of doing good, becauſe a ſtruggling faction kept them continually in play. This courage among the adverſaries of the court was inſpired into them by various incidents, for every one of which I think the *miniſters*, or (if that was the caſe) the *miniſter* alone, is to anſwer.

For, firſt, that race of politicians, who in the cant phraſe are called the *Whimſicals* *, was never ſo numerous, or at leaſt ſo active, as it hath been ſince the great change at court; many of thoſe, who pretended wholly to be in with the principles upon which her Majeſty and her new ſervants proceeded, either abſenting themſelves with the utmoſt indifference, in thoſe conjunctures whereon the whole cauſe depended, or ſiding directly with the enemy.

I very well remember, when this miniſtry was not above a year old, there was a little murmuring among ſuch as are called the higher Tories or Churchmen, that quicker progreſs was

* Whimſicals were Tories who had been eager for the concluſion of the peace till the treaties were perfected, then they could come up to no direct approbation. In the clamour raiſed about the danger of the ſucceſſion, they joined the Whigs, and declared directly againſt their party, and affected in moſt other points a moſt glorious neutrality. See Bolingbroke's letter to Wyndham, p. 48, 49.

not made in removing thoſe of the diſcontented party out of employments. I remember likewiſe the reaſonings upon this matter were various, even among many who were allowed to know a good deal of the inſide of the court. Some ſuppoſed the Queen was at firſt prevailed on to make that great change with no other view, than that of acting for the future upon a *moderating ſcheme*, in order to reconcile both parties; and I believe there might poſſibly have been ſome grounds for this ſuppoſition. Others conceived the employments were left undiſpoſed of, in order to keep alive the hopes of many more impatient candidates than ever could be gratified. This hath ſince been looked on as a very high ſtrain of politics, and to have ſucceeded accordingly; becauſe it is the opinion of many, that the numerous pretenders to places would never have been kept in order, if all expectation had been cut off. Others were yet more refined; and thought it neither wiſe nor ſafe wholly to extinguiſh all oppoſition from the other ſide; becauſe, in the nature of things, it was abſolutely neceſſary that there ſhould be parties in an Engliſh parliament; and a faction already odious to the people might be ſuffered to continue with leſs danger, than any new one that could ariſe. To confirm this it was ſaid, that the majority in the Houſe of Commons was too great on the ſide of the High-church, and began to form themſelves into a body (by the name of the October Club) in order to put the miniſtry under ſubjection. Laſtly,

ly, the danger of introducing too great a number of unexperienced men at once into office, was urged as an irrefragable reaſon for making changes by ſlow degrees. To diſcard an able officer from an employment, or part of a commiſſion, where the revenue or trade were concerned, for no other reaſon but differing in ſome principles of government, might be of terrible conſequence.

However, it is certain, that none of theſe excuſes were able to paſs among men, who argued only from the principles of general reaſon. For, firſt, they looked upon all ſchemes of comprehenſion to be as viſionary and impoſſible in the ſtate, as in the church. Secondly, while the ſpirit raiſed by the trial of Dr Sacheverell continued in motion, men were not ſo keen upon coming *in* themſelves, as to ſee their enemies *out*, and deprived of all aſſiſtance to do miſchief; and it is urged further, that this general ambition of hunting after places grew chiefly from ſeeing them ſo long undiſpoſed of, and from too general an encouragement by promiſes to all, who were thought capable of doing either good or hurt. Thirdly, the fear of creating another party in caſe the preſent faction were wholly ſubdued, was, in the opinion of plain men, and in regard to the ſituation of our affairs, too great a ſacrifice of the nation's ſafety to the *genius* of politics; conſidering how much was to be done, and how little time might probably be allowed. Beſides, the diviſion of a Houſe of Commons in-

to *court* and *country* parties, which was the evil they ſeemed to apprehend, could never be dangerous to a good miniſtry, who had the true intereſt and conſtitution of their country at heart; as for the apprehenſion of too great a majority in the Houſe of Commons, it appeared to be ſo vain, that upon ſome points of importance the court was hardly able to procure one. And the October Club, which appeared ſo formidable at firſt to ſome politicians, proved in the ſequel to be the chief ſupport of thoſe who ſuſpected them. It was likewiſe very well known, that the greateſt part of thoſe men, whom the former miniſtry left in poſſeſſion of employments, were loudly charged with inſufficiency and corruption, over and above their obnoxious tenets in religion and government; ſo that it would have been a matter of ſome difficulty to make a worſe choice: Beſides, that plea for keeping men of factious principles in employment upon the ſcore of their abilities, was thought to be extended a little too far, and conſtrued to take in all employments whatſoever, although many of them required no more abilities than would ſerve to qualify a gentleman-uſher at court: So that this laſt excuſe for the very ſlow ſteps made in diſarming the adverſaries of the crown, was allowed indeed to have more plauſibility, but leſs truth, than any of the former.

I do not here pretend to condemn the counſels or actions of the preſent miniſtry: Their ſafety and intereſt are viſibly united with thoſe of

of the public; they are perſons of unqueſtionable abilities, altogether unſuſpected of avarice or corruption, and have the advantage to be further recommended by the dread and hatred of the oppoſite faction. However, it is manifeſt, that the zeal of their friends hath been cooling towards them for above two years paſt: They have been frequently deſerted or diſtreſſed upon the moſt preſſing occaſions, and very near giving up in deſpair: Their characters have been often treated with the utmoſt barbarity and injuſtice in both Houſes by ſcurrilous and enraged orators; while their neareſt friends, and even thoſe who muſt have a ſhare in their diſgrace, never offered a word in their vindication.

When I examine with myſelf what occaſions the miniſtry may have given for this coldneſs, inconſtancy, and diſcontent among their friends, I at the ſame time recollect the various conjectures, reaſonings, and ſuſpicions, which have run ſo freely for three years paſt, concerning the deſigns of the court: I do not only mean ſuch conjectures as are born in a coffee-houſe, or invented by the malice of a party; but alſo the concluſions (however miſtaken) of wiſe and good men, whoſe quality and ſtation fitted them to underſtand the reaſon of public proceedings, and in whoſe power it lay to recommend or diſgrace an adminiſtration to the people. I muſt therefore take the boldneſs to aſſert, that all theſe diſcontents, how ruinous ſoever they may prove in the conſequences, have moſt unneceſſarily ariſen from

from the want of a due *communication* and *concert*. Every man muſt have a light ſufficient for the length of the way he is appointed to go: There is a degree of confidence due to all ſtations; and a petty conſtable will neither act chearfully or wiſely without that ſhare of it which properly belongs to him: Although the main ſpring in a watch be out of ſight, there is an intermediate communication between it and the ſmalleſt wheel, or elſe no uſeful motion could be performed. This reſerved myſterious way of acting upon points, where there appeared not the leaſt occaſion for it, and towards perſons, who at leaſt, in right of their poſts, expected a more open treatment, was imputed to ſome hidden deſign, which every man conjectured to be the very thing he was moſt afraid of. Thoſe who profeſſed the height of what is called the church-principle, ſuſpected, that a *comprehenſion* was intended, wherein the *moderate* men on both ſides might be equally employed. Others went farther, and dreaded ſuch a comprehenſion, as directly tended to bring the old exploded principles and perſons once more into play. Again, ſome affected to be uneaſy about the ſucceſſion, and ſeemed to think there was a view of introducing that perſon, whatever he is, who pretends to claim the crown by inheritance. Others, eſpecially of late, ſurmiſed on the contrary, that the demands of the Houſe of Hanover were induſtriouſly fomented by ſome in power, without the privity of the —— or ——. Now, although

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theſe accuſations were too inconſiſtent to be all of them true, yet they were maliciouſly ſuffered to paſs, and thereby took off much of that popularity, which thoſe at the helm ſtood in need of to ſupport them under the difficulties of a long perplexing negociation, a daily addition of public debts, and an exhauſted treaſury.

But the effects of this myſtical manner of proceeding did not end here: For the late diſſenſions between the great men at court (which have been for ſome time paſt the public entertainment of every coffee-houſe) are ſaid to have ariſen from the ſame fountain; while on one ſide very great reſerve, and certainly very great reſentment on the other*, if we may believe general report (for I pretend to know no farther) have enflamed animoſities to ſuch a height, as to make all reconcilement impracticable. Suppoſing this to be true, it may ſerve for a great leſſon of humiliation to mankind to behold the habits and paſſions of men, otherwiſe highly accompliſhed, triumphing over intereſt, friendſhip, honour, and their own perſonal ſafety, as well as that of their country, and probably of a moſt gracious Princeſs, who hath entruſted it to them. A ſhip's crew quarrelling in a ſtorm, or while their enemies are within gun-ſhot, is but a faint idea of this fatal infatuation: Of which, although it be hard to ſay enough, ſome people may think perhaps I have already ſaid too much.

Since

* Lord Oxford's reſerve was the cauſe of Bolingbroke's reſentment. *Hawkeſ.*

Since this unhappy incident, the defertion of friends, and loſs of reputation, have been ſo great, that I do not ſee how the miniſters could have continued many weeks in their ſtations, if their oppoſers of all kinds had agreed about the methods by which they ſhould be ruined: And their preſervation hitherto ſeems to reſemble his, who had two poiſons given him together, of contrary operations.

It may ſeem very impertinent in one of my level to point out to thoſe, who ſit at the helm, what courſe they ought to ſteer. I know enough of courts to be ſenſible, how mean an opinion great miniſters have of moſt mens underſtanding; to a degree, that in any other ſcience would be called the groſſeſt pedantry. However, unleſs I offer my ſentiments in this point, all I have hitherto ſaid will be to no purpoſe.

The general wiſhes and deſires of a people are perhaps more obvious to other men, than to miniſters of ſtate. There are two points of the higheſt importance, wherein a very great majority of the kingdom appear perfectly hearty and unanimous. Firſt, that the church of England ſhould be preſerved entire in all her rights, powers, and privileges; all doctrines relating to government diſcouraged, which ſhe condemns; all ſchiſms, ſects, and hereſies, diſcountenanced and kept under due ſubjection, as far as conſiſts with the lenity of our conſtitution; her open enemies (among whom I include at leaſt Diſſenters of all denominations) not truſted with the

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ſmalleſt degree of civil or military power; and her ſecret adverſaries, under the names of Whigs, Low-church, Republicans, Moderation-men, and the like, receive no marks of favour from the crown, but what they ſhould deſerve by a ſincere reformation.

Had this point been ſteadily purſued in all its parts, for three years paſt, and aſſerted as the avowed reſolution of the court, there muſt probably have been an end of faction, which hath been able ever ſince with ſo much vigour to diſturb and inſult the adminiſtration. I know very well, that ſome refiners pretend to argue for the uſefulneſs of parties in ſuch a government as ours: I have ſaid ſomething of this already, and have heard a great many idle wiſe topics upon the ſubject.

But ſhall not argue that matter at preſent: I ſuppoſe, if a man thinks it neceſſary to *play* with a *ſerpent*, he will chuſe one of a kind that is leaſt miſchievous; otherwiſe, although it appears to be cruſhed, it may have life enough to ſting him to death. So, I think it is not ſafe tampering with the preſent faction, at leaſt in this juncture: Firſt, becauſe their principles and practices have been already very dangerous to the conſtitution in church and ſtate: Secondly, becauſe they are highly irritated with the loſs of their power, full of venom and vengeance, and prepared to execute every thing that rage or malice can ſuggeſt: But principally, becauſe they have prevailed, by miſrepreſentations and o-

ther artifices, to make the ſucceſſor look upon them as the only perſons he can truſt: Upon which account they cannot be too ſoon, or too much diſabled: Neither will England ever be ſafe from the attempts of this wicked confederacy, until their ſtrength and intereſt ſhall be ſo far reduced, that for the future it ſhall not be in the power of the crown, although in conjunction with any rich and factious body of men, to chuſe an ill majority in the Houſe of Commons.

One ſtep very neceſſary to this great work will be to regulate the army, and chiefly thoſe troops which in their turns have the care of her Majeſty's perſon; who are moſt of them fitter to guard a prince under an *high court of juſtice*, than ſeated on the throne. The peculiar hand of Providence hath hitherto preſerved her Majeſty, encompaſſed, whether ſleeping or travelling, by her enemies: But ſince religion teacheth us, that Providence ought not to be tempted, it is ill venturing to truſt that precious life any longer to thoſe, who, by their public behaviour and diſcourſe, diſcover their impatience to ſee it at an end; that they may have liberty to be the inſtruments of glutting at once the revenge of their patrons and their own. It ſhould be well remembered, what a ſatisfaction theſe gentlemen (after the example of their betters) were ſo ſanguine to expreſs on the Queen's laſt illneſs at Windſor, and what threatenings they uſed of refuſing to obey their general, in caſe that illneſs had proved fatal. Nor do I think it a want

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of charity to ſuſpect, that, in ſuch an evil day, an enraged faction would be highly pleaſed with the power or the ſword, and with great connivance leave it ſo long unſheathed, until they were got rid of their moſt formidable adverſaries. In the mean time, it muſt be a very melancholy proſpect, that whenever it ſhall pleaſe God to viſit us with this calamity, thoſe, who are paid to be defenders of the civil power, will ſtand ready for any acts of violence that a junto, compoſed of the greateſt enemies to the conſtitution, ſhall think fit to enjoin them.

The other point of great importance is the ſecurity of the Proteſtant ſucceſſion in the houſe of Hanover: Not from any partiality to that illuſtrious houſe, further than as it hath had the honour to mingle with the blood-royal of England, and is the neareſt branch of our regal line reformed from Popery. This point hath one advantage over the former, that both parties profeſs to deſire the ſame bleſſing for poſterity, but differ about the means of ſecuring it. From whence it hath come to paſs, that the Proteſtant ſucceſſion, in appearance the deſire of the whole nation, hath proved the greateſt topic of ſlander, jealouſy, ſuſpicion, and diſcontent.

I have been ſo curious to aſk ſeveral acquaintance among the oppoſite party, whether they, or their leaders, did really ſuſpect there had been ever any deſign in the miniſtry to weaken the ſucceſſion in favour of the *Pretender*, or of any other perſon whatſoever. Some of them

freely anſwered in the negative: Others were of the ſame opinion, but added, they did not know what might be done in time, and upon farther provocations: Others again ſeemed to believe the affirmative, but could never produce any plauſible grounds for their belief. I have likewiſe been aſſured by a perſon of ſome conſequence, that during a very near and conſtant familiarity with the great men at court for four years paſt, he never could obſerve, even in thoſe hours of converſation where there is uſually leaſt reſtraint, that one word ever paſſed among them to ſhew a diſlike to the preſent ſettlement; although they would ſometimes lament, that the falſe repreſentations of theirs and the kingdom's enemies had made ſome impreſſions in the mind of the ſucceſſor. As to my own circle of acquaintance, I can ſafely affirm, that excepting thoſe who are *Nonjurors* by profeſſion, I have not met with above two perſons who appeared to have any ſcruples concerning the preſent limitation of the crown. I therefore think it may very impartially be pronounced, that the number of thoſe, who wiſh to ſee the ſon of the abdicated prince upon the throne, is altogether inconſiderable. And further, I believe it will be found, that there are none who ſo much dread any attempt he ſhall make for the recovery of his imagined rights, as the Roman-Catholics of England; who love their freedom and properties too well to deſire his entrance by a French army, and a field of blood; who muſt continue upon the

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ſame foot if he changeth his religion, and muſt expect to be the firſt and greateſt ſufferers if he ſhould happen to fail.

As to the perſon of this nominal prince, he lies under all manner of diſadvantages: The vulgar imagine him to have been a child impoſed upon the nation by the fraudulent zeal of his parents and their bigotted counſellors; who took ſpecial care, againſt all the rules of common policy, to educate him in their hateful ſuperſtition, ſucked in with his milk and confirmed in his manhood, too ſtrong to be now ſhaken by Mr Leſly *; and a counterfeit converſion will be too groſs to paſs upon the kingdom, after what we have ſeen and ſuffered from the like practice in his father. He is likewiſe ſaid to be of weak intellectuals, and an unſound conſtitution: He was treated contemptibly enough by the young princes of France, even during the war; is now wholly neglected by that crown, and driven to live in exile upon a ſmall exhibition: He is utterly unknown in England, which he left in the cradle. His father's friends are moſt of them dead, the reſt antiquated or poor. Six and twenty years have almoſt paſt ſince the *Revolution*, and the bulk of thoſe who are now moſt in action, either at court, in parliament,

* Leſly was a Nonjuring clergyman, who wrote a letter from Bardeluc in Lorrain, the place of the Pretender's reſidence, addreſſed to a member of parliament in London, in praiſe and on behalf of his prince. The letter was printed, and publicly handed about in London. *Hawkſ.*

or public offices, were then boys at ſchool or the univerſities, and look upon that great change to have happened during a period of time for which they are not accountable. The logic of the higheſt Tories is now, that this was the eſtabliſhment they found, as ſoon as they arrived to a capacity of judging: That they had no hand in turning out the late King; and therefore have no crime to anſwer for, if it were any: That the inheritance to the crown is fixed in purſuance of laws made ever ſince their remembrance, by which all Papiſts are excluded; and they have no other rule to go by: That they will no more diſpute King William the *third's* title, than King William the *firſt's*; ſince they muſt have recourſe to hiſtory for both: That they have been inſtructed in the doctrines of paſſive obedience, non-reſiſtance, and hereditary right, and find them all neceſſary for preſerving the preſent eſtabliſhment in church and ſtate, and for continuing the ſucceſſion in the Houſe of Hanover, and muſt, in their own opinion, renounce all thoſe doctrines by ſetting up any other title to the crown. This, I ſay, ſeems to be the political creed of all the high-principled men I have for ſome time met with, of forty years old and under; which although I do not pretend to juſtify in every part, yet I am ſure it ſets the Proteſtant ſucceſſion upon a much firmer foundation, than all the indigeſted ſchemes of thoſe who profeſs to act upon what they call *Revolution-principles*.

Neither ſhould it perhaps be ſoon forgotten, that

that during the greateſt licentiouſneſs of the preſs, while the ſacred character of the Queen was every day inſulted in factious papers and ballads, not the leaſt reflecting inſinuations ever appeared againſt the Hanover family, whatever occaſion was offered to intemperate pens by the raſhneſs or indiſcretion of one or two miniſters from thence.

From all theſe conſiderations I muſt therefore lay it down as an inconteſtible truth, that the ſucceſſion to theſe kingdoms in the illuſtrious Houſe of Hanover, is as firmly ſecured as the nature of the thing can poſſibly admit; by the oaths of all thoſe who are entruſted with any office, by the very principles of thoſe who are termed the *High-church*, by the general inclinations of the people, by the inſignificany of that perſon who claims it from inheritance, and the little aſſiſtance he can expect either from princes abroad or adherents at home.

However, ſince the virulent oppoſers of the Queen and her adminiſtration have ſo far prevailed, by their emiſſaries at the court of Hanover, and by their practices upon one or two ignorant unmannerly *meſſengers* from thence, as to make the *Elector* deſire ſome farther ſecurity, and ſend over a *memorial* here to that end: The great queſtion is, how to give reaſonable ſatisfaction to his Highneſs, and (what is infinitely of greater conſequence) at the ſame time conſult the honour and ſafety of the Queen, whoſe quiet *poſſeſſion* is of much more conſequence to us of the

the preſent age, than his *reverſion*. The ſubſtance of his *memorial*, if I retain it right, is to deſire that ſome one of his family might live in England, with ſuch a maintenance as is uſual to thoſe of the royal blood, and that certain *titles* ſhould be conferred upon the reſt, according to ancient cuſtom. The *memorial* doth not ſpecify which of the family ſhould be invited to reſide here; and if it had, I believe, however, her Majeſty would have looked upon it as a circumſtance left to her own choice.

But as all this is moſt manifeſtly unneceſſary in itſelf, and only in compliance with the miſtaken doubts of a preſumptive heir; ſo the nation would (to ſpeak in the language of Mr Steele) EXPECT that her Majeſty ſhould be made perfectly eaſy from that ſide for the future; no more to be alarmed with apprehenſions of *viſits*, or *demands of writs*, where * ſhe hath not thought fit to give any *invitation*. The nation would likewiſe *expect* that there ſhould be an end of all private commerce between that court and the leaders of a party here; and that his Electoral *Highneſs* ſhould *declare* himſelf entirely ſatisfied with all her Majeſty's proceedings, her treaties of peace and commerce, her alliances abroad, her choice of miniſters at home, and particularly in her moſt

* Baron Schutz, envoy extraordinary from the Elector of Hanover, demanded a *writ* for the Electoral Prince to ſit in the Houſe of Peers as Duke of Cambridge, and it was expected that his Highneſs would have made a viſit to the court of London. *Hawkeſ.*

moſt gracious condeſcenſions to his requeſt: That he would upon all proper occaſions, and in the moſt public manner, diſcover his utter diſlike of factious perſons and principles, but eſpecially of that party, which, under the pretence or ſhelter of his protection, hath ſo long diſquieted the kingdom: And laſtly, that he would acknowledge the goodneſs of the Queen, and juſtice of the nation, in ſo fully ſecuring the ſucceſſion to his family.

It is indeed a problem which I could never comprehend, why the court of Hanover, who have all along thought themſelves ſo perfectly ſecure in the affections, the principles and the profeſſions of the *low-church* party, ſhould not have endeavoured, according to the uſual politics of princes, to gain over thoſe who were repreſented as their enemies; ſince theſe ſuppoſed enemies had made ſo many advances, were in poſſeſſion of all the power, had framed the very ſettlement to which that illuſtrious family owes its claim; had all of them abjured the Pretender; were now employed in the great offices of ſtate, and compoſed a majority in both Houſes of parliament. Not to mention, that the Queen herſelf, with the bulk of the landed gentry and commonalty throughout the kingdom, were of the number. This, one would think, might be a ſtrength ſufficient, not only to *obſtruct* but to *beſtow* a ſucceſſion: And ſince the preſumed heir could not but be perfectly ſecure of the other party, whoſe greateſt avowed grievance was the pretended danger of his future rights; it might therefore

therefore ſurely have been worth his while to have made at leaſt one ſtep towards cultivating a fair correſpondence with the power in poſſeſſion. Neither could thoſe, who are called his friends, have blamed him, or with the leaſt decency enter into any engagements for defeating his title.

But why may not the reaſons of this proceeding in the *Elector* be directly contrary to what is commonly imagined? Methinks, I could endeavour to believe that his Highneſs is thoroughly acquainted with both parties; is convinced, that no true member of the church of England can eaſily be ſhaken in his principles of loyalty, or forget the obligation of an oath, by any provocation. That *theſe* are therefore the people he intends to rely upon, and keeps only fair with the *others* from a *true* notion he hath of their doctrines, which prompt them to forget their duty upon every motive of intereſt or ambition. If this conjecture be right, his Highneſs cannot ſure but entertain a very high eſteem of ſuch miniſters, who continue to act under the dread and appearance of a ſucceſſor's utmoſt diſpleaſure, and the threats of an enraged faction, whom he is ſuppoſed alone to favour, and to be guided entirely in his judgment of Britiſh affairs and perſons by their opinions.

But to return from this digreſſion: The preſence of that infant * prince among us, could not,

* The infant prince was the ſon of the Electoral Prince of Hanover, who might be choſen to reſide here in conſequence of the memorial. *Hawkeſ.*

I think, in any ſort, be inconſiſtent with the ſafety of the Queen: He would be in no danger of being corrupted in his principles, or expoſed in his perſon by vicious companions; he could be at the head of no factious clubs and cabals, nor be attended by a hired rabble, which his flatterers might repreſent as popularity. He would have none of that impatience which the frailty of human nature gives to expecting heirs. There would be no pretence for men to make their court by affecting German modes and *refinements* in dreſs or behaviour; nor would there be an occaſion of inſinuating to him, how much more his levee was frequented than the antichambers of St James's. Add to all this, the advantages of being educated in our religion, laws, language, manners, nature of the government, each ſo very different from thoſe he would leave behind. By which likewiſe he might be highly uſeful to his father, if that prince ſhould happen to ſurvive her Majeſty.

The late King William, who, after his marriage with the Lady Mary of England, could have no probable expectation of the crown, and very little even of being a queen's huſband (the Duke of York having a young wife) was no ſtranger to our language or manners, and went often to the chapel of his princeſs; which I obſerve the rather, becauſe I could heartily wiſh the like diſpoſition were in another court, and becauſe it may be diſagreeable to a prince to take

up

up new doctrines on a ſudden, or ſpeak to his ſubjects by an interpreter.

An ill-natured or inquiſitive man may ſtill, perhaps, deſire to preſs the queſtion further, by aſking, what is to be done, in caſe it ſhould ſo happen that this malevolent working party at home hath credit enough with the court of Hanover to continue the ſuſpicion, jealouſy, and uneaſineſs there againſt the Queen and her miniſtry, to make ſuch demands be ſtill inſiſted on, as are by no means thought proper to be complied with; and in the mean time to ſtand at arm's length with her Majeſty, and in cloſe conjunction with thoſe who oppoſe her.

I take the anſwer to be eaſy: In all conteſts, the ſafeſt way is to put thoſe we diſpute with as much *in the wrong* as we can. When her Majeſty ſhall have offered ſuch or the like conceſſions as I have above mentioned, in order to remove thoſe ſcruples artificially raiſed in the mind of the expectant heir, and to divide him from that faction by which he is ſuppoſed to have been miſled; ſhe hath done as much as any prince can do, and more than any other would probably do in her caſe; and will be juſtified before God and man, whatever be the event. The equitable part of thoſe who now ſide againſt the court will probably be more temperate; and if a due diſpatch be made in placing the civil and military power in the hands of ſuch as wiſh well to the conſtitution, it cannot be any way for the quiet or intereſt of a ſucceſſor to gratify ſo ſmall a faction,

as

as will probably then remain, at the expence of a much more numerous and conſiderable part of his ſubjects. Neither do I ſee how the principles of ſuch a party, either in religion or government, will prove very agreeable, becauſe I think Luther and Calvin ſeemed to have differed as much as any two among the reformers; and becauſe a German prince will probably be ſuſpicious of thoſe who think they can never depreſs the prerogative enough.

But ſuppoſing, once for all, as far as poſſible, that the *Elector* ſhould utterly refuſe to be upon any terms of confidence with the preſent miniſtry, and all others of their principles, as enemies to him and the ſucceſſion; nor eaſy with the Queen herſelf, but upon ſuch conditions as will not be thought *conſiſtent with her ſafety and honour*; and continue to place all his hopes and truſt in the diſcontented party. I think it were humbly to be wiſhed, that whenever the ſucceſſion ſhall take place, the alterations intended by the new prince ſhould be made by *himſelf*, and not by his *deputies*: becauſe I am of opinion, that the clauſe empowering the ſucceſſor to appoint a *latent*, *unlimited* number, additional to the ſeven *regents* named in the *act*, went upon a ſuppoſition that the *ſecret committee* would be of ſuch whoſe enmity and contrary principles diſpoſed them to confound the reſt. King William, whoſe title was much more controverted than that of her Majeſty's ſucceſſor can ever probably be, did for ſeveral years leave the adminiſtration of the

kingdom in the hands of Lords Juſtices during the height of a war, and while the abdicated prince himſelf was frequently attempting an invaſion: From whence one might imagine, that the regents appointed by parliament upon the demiſe of the crown, would be able to keep the peace during an abſence of a *few* weeks, without any *colleagues* However, I am pretty confident, that the only reaſon why a power was given of chuſing *dormant* viceroys, was to take away all pretence of a neceſſity to invite over *any* of the family here during her Majeſty's life. So that I do not well apprehend what arguments the *Elector* can uſe to inſiſt upon *both*.

To conclude: The only way of ſecuring the conſtitution in church and ſtate, and conſequently this very Proteſtant ſucceſſion itſelf, will be by leſſening the power of our domeſtic adverſaries as much as can poſſibly conſiſt with the lenity of our government; and if this be not ſpeedily done, it will be eaſy to point where the nation is to fix the blame: For we are well aſſured, that ſince the account her Majeſty received of the cabals, the triumphs, the inſolent behaviour of the whole faction, during her late illneſs at Windſor, ſhe hath been as willing to ſee them deprived of all power to do miſchief, as any of her moſt zealous and loyal ſubjects can deſire.

THOUGHTS

THOUGHTS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

WE have juſt enough religion to make us hate, but not enough to make us love one another. Reflect on things paſt, as wars, negociations, factions, &c. we enter ſo little into thoſe intereſts, that we wonder how men could poſſibly be ſo buſy and concerned for things ſo tranſitory; look on the preſent times, we find the ſame humour, yet wonder not at all.

A wiſe man endeavours, by conſidering all circumſtances, to make conjectures, and form concluſions; but the ſmalleſt accident intervening (and in the courſe of affairs it is impoſſible to foreſee all) does often produce ſuch turns and changes, that at laſt he is juſt as much in doubt of events as the moſt ignorant and unexperienced perſon.

Poſitiveneſs is a good quality for preachers and orators, becauſe he that would obtrude his thoughts and reaſons upon a multitude, will convince others the more, as he appears convinced himſelf.

How is it poſſible to expect that mankind will take advice, when they will not ſo much as take warning?

I forget whether advice be among the loſt things, which Arioſto ſays are to be found in the moon; that and time ought to have been there.

No preacher is liſtened to but time, which gives us the ſame train and turn of thought, that

elder people have tried in vain to put into our heads before.

When we desire or solicit any thing, our minds run wholly on the good side or circumstances of it; when it is obtained, our minds run wholly on the bad ones.

In a *glass-house* the workmen often fling in a small quantity of fresh coals, which seems to disturb the fire, but very much enlivens it. This seems to allude to a gentle stirring of the passions, that the mind may not languish.

Religion seems to have grown an infant with age, and requires miracles to nurse it, as it had in its infancy.

All fits of pleasure are balanced by an equal degree of pain or languor; it is like spending this year part of the next year's revenue.

The latter part of a wise man's life is taken up in curing the follies, prejudices, and false opinions he had contracted in the former.

Would a writer know how to behave himself with relation to posterity, let him consider in old books what he finds that he is glad to know, and what omissions he most laments.

Whatever the poets pretend, it is plain they give immortality to none but themselves: It is Homer and Virgil we reverence and admire, not Achilles or Æneas. With historians it is quite the contrary; our thoughts are taken up with the actions, persons, and events we read, and we little regard the authors.

When a true genius appears in the world, you may

may know him by this ſign, that the dunces are all in confederacy againſt him.

Men who poſſeſs all the advantages of life, are in a ſtate where there are many accidents to diſorder and diſcompoſe, but few to pleaſe them.

It is unwiſe to puniſh cowards with ignominy; for, if they had regarded that, they would not have been cowards; death is their proper puniſhment, becauſe they fear it moſt.

The greateſt inventions were produced in the times of ignorance; as the uſe of the *compaſs*, *gun-powder*, and *printing*; and by the dulleſt nation, as the Germans.

One argument to prove that the common relations of *ghoſts* and *ſpectres* are generally falſe, may be drawn from the opinion held, that ſpirits are never ſeen by more than one perſon at a time; that is to ſay, it ſeldom happens to above one perſon in a company to be poſſeſſed with any high degree of ſpleen or melancholy.

I am apt to think, that in the day of judgement there will be ſmall allowance given to the wiſe for their want of morals, and to the ignorant for their want of faith, becauſe both are without excuſe. This renders the advantages equal of ignorance and knowledge. But ſome ſcruples in the wiſe, and ſome vices in the ignorant, will perhaps be forgiven upon the ſtrength of temptation to each.

The value of ſeveral circumſtances in ſtory leſſens very much by diſtance of time, though ſome minute circumſtances are very valuable;

and it requires great judgment in a writer to diſtinguiſh.

It is grown a word of courſe for writers to ſay, This critical age! as divines ſay, This ſinful age!

It is pleaſant to obſerve how free the preſent age is in laying taxes on the next: *Future ages ſhall talk of this; this ſhall be famous to all poſterity:* Whereas their time and thoughts will be taken up about preſent things, as ours are now.

The *cameleon*, who is ſaid to feed upon nothing but air, hath of all animals the nimbleſt tongue.

When a man is made a ſpiritual peer, he loſes his ſirname; when a temporal, his Chriſtian name.

It is in diſputes as in armies, where the weaker ſide ſets up falſe lights, and makes a great noiſe, to make the enemy believe them more numerous and ſtrong than they really are.

Some men, under the notions of weeding out prejudices, eradicate virtue, honeſty, and religion.

In all well-inſtituted commonwealths, care has been taken to limit mens poſſeſſions; which is done for many reaſons; and, among the reſt, for one which perhaps is not often conſidered, that when bounds are ſet to mens deſires, after they have acquired as much as the laws will permit them, their private intereſt is at an end, and they have nothing to do but to take care of the public.

There

There are but three ways for a man to revenge himſelf of the cenſure of the world; to deſpiſe it, to return the like, or to endeavour to live ſo as to avoid it: The firſt of theſe is uſually pretended, the laſt is almoſt impoſſible, the univerſal practice is for the ſecond.

Herodotus tells us, that in cold countries beaſts very ſeldom have horns, but in hot they have very large ones. This might bear a pleaſant application.

I never heard a finer piece of ſatire againſt *lawyers*, than that of *aſtrologers*, when they pretended by rules of art to tell when a ſuit will end, and whether to the advantage of the plaintiff or defendant; thus making the matter depend entirely upon the influence of the ſtars, without the leaſt regard to the merits of the cauſe.

The expreſſion in the Apocrypha about Tobit and his dog following him, I have often heard ridiculed; yet Homer has the ſame words of Telemachus more than once; and Virgil ſays ſomething like it of Evander. And I take the book of Tobit to be partly poetical.

I have known ſome men poſſeſſed of good qualities which were very ſerviceable to others, but uſeleſs to themſelves: Like a ſun-dial on the front of a houſe, to inform the neighbours and paſſengers, but not the owner within.

If a man would regiſter all his opinions upon love, politics, religion, learning, *&c.* beginning from his youth, and ſo go on to old age, what

what a bundle of inconſiſtencies and contradictions would appear at laſt!

What they do in heaven we are ignorant of; what they do not we are told expreſsly, that they neither marry, nor are given in marriage.

When a man obſerves the choice of ladies now-a-days in the diſpenſing of their favours, can he forbear paying ſome veneration to the memory of thoſe mares mentioned by Xenophon *, who, while their manes were on, that is, while they were in their beauty, would never admit the embraces of an aſs.

It is a miſerable thing to live in ſuſpence; it is the life of a ſpider.

Vive quidem, pende tamen, improba, dixit.

Ovid Metam.

The Stoical ſcheme of ſupplying our wants by lopping off our deſires, is like cutting off our feet when we want ſhoes.

Phyſicians ought not to give their judgment of religion, for the ſame reaſon that butchers are not admitted to be jurors upon life and death.

The reaſon why ſo few marriages are happy, is, becauſe young ladies ſpend their time in making nets, not in making cages.

If a man will obſerve as he walks the ſtreets, I believe he will find the merrieſt countenances in mourning-coaches.

Nothing more unqualifies a man to act with prudence, than a misfortune that is attended with ſhame and guilt.

The

* De Re Equeſtri.

The power of fortune is confeſſed only by the miſerable; for the happy impute all their ſucceſs to prudence or merit.

Ambition often puts men upon doing the meaneſt offices; ſo climbing is performed in the ſame poſture with creeping.

Ill company is like a dog, who dirts thoſe moſt whom he loves beſt.

Cenſure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.

Although men are accuſed for not knowing their own weakneſs, yet perhaps as few know their own ſtrength. It is in men as in foils, where ſometimes there is a vein of gold, which the owner knows not of.

Satire is reckoned the eaſieſt of all wit; but I take it to be otherwiſe in very bad times: For it is as hard to ſatirize well a man of diſtinguiſhed vices, as to praiſe well a man of diſtinguiſhed virtues. It is eaſy enough to do either to people of moderate characters.

Invention is the talent of youth, and judgement of age; ſo that our judgment grows harder to pleaſe, when we have fewer things to offer it: This goes through the whole commerce of life. When we are old, our friends find it difficult to pleaſe us, and are leſs concerned whether we be pleaſed or no.

No wiſe man ever wiſhed to be younger.

An idle reaſon leſſens the weight of the good ones you gave before.

The motives of the beſt actions will not bear

too

too ſtrict an inquiry. It is allowed, that the cauſe of moſt actions, good or bad, may be reſolved into the love of ourſelves; but the ſelf-love of ſome men inclines them to pleaſe others; and the ſelf-love of others is wholly employed in pleaſing themſelves. This makes the great diſtinction between virtue and vice. Religion is the beſt motive of all actions, yet religion is allowed to be the higheſt inſtance of ſelf-love.

When the world has once begun to uſe us ill, it afterwards continues the ſame treatment with leſs ſcruple or ceremony, as men do to a whore.

Old men view beſt at a diſtance with the eyes of their underſtanding, as well as with thoſe of nature.

Some people take more care to hide their wiſdom than their folly.

Arbitrary power is the natural object of temptation to a prince, as wine or women to a young fellow, or a bribe to a judge, or avarice to old age, or vanity to a woman.

Anthony Henly's farmer dying of an *aſthma*, ſaid, Well, if I can get this breath once *out*, I'll take care it ſhall never get *in* again.

The humour of exploding many things under the name of trifles, fopperies, and only imaginary goods, is a very falſe proof either of wiſdom or magnanimity, and a great check to virtuous actions. For inſtance, with regard to fame, there is in moſt people a reluctance and unwillingneſs to be forgotten. We obſerve even among the vulgar,

vulgar, how fond they are to have an inſcription over their grave. It requires but little philoſophy to diſcover and obſerve that there is no intrinſic value in all this; however, if it be founded in our nature, as an incitement to virtue, it ought not to be ridiculed.

Complaint is the largeſt tribute heaven receives, and the ſincereſt part of our devotion.

The common fluency of ſpeech in many men, and moſt women, is owing to a ſcarcity of matter, and a ſcarcity of words: For whoever is a maſter of language, and hath a mind full of ideas, will be apt, in ſpeaking, to heſitate upon the choice of both; whereas common ſpeakers have only one ſet of ideas, and one ſet of words, to clothe them in; and theſe are always ready at the mouth: So people come faſter out of a church when it is almoſt empty, than when a croud is at the door.

Few are qualified to *ſhine* in company; but it is in moſt mens power to be agreeable. The reaſon, therefore, why converſation runs ſo low at preſent, is not the defect of underſtanding, but pride, vanity, ill-nature, affectation, ſingularity, poſitiveneſs, or ſome other vice, the effect of a wrong education.

To be vain is rather a mark of humility than pride. Vain men delight in telling what honours have been done them, what great company they have kept, and the like; by which they plainly confeſs that theſe honours were more than their due, and ſuch as their friends would

would not believe if they had not been told: Whereas a man truly proud thinks the greateſt honours below his merit, and conſequently ſcorns to boaſt. I therefore deliver it as a maxim, that whoever deſires the character of a proud man, ought to conceal his vanity.

Law, in a free country, is, or ought to be, the determination of the majority of thoſe who have property in land.

One argument uſed to the diſadvantage of Providence, I take to be a very ſtrong one in its defence. It is objected, that ſtorms and tempeſts, unfruitful ſeaſons, ſerpents, ſpiders, flies, and other noxious or troubleſome animals, with many more inſtances of the like kind, diſcover an imperfection in nature, becauſe human life would be much eaſier without them: But the deſign of Providence may clearly be perceived in this proceeding. The motions of the ſun and moon; in ſhort, the whole ſyſtem of the univerſe, as far as philoſophers have been able to diſcover and obſerve, are in the utmoſt degree of regularity and perfection: But where-ever God hath left to man the power of interpoſing a remedy by thought or labour, there he hath placed things in a ſtate of imperfection, on purpoſe to ſtir up human induſtry, without which life would ſtagnate, or indeed rather could not ſubſiſt at all: *Curis acuunt mortalia corda.*

Praiſe is the daughter of preſent power.

How inconſiſtent is man with himſelf!

I have known ſeveral perſons, of great fame for

for wiſdom in public affairs, and councils, governed by fooliſh ſervants.

I have known great miniſters, diſtinguiſhed for wit and learning, who preferred none but dunces.

I have known men of great valour cowards to their wives.

I have known men of the greateſt cunning perpetually cheated.

I knew three great miniſters, who could exactly compute and ſettle the accompts of a kingdom, but were wholly ignorant of their own œconomy.

The preaching of divines helps to preſerve well-inclined men in the courſe of virtue, but ſeldom or never reclaims the vicious.

Princes uſually make wiſer choices than the ſervants whom they truſt for the diſpoſal of places: I have known a prince, more than once, chuſe an able miniſter; but I never obſerved that miniſter to uſe his credit in the diſpoſal of an employment to a perſon whom he thought the fitteſt for it. One of the greateſt in this age owned and excuſed the matter from the violence of parties, and the unreaſonableneſs of friends.

Small cauſes are ſufficient to make a man uneaſy, when great ones are not in the way: For want of a *block*, he will ſtumble at a *ſtraw*.

Dignity, high ſtation, or great riches, are in ſome ſort neceſſary to old men, in order to keep the younger at a diſtance, who are other-

wiſe too apt to inſult them upon the ſcore of their age.

Every man deſires to live long; but no man would be old. Love of flattery in moſt men proceeds from the mean opinion they have of themſelves; in women, from the contrary.

If books and laws continue to increaſe as they have done for fifty years paſt, I am in ſome concern for future ages, how any man will be learned, or any man a lawyer.

Kings are commonly ſaid to have *long hands*: I wiſh they had as *long ears*.

Princes in their infancy, childhood, and youth, are ſaid to diſcover prodigious parts and wit, to ſpeak things that ſurpriſe and aſtoniſh: Strange, ſo many hopeful princes, and ſo many ſhameful kings! If they happen to die young, they would have been prodigies of wiſdom and virtue: If they live, they are often prodigies indeed, but of another ſort.

Politics, as the word is commonly underſtood, are nothing but corruptions, and conſequently of no uſe to a good king, or a good miniſtry; for which reaſon courts are ſo over-run with politics.

Silenus, the foſter-father of Bacchus, is always carried by an *aſs*, and has horns on his head. The moral is, that drunkards are led by fools, and have a great chance to be cuckolds.

Venus, a beautiful, good-natured lady, was the goddeſs of love; Juno, a terrible ſhrew, the goddeſs

goddeſs of marriage: And they were always mortal enemies.

Thoſe who are againſt religion, muſt needs be fools; and therefore we read, that, of all animals, God refuſed the *firſt-born* of an aſs.

A very little wit is valued in a woman, as we are pleaſed with a few words ſpoken plain by a parrot.

A nice man is a man of naſty ideas.

Apollo was held the god of phyſic, and ſender of diſeaſes. Both were originally the ſame trade, and ſtill continue.

Old men and comets have been reverenced for the ſame reaſon; their long beards, and pretences to foretel events.

A perſon was aſked at court, what he thought of an ambaſſador and his train, who were all embroidery and lace, full of bows, cringes, and geſtures; he ſaid, it was Solomon's importation, *gold and apes*.

There is a ſtory in Pauſanias of a plot for betraying of a city diſcovered by the braying of an *aſs*: the cackling of *geeſe* ſaved the *capitol*, and Cataline's conſpiracy was diſcovered by a *whore*. Theſe are the only three animals, as far as I remember, famous in hiſtory as *evidences and informers*.

Moſt ſorts of diverſions in men, children, and other animals, are an imitation of fighting.

Auguſtus meeting an *aſs* with a *lucky name*, foretold himſelf good fortune: I meet many aſſes, but none of them have lucky names.

If a man makes me keep my diſtance, the comfort is, he keeps his at the ſame time.

Who can deny that all men are violent lovers of truth, when we ſee them ſo poſitive in their errors, which they will maintain out of their zeal to truth, although they contradict themſelves every day of their lives?

That was excellently obſerved, ſay I, when I read a paſſage in an author, where his opinion agrees with mine. When we differ, there I pronounce him to be *miſtaken*.

Very few men, properly ſpeaking, live at preſent, but are providing to live another time.

As univerſal a practice as lying is, and as eaſy a one as it ſeems, I do not remember to have heard three good lies in all my converſation, even from thoſe who were moſt celebrated in that faculty.

MEMOIRS

MEMOIRS of the extraordinary Life, Works, and Diſcoveries of MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS.

INTRODUCTION to the READER.

IN the reign of Queen ANNE, (which, notwithſtanding thoſe happy times which ſucceeded, every Engliſhman may remember), thou mayeſt poſſibly, gentle reader, have ſeen a certain venerable perſon who frequented the outſide of the palace of St James's, and who, by the gravity of his deportment and habit, was generally taken for a decayed gentleman of Spain. His ſtature was tall, his viſage long, his complection olive, his brows were black and even, his eyes hollow yet piercing, his noſe inclined to aquiline, his beard neglected and mixed with grey. All this contributed to ſpread a ſolemn melancholy over his countenance. Pythagoras was not more ſilent, Pyrrho more motionleſs, nor Zeno more auſtere. His wig was as black and ſmooth as the plumes of a raven, and hung as ſtraight as the hair of a river-god riſing from the water. His cloak ſo completely covered his whole perſon, that whether or no he had any other clothes (much leſs any linen) under it, I ſhall not ſay; but his ſword appeared a full yard behind him, and his manner of wearing it was ſo ſtiff, that it ſeemed grown to his thigh. His whole figure was

was ſo utterly unlike any thing of this world, that it was not natural for any man to aſk him a queſtion without bleſſing himſelf firſt. Thoſe who never ſaw a *Jeſuit*, took him for one, and others believed him ſome *high-prieſt of the Jews*.

But under this macerated form was concealed a mind replete with ſcience, burning with a zeal of benefiting his fellow-creatures, and filled with an honeſt conſcious pride, mixed with a ſcorn of doing or ſuffering the leaſt thing beneath the dignity of a philoſopher. Accordingly he had a ſoul that would not let him accept of any offers of charity, at the ſame time that his body ſeemed but too much to require it. His lodging was in a ſmall chamber up four pair of ſtairs, where he regularly paid for what he had when he eat or drank; and he was often obſerved wholly to abſtain from both. He declined ſpeaking to any one, except the Queen, or her firſt miniſter, to whom he attempted to make ſome applications; but his real buſineſs or intentions were utterly unknown to all men. Thus much is certain, that he was obnoxious to the Queen's miniſtry; who, either out of jealouſy or envy, had him ſpirited away, and carried abroad as a dangerous perſon, without any regard to the known laws of the kingdom.

One day, as this gentleman was walking about dinner-time alone in the Mall, it happened that a manuſcript dropt from under his cloak, which my ſervant picked up, and brought to me. It was written in the Latin tongue, and

and contained many moſt profound ſecrets, in an unuſual turn of reaſoning and ſtyle. The firſt leaf was inſcribed with theſe words: *Codicillus, ſeu Liber Memorialis, Martini Scribleri.* The book was of ſo wonderful a nature, that it is incredible what a deſire I conceived that moment to be acquainted with the author, who, I clearly perceived, was ſome great philoſopher in diſguiſe. I ſeveral times endeavoured to ſpeak to him, which he as often induſtriouſly avoided. At length I found an opportunity (as he ſtood under the Piazza by the dancing-room at St James's) to acquaint him in the Latin tongue, that his manuſcript was fallen into my hands: And ſaying this, I preſented it to him, with great encomiums on the learned author. Hereupon he took me aſide, ſurveyed me over with a fixed attention, and opening the claſps of the parchment cover, ſpoke (to my great ſurpriſe) in Engliſh, as follows:

"Courteous ſtranger, whoever thou art, I em-
"brace thee as my beſt friend; for either the
"ſtars or my art are deceitful, or the deſtined
"time is come which is to manifeſt Martinus
"Scriblerus to the world, and thou the perſon
"choſen by fate for this taſk. What thou ſeeſt
"in me is a body exhauſted by the labours of the
"mind. I have found in Dame Nature, not
"indeed an unkind, but a very coy miſtreſs.
"Watchful nights, anxious days, ſlender meals,
"and endleſs labours, muſt be the lot of all who
"purſue her, through her labyrinths and me-
"anders.

" anders. My firſt vital air I drew in this
" iſland, (a ſoil fruitful of philoſophers), but
" my complection is become aduſt, and my body
" arid, by viſiting lands (as the poet has it) *alio*
" *ſub ſole calentes*. I have, through my whole
" life, paſſed under ſeveral diſguiſes and un-
" known names, to ſcreen myſelf from the
" envy and malice which mankind expreſs a-
" gainſt thoſe who are poſſeſſed of the *Arcanum*
" *Magnum*. But at preſent I am forced to take
" ſanctuary in the Britiſh court, to avoid the re-
" venge of a cruel Spaniard, who has purſued
" me almoſt through the whole terraqueous
" globe. Being, about four years ago, in the city
" of Madrid, in queſt of natural knowledge, I
" was informed of a lady who was marked with a
" pomegranate upon the inſide of her right thigh,
" which bloſſomed, and, as it were, ſeemed to
" ripen in the due ſeaſon. Forthwith was I poſ-
" ſeſſed with an inſatiable curioſity to view this
" wonderful phænomenon. I felt the ardour of
" my paſſion increaſe as the ſeaſon advanced,
" till, in the month of July, I could no longer
" contain. I bribed her duenna, was admitted
" to the bath, ſaw her undreſſed, and the won-
" der diſplayed. This was ſoon after diſcovered
" by the huſband, who finding ſome letters I
" had writ to the duenna, containing expreſ-
" ſions of a doubtful meaning, ſuſpected me of
" a crime moſt alien from the purity of my
" thoughts. Incontinently I left Madrid by the
" advice

" advice of friends; have been purſued, dogged,
" and way-laid, through ſeveral nations, and e-
" ven now ſcarce think myſelf ſecure within the
" ſacred walls of this palace. It has been my
" good fortune to have ſeen all the grand phæ-
" nomena of nature, excepting an earthquake,
" which I waited for in Naples three years in
" vain; and now, by means of ſome Britiſh ſhip,
" (whoſe colours no Spaniard dare approach *),
" I impatiently expect a ſafe paſſage to Jamaica,
" for that benefit. To thee, my friend, whom
" fate has marked for my hiſtoriographer, I leave
" theſe my Commentaries, and others of my
" works. No more—be faithful and impartial."

He ſoon after performed his promiſe, and left me the Commentaries, giving me alſo further lights by many conferences; when he was unfortunately ſnatched away, as I before related, by the jealouſy of the Queen's miniſtry.

Though I was thus, to my eternal grief, deprived of his converſation, he, for ſome years, continued his correſpondence, and communicated to me many of his projects for the benefit of mankind. He ſent me ſome of his writings, and recommended to my care the recovery of others, ſtraggling about the world, and aſſumed by other men. The laſt time I heard from him, was on occaſion of his ſtrictures on the Dunciad; ſince when, ſeveral years being elapſed, I have reaſon to believe this excellent perſon is either dead, or carried

* This marks the time when the Introduction was written.

carried, by his vehement thirſt of knowledge, into ſome remote, or perhaps undiſcovered region of the world. In either caſe, I think it a debt no longer to be delayed, to reveal what I know of this prodigy of ſcience, and to give the hiſtory of his life, and of his extenſive merits, to mankind; in which I dare promiſe the reader, that whenever he begins to think any one chapter dull, the ſtyle will be immediately changed in the next.

MEMOIRS

MEMOIRS
OF
MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS*.

BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

Of the parentage and family of Scribierus, how he was begot, what care was taken of him before he was born, and what prodigies attended his birth.

IN the city of Munſter in Germany, lived a grave and learned gentleman, by profeſſion an antiquary; who, among all his invaluable curioſities, eſteemed none more highly

* Mr Pope, Dr Arbuthnott, and Dr Swift, projected to write a ſatire in conjunction, *on the abuſes of human learning;* and to make it the better received, they propoſed to do it in the manner of Cervantes (the original author of this ſpecies of ſatire) under the hiſtory of ſome feigned adventures. They had obſerved thoſe *abuſes* ſtill kept their ground againſt all that the ableſt and graveſt authors could ſay to diſcredit them; they concluded therefore, the force of ridicule was wanting to quicken their diſgrace; which was here in its place, when the abuſes had been already detected by ſober reaſoning; and *truth* in no danger to ſuffer by the *premature* uſe of ſo powerful an inſtrument. But the ſeparation of Mr Pope's friend's, which ſoon after happened, with the death of one

ly than a ſkin of the true Pergamenian parchment, which hung at the upper end of his hall. On this was curiouſly traced the ancient pedigree of the *Scribleri*, with all their alliances and collateral relations, (among which were reckoned Albertus Magnus, Paracelſus Bombaſtus, and the famous Scaligers, in old time princes of Verona), and deduced even from the times of the Elder Pliny to Cornelius Scriblerus: For ſuch was the name of this venerable perſonage; whoſe glory it was, that, by the ſingular virtue of the women, not one had a head of a different caſt from his family.

His wife was a lady of ſingular beauty, whom not for that reaſon only he eſpouſed, but becauſe ſhe was undoubted daughter either of the great Scriverius, or of Gaſpar Barthius. It happened on a time, the ſaid Gaſpar made a viſit to Scriverius at Harlem, taking with him a comely lady of his acquaintance, who was ſkilful in the Greek

and the infirmities of the other, put a final ſtop to their project, when they had only drawn out an imperfect eſſay towards it, under the title of, *The firſt book of the Memoirs of Scriblerus.*

Polite letters never loſt more than in the defeat of this ſcheme, in which each of this illuſtrious triumvirate would have found exerciſe for his own peculiar talent; beſides conſtant employment for that they all had in common. Dr Arbuthnott was ſkilled in every thing which related to *ſcience*; Mr Pope was a maſter in the *fine arts*; and Dr Swift excelled in the *knowledge of the world*. WIT they had all in equal meaſure; and this ſo large, as no age perhaps ever produced three men, to whom *Nature* had more bountifully beſtowed it, or *Art* brought it to higher perfection. *Warburton.*

Greek tongue, of whom the learned Scriverius became ſo enamoured, as to inebriate his friend, and be familiar with his miſtreſs. I am not ignorant of what Columeſius * affirms, that the learned Barthius was not ſo overtaken, but he perceived it; and in revenge ſuffered this unfortunate gentlewoman to be drowned in the Rhine at her return. But Mrs Scriblerus (the iſſue of that amour) was a living proof of the falſehood of this report. Dr Cornelius was farther induced to this marriage, from the certain information that the aforeſaid lady, the mother of his wife, was related to Carden on the father's ſide, and to Aldrovandus on the mother's: Beſides which, her anceſtors had been profeſſors of phyſic, aſtrology, or chemiſtry, in German univerſities, from generation to generation.

With this fair gentlewoman had our Doctor lived in a comfortable union for about ten years; but this our ſober and orderly pair, without any natural infirmity, and with a conſtant and frequent compliance to the chief duty of conjugal life, were yet unhappy, in that heaven had not bleſſed them with any iſſue. This was the utmoſt grief to the good man; eſpecially conſidering what exact precautions and methods he had uſed to procure that bleſſing: For he never had cohabitation with his ſpouſe, but he pondered on the rules of the ancients, for the generation of

* Columeſius relates this from Iſaac Voſſius, in his *Opuſcul. p.* 102. *Pope.*

children of wit. He ordered his diet according to the preſcription of Galen, confining himſelf and his wife, for almoſt the whole firſt year, to goat's milk and honey †. It unfortunately befel her, when ſhe was about four months gone with child, to long for ſomewhat, which that author inveighs againſt as prejudicial to the underſtanding of the infant. This her huſband thought fit to deny her, affirming, it was better to be childleſs, than to become the parent of a fool. His wife miſcarried; but as the abortion proved only a female fœtus, he comforted himſelf, that, had it arrived to perfection, it would not have anſwered his account; his heart being wholly fixed upon the learned ſex. However, he diſdained not to treaſure up the embryo in a vial, among the curioſities of his family.

Having diſcovered that Galen's preſcription could not determine the ſex, he forthwith betook himſelf to Ariſtotle. Accordingly he with-held the nuptial embrace when the wind was in any point of the ſouth; this author ‡ aſſerting, that the groſſneſs and moiſture of the ſoutherly winds occaſion the procreation of females, and not of males. But he redoubled his diligence when the wind was at weſt; a wind on which that great philoſopher beſtowed the encomiums of fatner of the earth, breath of the Elyſian fields, and other glorious elogies. For our learned man was clearly of opinion, that the ſemina, out of which animals

† Galen lib. de cibis boni et mali ſucci, cap. 3. *Pope.*

‡ Ariſt. xiv. Sect. Prob. 5. P.

animals are produced, are animalcula ready formed, and received in with the air *.

Under theſe regulations, his wife, to his inexpreſſible joy, grew pregnant a ſecond time; and (what was no ſmall addition to his happineſs) he juſt then came to the poſſeſſion of a conſiderable eſtate by the death of her uncle, a wealthy Jew, who reſided at London. This made it neceſſary for him to take a journey to England; nor would the care of his poſterity let him ſuffer his wife to remain behind him. During the voyage, he was perpetually taken up on the one hand, how to employ his great riches; and on the other, how to educate his child. He had already determined to ſet apart ſeveral annual ſums for the recovery of manuſcri pts, the effoſſion of coins, the procuring of mummies; and for all thoſe curious diſcoveries by which he hoped t o become (as himſelf was wont to ſay) a ſecond Peireſkius†. He had already chalked out all poſſible ſchemes for the improvement of a male child, yet was ſo far prepared for the worſt that could happen, that before the nine months were expired, he had compoſed two treatiſes of education: the one he called, *A daughter's mirrour*, and the other, *A ſon's monitor*.

This is all we can find relating to Martinus,

* Religion of Nature, ſect. 5. parag. 15. The ſeriouſneſs with which this ſtrange opinion, on ſo myſterious a point, is advanced, very well deſerved this ſtroke of ridicule. *Pope* and *Warburton*.

† There was a great deal of trifling pedantry and curioſity in that great man's character. *Warburton*.

while he was in his mother's womb, excepting that he was entertained there with a concert of muſic once in twenty-four hours, according to the cuſtom of the Magi; and that, on a particular day *, he was obſerved to leap and kick exceedingly, which was on the firſt of April, the birth-day of the great *Baſilius Valentinus*.

The truth of this, and every preceding fact, may be depended upon, being taken literally from the Memoirs. But I muſt be ſo ingenuous as to own, that the accounts are not ſo certain of the exact time and place of his birth. As to the firſt, he had the common frailty of old men, to conceal his age: As to the ſecond, I only remember to have heard him ſay, that he firſt ſaw the light in St Giles's pariſh. But in the inveſtigation of this point, fortune hath favoured our diligence. For one day, as I was paſſing by the *Seven Dials*, I overheard a diſpute concerning the place of nativity of a great aſtrologer, which each man alledged to have been in his own ſtreet. The circumſtances of the time, and the deſcription of the perſon, made me imagine it might be that univerſal genius whoſe life I am writing. I returned home, and having maturely conſidered their ſeveral arguments,

* Ramſay's Cyrus. It was with judgment that the author choſe rather to ridicule the modern relator of this ridiculous practice, than the ancients from whence he took it; as it is a ſure inſtance of folly, when amongſt the many excellent things which may be learned from antiquity, we find a modern writer only picking out their abſurdities. *Pope* and *Warburton*.

ments, which I found to be of equal weight, I quieted my curioſity with this natural concluſion, that he was born in ſome point common to all the ſeven ſtreets; which muſt be that on which the column is now erected. And it is with infinite pleaſure that I ſince find my conjecture confirmed, by the following paſſage in the codicil to Mr Neale's will.

I appoint my executors to engrave the following inſcription on the column in the centre of the ſeven ſtreets which I erected.

LOC. NAT. INCLYT. PHILOS. MAR. SCR.

But Mr Neale's order was never performed, becauſe the executors durſt not adminiſter.

Nor was the birth of this great man unattended with prodigies: He himſelf has often told me, that on the night before he was born, Mr Scriblerus dreamed ſhe was brought to bed of a *huge inkhorn*, out of which iſſued ſeveral large ſtreams of ink, as it had been a fountain. This dream was by her huſband thought to ſignify, that the child ſhould prove a very voluminous writer. Likewiſe a *crab-tree* *, that had been hitherto barren, appeared on a ſudden laden with a vaſt quantity of crabs. This ſign alſo the old gentleman imagined to be a prognoſtic of the acuteneſs of his

* Virgil's Laurel Donat. *Pope.*

wit. A great ſwarm of *waſps* * played round his cradle without hurting him, but were very troubleſome to all in the room beſides. This ſeemed a certain preſage of the effects of his ſatire. A dunghill was ſeen within the ſpace of one night to be covered all over with *muſhrooms*. This ſome interpreted to promiſe the infant great fertility of fancy, but no long duration to his works; but the father was of another opinion.

But what was of all moſt wonderful, was a thing that ſeemed a monſtrous *fowl*, which juſt then dropt through the ſky-light, near his wife's apartment. It had a large body, two little diſproportioned wings, a prodigious tail, but no head. As its colour was white, he took it at firſt ſight for a ſwan, and was concluding his ſon would be a poet: But on a nearer view, he perceived it to be ſpeckled with black, in the form of letters; and that it was indeed a paper-kite which had broke its leaſh by the impetuoſity of the wind. His back was armed with the art military, his belly was filled with phyſic, his wings were the wings of Quarles and Withers, the ſeveral nodes of his voluminous tail were diverſified with ſeveral branches of ſcience; where the Doctor beheld, with great joy, a knot of logic, a knot of metaphyſic, a knot of caſuiſtry, a knot of polemical divinity, and a knot of common law, with a *lanthorn* of *Jacob Behmen*.

There went a report in the family, that, as ſoon

* Plato, Lucan, *&c. Pope.*

ſoon as he was born, he uttered the voice of nine ſeveral animals: He cried like a calf, bleated like a ſheep, chattered like a magpie, grunted like a hog, neighed like a foal, croaked like a raven, mewed like a cat, gabbled like a gooſe, and brayed like an aſs. And the next morning he was found playing in his bed with two owls, which came down the chimney. His father greatly rejoiced at all theſe ſigns, which betokened the variety of his eloquence, and the extent of his learning: But he was more particularly pleaſed with the laſt, as it nearly reſembled what happened at the birth of Homer *.

CHAP. II.

The ſpeech of Cornelius over his ſon, at the hour of his birth.

NO ſooner was the cry of the infant heard, but the old gentleman ruſhed into the room, and ſnatching it in his arms, examined every limb with attention. He was infinitely pleaſed to find, that the child had the wart of Cicero, the wry neck of Alexander, knots upon his legs like Marius, and one of them ſhorter than the other like Ageſilaus. The good Cornelius alſo hoped he would come to ſtammer like Demoſthenes, in order to be as eloquent; and in

* Vid. Euſtath. in Odyſſ. l. xii. ex Alex. Paphio, et Leo. Allat. de patr. Hom. p. 45. *Pope.*

in time arrive at many other defects of famous men. He held the child ſo long, that the midwife, grown out of all patience, ſnatched it from his arms, in order to ſwaddle it. "Swaddle "him!" quoth he, "far be it from me to ſubmit "to ſuch a pernicious cuſtom! Is not my ſon a "man? and is not man the lord of the uni-"verſe? Is it thus you uſe this monarch at his "firſt arrival in his dominions, to manacle and "ſhackle him hand and foot? Is this what you "call to be free-born? If you have no regard "to his natural liberty, at leaſt have ſome to his "natural faculties. Behold with what agility "he ſpreadeth his toes, and moveth them with "as great variety as his fingers! a power, which, "in the ſmall circle of a year, may be totally a-"boliſhed, by the enormous confinement of "ſhoes and ſtockings. His ears (which other "animals turn with great advantage towards the "ſonorous object) may, by the miniſtry of ſome "accurſed nurſe, for ever lie flat and immoveable. "Not ſo the ancients, they could move them at "pleaſure, and accordingly are often deſcribed "*arrectis auribus*." "What a devil!" quoth the midwife, "would you have your ſon move his "ears like a drill?" Yes, fool," ſaid he, "why "ſhould he not have the perfection of a drill, or "of any other animal?" Mrs Scriblerus, who lay all this while fretting at her huſband's diſcourſe, at laſt broke out to this purpoſe. "My "dear, I have had many diſputes with you up-"on this ſubject before I was a month gone:

"We

"We have but one child, and cannot afford to "throw him away upon experiments. I will "have my boy bred up like other gentlemen, at "home, and always under my own eye." All the goſſips, with one voice, cried, Ay, ay; but Cornelius broke out in this manner: "What! "bred at home! Have I taken all this pains for "a creature that is to lead the inglorious life of "a cabbage, to ſuck the nutritious juices from "the ſpot where he was firſt planted? No; to "perambulate this terraqueous globe is too "ſmall a range; were it permitted, he ſhould "at leaſt make the tour of the whole ſyſtem of "the ſun. Let other mortals pore upon maps, "and ſwallow the legends of lying travellers; "the ſon of Cornelius ſhall make his own legs "his compaſſes; with thoſe he ſhall meaſure "continents, iſlands, capes, bays, ſtreights, and "iſthmus's: He ſhall himſelf take the altitude "of the higheſt mountains, from the peak of "Derby to the peak of Teneriff; when he has "viſited the top of Taurus, Imaus, Caucaſus, "and the famous Ararat, where Noah's ark firſt "moored, he may take a ſlight view of the "ſnowy Riphæans; nor would I have him ne-"glect Athos and Olympus, renowned for poe-"tical fictions. Thoſe that vomit fire will de-"ſerve a more particular attention: I will there-"fore have him obſerve, with great care, Veſu-"vius, Ætna, the burning mountain of Java, "but chiefly Hecla, the greateſt rarity in the "northern regions. Then he may likewiſe con-

"template

" template the wonders of the Memphitic cave. " When he has dived into the bowels of the " earth, and ſurveyed the works of nature un- " der ground, and inſtructed himſelf fully in " the nature of volcanoes, earthquakes, thun- " ders, tempeſts, and hurricanes, I hope he will " bleſs the world with a more exact ſurvey of " the deſarts of Arabia and Tartary, than as " yet we are able to obtain. Then will I have " him croſs the ſeven gulphs, meaſure the cur- " rents in the fifteen famous ſtreights, and " ſearch for thoſe fountains of freſh water that " are at the bottom of the ocean."—At theſe laſt words Mrs Scriblerus fell into a trembling: The deſcription of this terrible ſcene made too violent an impreſſion upon a woman in her condition, and threw her into a ſtrong hyſteric fit; which might have proved dangerous, if Cornelius had not been puſhed out of the room by the united force of the women.

CHAP. III.

Shewing what befel the Doctor's ſon and his ſhield, on the day of the chriſtening.

THE day of the chriſtening being come, and the houſe filled with goſſips, the levity of whoſe converſation ſuited but ill with the gravity of Dr Cornelius, he caſt about how to paſs this day more agreeably to his character; that is to ſay, not without ſome *profitable conference*, nor wholly

wholly without obſervance of ſome *ancient cuſtom*.

He remembered to have read in Theocritus, that the cradle of Hercules was a ſhield; and being poſſeſſed of an antique *buckler*, which he held as a moſt ineſtimable relic, he determined to have the infant laid therein, and in that manner brought into the ſtudy, to be ſhewn to certain learned men of his acquaintance.

The regard he had for this ſhield, had cauſed him formerly to compile a diſſertation concerning it *, proving, from the ſeveral properties, and particularly the colour of the ruſt, the exact chronology thereof.

With this treatiſe, and a moderate ſupper, he propoſed to entertain his gueſts; though he had alſo another deſign, to have their aſſiſtance in the calculation of his ſon's *nativity*.

He therefore took the buckler out of a caſe, (in which he always kept it, leſt it might contract any modern ruſt), and entruſted it to his houſe-maid, with orders, that when the company was come ſhe ſhould lay the child carefully in it, covered with a mantle of blue ſattin.

The gueſts were no ſooner ſeated, but they entered into a warm debate about the *Triclinium* and the manner of *Decubitus* of the ancients, which Cornelius broke off in this manner:

"This day, my friends, I purpoſe to exhibit "my ſon before you, a child not wholly un- "worthy of inſpection, as he is deſcended from "a race of virtuoſi. Let the phyſiognomiſts "examine

* See the Diſſertation on Dr Woodward's ſhield.

"examine his features; let the chirographiſts "behold his palm; but above all let us conſult "for the calculation of his nativity. To this "end, as the child is not vulgar, I will not pre- "ſent him unto you in a vulgar manner. He "ſhallbe cradled in my ancient ſhield, ſo famous "through the univerſities of Europe. You all "know how I purchaſed that invaluable piece "of antiquity at the great (though indeed inade- "quate) expence of all the plate of our family; "how happily I carried it off, and how tri- "umphantly I tranſported it hither, to the in- "expreſſible grief of all Germany. Happy in "every circumſtance, but that it broke the heart "of the great Melchior Inſipidus!"

Here he ſtopped his ſpeech, upon ſight of the maid, who entered the room with the child. He took it in his arms, and proceeded:

"Behold then my child, but firſt behold the "ſhield: Behold this ruſt,—or rather let me "call it this precious ærugo;—behold this beauti- "ful varniſh of time,—this venerable verdure of "ſo many ages.—

In ſpeaking theſe words, he ſlowly lifted up the mantle, which covered it, inch by inch; but at every inch he uncovered, his cheeks grew paler, his hand trembled, his nerves failed, till, on ſight of the whole, the tremor became univerſal. The ſhield and the infant both dropt to the ground; and he had only ſtrength enough to cry out, "O God! my ſhield, my ſhield!"

The truth was, the maid (extremely concern-

ed

ed for the reputation for her own cleanlineſs, and her young maſter's honour) had ſcoured it as clean as her hand-irons *.

Cornelius ſunk back on a chair, the gueſts ſtood aſtoniſhed, the infant ſqualled, the maid ran in, ſnatched it up again in her arms, flew into her miſtreſs's room, and told what had happened. Down ſtairs in an inſtant hurried all the goſſips, where they found the Doctor in a trance. Hungary water, hartſhorn, and the confuſed noiſe of ſhrill voices, at length awakened him: When opening his eyes, he ſaw the ſhield in the hands of the houſe-maid. "O woman! woman!" he cried, (and ſnatched it violently from her), "was it to thy ignorance that this "relic owes its ruin? where, where is the beau-"tiful cruſt that covered thee ſo long? where "thoſe traces of time, and *fingers*, as it were, of "antiquity? where all thoſe beautiful obſcuri-"ties, the cauſe of much delightful diſputation, "where doubt and curioſity went hand in hand, "and eternally exerciſed the ſpeculations of the "learned? All this the rude touch of an ig-"norant woman hath done away! The *curious* "*prominence* at the belly of that figure, which "ſome taking for the *cuſpis* of a ſword, denomi-"nated a Roman ſoldier, others accounting the "*inſignia virilia*, pronounced to be one of the "*Dii Termini*; behold ſhe hath cleaned it in "like ſhameful ſort, and ſhewn to be the head

* Poor Vadius, long with learned ſpleen devour'd,
Can taſte no pleaſure ſince his ſhield was ſcour'd.

" of a nail. O my ſhield! my ſhield! well may " I ſay with Horace, *Non bene relicta Parmula.*"

The goſſips, not at all inquiring into the cauſe of his ſorrow, only aſked if the child had no hurt? and cried, " Come, come, all is well; " what has the woman done but her duty? a " tight cleanly wench I warrant her; what a " ſtir a man makes about a *baſon*, that an hour " ago, before this labour was beſtowed upon it, " a country-barber would not have hung at his " ſhop door." A *baſon!*" (cried another), " no " ſuch matter; it is nothing but a paultry old " *ſconce*, with the nozzle broke off." The learned gentleman, who till now had ſtood ſpeechleſs, hereupon looking narrowly on the ſhield, declared their aſſent to this latter opinion; and deſired Cornelius to be comforted, aſſuring him it was a *ſconce*, and no other. But this, inſtead of comforting, threw the Doctor into ſuch a violent fit of paſſion, that he was carried off groaning and ſpeechleſs to bed; where, being quite ſpent, he fell into a kind of ſlumber.

CHAP. IV.

Of the ſuction and nutrition of the great Scriblerus in his infancy, and of the firſt rudiments of his learning.

AS ſoon as Cornelius awaked, he raiſed himſelf on his elbow, and caſting his eyes on Mrs Scriblerus, ſpoke as follows: " Wiſely was

" it

" it ſaid by Homer, that in the cellar of Jupiter " are two barrels, the one of good, the other " of evil, which he never beſtows on mortals " ſeparately, but conſtantly mingles them toge- " ther. Thus at the ſame time hath Heaven " bleſſed me with the birth of a ſon, and afflic- " ted me with the ſcouring of my ſhield. Yet " let us not repine at his diſpenſations, who " gives, and who takes away; but rather join in " prayer, that the ruſt of antiquity which he " hath been pleaſed to take from my ſhield, " may be added to my ſon; and that ſo much of " it, as it is my purpoſe he ſhall contract in his " education, may never be deſtroyed by any mo- " dern poliſhing."

He could no longer bear the ſight of the ſhield, but ordered it ſhould be removed for ever from his eyes. It was not long after purchaſed by Dr Woodward, who, by the aſſiſtance of Mr Kemp, incruſted it with a new ruſt, and is the ſame whereof a cut hath been ingraved, and exhibited to the great contentation of the learned.

Cornelius now began to regulate the ſuction of his child. Seldom did there paſs a day without diſputes between him and the mother, or the nurſe, concerning the nature of aliment. The poor woman never dined but he denied her ſome diſh or other, which he judged prejudicial to her milk. One day ſhe had a longing deſire to a piece of beef; and as ſhe ſtretched her hand towards it, the old gentleman drew it away, and ſpoke to

this effect: "Hadſt thou read the ancients, O "nurſe, thou wouldeſt prefer the welfare of the "infant which thou nouriſheſt, to the indulging "of an irregular and voracious appetite. Beef, "it is true, may confer a robuſtneſs on the limbs "of my ſon, but will hebetate and clog his intel- "lectuals." While he ſpoke this, the nurſe looked upon him with much anger, and now and then caſt a wiſhful eye upon the beef.—"Paſ- "ſion" (continued the Doctor, ſtill holding the diſh) "throws the mind into too violent a "fermentation; it is a kind of fever of the ſoul, "or, as Horace expreſſes it, a *ſhort madneſs*. Con- "ſider, woman, that this day's fuction of my ſon "may cauſe him to imbibe many ungovernable "paſſions, and in a manner ſpoil him for the "temper of a philoſopher. Romulus by ſucking "a wolf, became of a fierce and ſavage diſpoſi- "tion; and were I to breed ſome Ottoman em- "peror, or founder of a military commonwealth, "perhaps I might indulge thee in this carnivorous "appetite."—What! interrupted the nurſe, beef ſpoil the underſtanding! that's fine indeed—How then could our parſon preach as he does upon beef, and pudding too, if you go to that? Do not tell me of your ancients; had not you almoſt killed the poor babe with a diſh of dæmoniał black broth?—"Lacedæmonian black broth, "thou wouldſt ſay," (replied Cornelius); "but I "cannot allow the ſurfeit to have been occaſion- "ed by that diet, ſince it was recommended by "the divine Lycurgus. No, nurſe, thou muſt

"certainly

" certainly have eaten ſome meats of ill digeſtion,
" the day before, and that was the real cauſe of
" his diſorder. Conſider, woman, the different
" temperaments of different nations. What makes
" the Engliſh phlegmatic and melancholy, but
" beef? what renders the Welſh ſo hot and chole-
" ric, but cheeſe and leeks? the French derive their
" levity from the ſoups, frogs, and muſhrooms: I
" would not let my ſon dine like an Italian, leſt,
" like an Italian, he ſhould be jealous and re-
" vengeful: The warm and ſolid diet of Spain
" may be more beneficial, as it might endue
" him with a profound gravity, but at the ſame
" time he might ſuck in with their food their in-
" tolerable vice of pride. Therefore nurſe, in
" ſhort, I hold it requiſite to deny you at preſent,
" not only beef, but likewiſe whatſoever any of
" thoſe nations eat." During this ſpeech, the nurſe remained pouting and marking her plate with the knife, nor would ſhe touch a bit during the whole dinner. This the old gentleman obſerving, ordered that the child, to avoid the riſk of imbibing ill humours, ſhould be kept from her breaſt all that day, and be fed with butter mixed with honey, according to a preſcription he had met with ſomewhere in Euſtathius upon Homer. This indeed gave the child a great looſeneſs; but he was not concerned at it, in the opinion, that whatever harm it might do his body, would be amply recompenſed by the improvement of his underſtanding. But from thenceforth he inſiſted every day upon a particular diet

to be obſerved by the nurſe; under which having been long uneaſy, ſhe at laſt parted from the family, on his ordering her for dinner the *paps* of a *ſow* with pig; taking it as the higheſt indignity, and a direct inſult upon her ſex and calling.

Four years of young Martin's life paſſed away in ſquabbles of this nature. Mrs Scriblerus conſidered it was now time to inſtruct him in the fundamentals of religion, and to that end took no ſmall pains in teaching him his *catechiſm*. But Cornelius looked upon this as a tedious way of inſtruction, and therefore employed his head to find out more pleaſing methods, the better to induce him to be fond of learning. He would frequently carry him to the *puppet-ſhow* of the creation of the world, where the child, with exceeding delight, gained a notion of the hiſtory of the Bible. His firſt rudiments in profane hiſtory were acquired by ſeeing of *raree-ſhows*, where he was brought acquainted with all the princes of Europe. In ſhort, the old gentleman ſo contrived it, to make every thing contribute to the improvement of his knowledge, even to his very dreſs. He invented for him a geographical ſuit of clothes, which might give him ſome hints of that ſcience, and likewiſe ſome knowledge of the commerce of different nations. He had a French hat with an African feather, Holland ſhirts, and Flanders lace, Engliſh cloth lined with Indian ſilk; his gloves were Italian, and his ſhoes were Spaniſh. He was made to obſerve this, and daily catechiſed thereupon, which

which his father was wont to call "travelling at "home." He never gave him a fig or an orange, but he obliged him to give an account from what country it came. In natural hiſtory he was much aſſiſted by his curioſity in *ſign-poſts*, inſomuch that he hath often confeſſed he owed to them the knowledge of many creatures which he never found ſince in any author, ſuch as white lions, golden dragons, *&c.* He once thought the ſame of green men, but had ſince found them mentioned by Kercherus, and verified in the hiſtory of William of Newbury *.

His diſpoſition to the mathematics was diſcovered very early, by his drawing parallel † lines on his bread and butter, and interſecting them at equal angles, ſo as to form the whole ſuperficies in ſquares. But in the midſt of all theſe improvements, a ſtop was put to his learning the *alphabet*; nor would he let him proceed to letter D, till he could truly and diſtinctly pronounce C in the ancient manner, at which the child unhappily boggled for near three months. He was alſo obliged to delay his learning to *write*, having turned away the writing-maſter, becauſe he knew nothing of Fabius's waxen tables.

Cornelius having read and ſeriouſly weighed the

* Gul. Neubrig. Book ci. h. 27. *Pope.*

† Paſcal's life— Locke of Educat. *&c.*— There are ſome extravagant lies told of the excellent Paſcal's amazing genius for mathematics in his early youth; and ſome trifling directions given for the introduction to the elements of ſcience, in Mr Locke's book of Education. *Pope* and *Warburton.*

the methods by which the famous Montaigne was educated *, and reſolving, in ſome degree, to exceed them, reſolved he ſhould ſpeak and learn nothing but the learned languages, and eſpecially the Greek; in which he conſtantly eat and drank, according to Homer. But what moſt conduced to his eaſy attainment of this language, was his love of ginger-bread; which his father obſerving, cauſed it to be ſtamped with the letters of the Greek alphabet; and the child, the very firſt day, eat as far as Iota. By his particular application to this language above the reſt, he attained ſo great a proficiency therein, that Gronovius ingenuouſly confeſſes he durſt not confer with this child in Greek at eight years old †; and at fourteen he compoſed a tragedy in the ſame language, as the younger Pliny ‡ had done before him.

He learned the oriental language of Erpenius, who reſided ſome time with his father for that purpoſe. He had ſo early a reliſh for the eaſtern way of writing, that even at this time he

* Who was taught Latin in his nurſe's arms, and not ſuffered to hear a word of his mother-tongue, till he could ſpeak the other perfectly. *Warburton.*

† So Montaigne ſays of his Latin—*George Buchanan et Mark Antoine Muret, mes precepteurs domeſtiques, m'ont dit ſouvent que j'avois ce langage en mon enfance ſi preſt et ſi a main qu'ils craignoient a m'accoſter.—Somme, nous nous latinizames tant, qu'il en regorgea juſque a nos villages tout autour, ou il y a entores, et ont pris pied par l'uſage, pluſieurs appellations Latines d' Artiſans et d' outils.* Warburton.

‡ Plin. Epiſt. lib. 7. *Pope.*

he compoſed (in imitation of it) the *thouſand and one Arabian tales*, and alſo the *Perſian tales*, which have been ſince tranſlated into ſeveral languages, and lately into our own with particular elegance, by Mr Ambroſe Philips. In this work of his childhood, he was not a little aſſiſted by the hiſtorical traditions of his nurſe.

CHAP. V.

A diſſertation upon play-things.

HERE follows the inſtructions of Cornelius Scriblerus concerning the plays and play-things to be uſed by his ſon Martin.

" *Play* was invented by the *Lydians* as a re-
" medy againſt *hunger*. Sophocles ſays of Pala-
" medes, that he invented *dice* to ſerve ſome-
" times inſtead of a dinner. It is therefore wiſe-
" ly contrived by nature, that children, as they
" have the keeneſt *appetites*, are moſt addicted to
" *plays*. From the ſame cauſe, and from the un-
" prejudiced and incorrupt ſimplicity of their
" minds, it proceeds, that the plays of the an-
" cient children are preſerved more entire than
" any other of their cuſtoms *. In this matter
" I would recommend to all who have any con-
" cern in my ſon's education, that they deviate
" not

* Dr Arbuthnott uſed to ſay, that notwithſtanding all the boaſts of the ſafe conveyance of *tradition*, it was no where preſerved pure and uncorrupt but amongſt children; whoſe games and plays are delivered down invariably from one generation to another. *Warburton.*

" not in the leaſt from the primitive and ſimple " antiquity.

" To ſpeak firſt of the *whiſtle*, as it is the " firſt of all play-things: I will have it exactly " to correſpond with the ancient *fiſtula*, and ac- " cordingly to be compoſed *ſeptem paribus diſjunc- " ta cicutis.*

" I heartily wiſh a diligent ſearch may be " made after the true *crepitaculum* or *rattle* of the " ancients, for that (as *Archytas Tarentinus* was of " opinion) kept the children from breaking ear- " then ware. The *China* cups in theſe days are " not at all the ſafer for the modern *rattles*; " which is an evident proof how far their *crepita- " cula* exceeded ours.

" I would not have Martin as yet to ſcourge " a *top*, till I am better informed whether the " *trochus*, which was recommended by *Cato*, be " really our preſent *top*, or rather the *hoop* which " the boys drive with a ſtick. Neither *croſs* " and *pile*, nor *ducks* and *drakes*, are quite ſo an- " cient as *handy-dandy*, though Macrobius and " St Auguſtine take notice of the firſt, and Mi- " nutius Felix deſcribes the latter; but *handy- " dandy* is mentioned by Ariſtotle, Plato, and A- " riſtophanes.

" The play which the Italians call *cinque*, and " the French *mourre*, is extremely ancient; it " was played at by *Hymen* and *Cupid* at the mar- " riage of *Pſyche*, and termed by the Latins, *di- " gitis micare.*

" Julius Pollux deſcribes the *omilla* or *chuck-*

" *farthing*;

" *farthing*; though ſome will have our modern " *chuck-farthing* to be nearer the *aphetinda* of the " ancients. He alſo mentions the *baſilinda*, or " *king I am*; and *Myinda* or *hoopers-hide*.

" But the *chytrindra*, deſcribed by the ſame " author, is certainly not our *hot-cockles*; for that " was by pinching, and not by ſtriking; though " there are good authors who affirm the *ratha-* " *pygiſmus* to be yet nearer the modern *hot-coc-* " *kles*. My ſon Martin may uſe either of them " indifferently, they being equally antique.

" *Building of houſes*, and *riding upon ſticks*, " have been uſed by children in all ages: *Ædifi-* " *care caſas*, *equitare arundine longa*. Yet I much " doubt whether the riding upon ſticks did not " come into uſe after the age of the *Centaurs*.

" There is one play which ſhews the gravity " of ancient education, called the *acinetinda*, in " which children contend who could longeſt " *ſtand ſtill*. This we have ſuffered to periſh en- " tirely; and, if I might be allowed to gueſs, it " was certainly firſt loſt among the French.

" I will permit my ſon to play at *apodidaſcinda*, " which can be no other than our *puſs in a corner*.

" Julius Pollux, in his ninth book, ſpeaks of " the *melolonthe*, or the *kite*; but I queſtion whe- " ther the kite of antiquity was the ſame with " ours: And though the Ορτυγοκοπία, or *quail-* " *fighting*, is what is moſt taken notice of; they " had doubtleſs *cock-matches* alſo, as is evident " from certain ancient gems and relievos.

" In a word, let my ſon Martin diſport him- " ſelf

" ſelf at any game truly antique, except one, " which was invented by a people among the " Thracians, who hung up one of their compa- " nions in a rope, and gave him a knife to cut " himſelf down; which if he failed in, he was " ſuffered to hang till he was dead; and this was " only reckoned a ſort of joke. I am utterly a- " gainſt this, as barbarous and cruel.

" I cannot conclude without taking notice of " the beauty of the *Greek* names, whoſe etymo- " logies acquaint us with the nature of the ſports; " and how infinitely, both in ſenſe and ſound, " they excel our barbarous names of plays."

Notwithſtanding the foregoing injunctions of Dr Cornelius, he yet condeſcended to allow the child the uſe of ſome few modern play-things; ſuch as might prove of any benefit to his mind, by inſtilling an early notion of the ſciences. For example, he found that *marbles* taught him *percuſſion* and the *laws of motion*; *nut-crackers* the uſe of the *leaver*; *ſwinging* on the ends of a board, the *balance*; *bottle-ſcrews*, the *vice*; *whirligigs*, the *axis* and *peritrochia*; *bird-cages*, the *pully*; and *tops*, the *centrifugal* motion.

Others of his ſports were further carried to improve his tender ſoul even in virtue and morality. We ſhall only inſtance one of the moſt uſeful and inſtructive, *bob-cherry*, which teaches at once two noble virtues, patience and conſtancy; the firſt in adhering to the purſuit of one end, the latter in bearing a diſappointment.

Beſides all theſe, he taught him as a diverſion, an

an odd and ſecret manner of *ſtealing*, according to the cuſtom of the Lacedæmonians; wherein he ſucceeded ſo well, that he practiſed it to the day of his death.

CHAP. VI.

Of the gymnaſtics, in what exerciſes Martinus was educated; ſomething concerning muſic, and what ſort of a man his uncle was.

NOR was Cornelius leſs careful in adhering to the rules of the pureſt antiquity, in relation to the *exerciſes* of his ſon. He was ſtript, powdered, and anointed, but not conſtantly bathed, which occaſioned many heavy complaints of the laundreſs about dirtying his linen. When he played at quoits, he was allowed his breeches and ſtockings; becauſe the *diſcoboli* (as Cornelius well knew) were naked to the middle only. The mother often contended for modern ſports, and common cuſtoms; but this was his conſtant reply, "Let a daughter be the care of her mother, "but the education of a ſon ſhould be the de-"light of his father."

It was about this time, he heard, to his exceeding content, that the *harpaſtus* of the ancients was yet in uſe in *Cornwall*, and known there by the name of *hurling*. He was ſenſible the common *foot-ball* was a very imperfect imitation of that exerciſe; and thought it neceſſary to ſend

Martin into the weſt, to be initiated in that truly ancient and manly part of the *gymnaſtics*. The poor boy was ſo unfortunate as to return with a broken leg. This Cornelius looked upon but as a ſlight ailment, and promiſed his mother he would inſtantly cure it. He ſlit a green reed, and caſt the knife upward, then tying the two parts of the reed to the disjointed place, pronounced theſe words *, *Daries, daries, aſtataries, diſſunapiter; huat, hanat, huat, iſta, piſta, fiſta, domi, abo, damnauſtra.* But finding, to his no ſmall aſtoniſhment, that this had no effect, in five days he condeſcended to have it ſet by a modern ſurgeon.

Mrs Scriblerus, to prevent him from expoſing her ſon to the like dangerous exerciſes for the future, propoſed to ſend for a dancing-maſter, and to have him taught the minuet and rigadoon. "Dancing" (quoth Cornelius) "I much ap-"prove, for *Socrates* ſaid the beſt dancers were "the beſt warriors; but not thoſe ſpecies of "dancing which you mention: They are cer-"tainly corruptions of the comic and ſatyric "dance, which were utterly diſliked by the "founder ancients. Martin ſhall learn the tra-"gic dance only, and I will ſend all over Europe, "till I find an antiquary able to inſtruct him in "the

* Plin. Hiſt. lib. xvii. in fine. *Carmen contra luxata membra, cujus verba inſerere equidem ſerio auſim, quanquam a Catone prod ta.* Vid. Cat. de re ruſt. c. 160. *Pope.*

" the *ſaltatio Pyrrhica*. Scaliger *, from whom " my ſon is lineally deſcended, boaſts to have " performed this warlike dance in the preſence " of the Emperor, to the great admiration of all " Germany. What would he ſay, could he " look down and ſee one of his poſterity ſo ig- " norant, as not to know the leaſt ſtep of that " noble kind of *ſaltation*."

The poor lady was at laſt enured to bear all theſe things with a laudable patience, till one day her huſband was ſeized with a new thought. He had met with a ſaying, that " *ſpleen*, *garter*, " and *girdle*, are the three impediments to the " *curſus*." Therefore Pliny (*lib.* xi. *c.* 37.) ſays, that ſuch as excel in that exerciſe have their *ſpleen* cauterized, " My ſon" (quoth Cornelius) " runs but heavily; therefore I will have this " operation performed upon him immediately. " Moreover, it will cure that immoderate laugh- " ter to which I perceive he is addicted: For " laughter" (as the ſame author hath it, *ibid.*) " is cauſed by the bigneſs of the ſpleen." This deſign was no ſooner hinted to Mrs Scriblerus, but ſhe burſt into tears, wrung her hands, and inſtantly ſent to his brother Albertus, begging him for the love of God to make haſte to her huſband.

* Scalig. Poetic. lib. i. c. 9. *Hanc ſaltationem Pyrrhicam, nos ſæpe et diu, juſſu Bonifacii patrui, coram Divo Maximiliano, non ſine ſtupore totius Germaniæ, repræſentavimus. Quo tempore vox illa imperatoria, Hic puer aut thoracem pro pelle aut pro cunis habuit.* Pope.

Albertus was a diſcreet man, ſober in his opinions, clear of pedantry, and knowing enough both in books and in the world, to preſerve a due regard for whatever was uſeful or excellent, whether ancient or modern: If he had not always the authority, he had at leaſt the art, to divert Cornelius from many extravagancies. It was well he came ſpeedily, or Martin could not have boaſted the entire quota of his viſcera. "What "does it ſignify" (quoth Albertus) "whether my "nephew excels in the *curſus* or not? Speed is "often a ſymptom of cowardice, witneſs hares "and deer."—"Do not forget Achilles" (quoth Cornelius) "I know that running has been "condemned by the proud Spartans, as uſe-"leſs in war; and yet Demoſthenes could "ſay, Ανὴρ ὁ φευγω καὶπαλιν μαχήσεται a thought which "the Engliſh Hudibras has well rendered,

For he that runs may fight again,
Which he can never do that's ſlain.

"That's true" (quoth Albertus) "but pray con-"ſider on the other ſide, that animals *ſpleen-"ed grow extremely ſalacious, an experiment "well known in dogs." Cornelius was ſtruck with this, and replied gravely; "If it be ſo, I "will defer the operation, for I will not in-"creaſe the powers of my ſon's body at the ex-"pence of thoſe of his mind I am indeed diſ-"appointed in moſt of my projects, and fear I "muſt ſit down at laſt contented with ſuch me-"thods

* Blackmore's Eſſay on Spleen. *Pope.*

" thods of education as modern barbarity af-
" fords. Happy had it been for us all, had we
" lived in the age of Auguſtus! Then my ſon
" might have heard the philoſophers diſpute in the
" porticoes of the Palæſtra, and at the ſame time
" formed his body and his underſtanding." " It
" is true" (replied Albertus) " we have no *exedra*
" for the philoſophers, adjoining to our tennis-
" courts; but there are ale-houſes where he will
" hear very notable argumentations. Though we
" come not up to the ancients in the *tragic dance*,
" we excel them in the κωμικὴ, or the art of *tumb-*
" *ling*. The ancients would have beat us at
" *quoits*, but not ſo much at the *jaculum*, or *pitch-*
" *ing the bar*. The *pugilatus* * is in as great
" perfection in England, as in old Rome, and
" the *corniſh-hug* in the *luctus* † is equal to the
" *volutatoria* of the ancients." " You could not"
" (anſwered Cornelius) " have produced a more
" unlucky inſtance of modern folly and barba-
" rity, than what you ſay of the *jaculum*. The
" Cretans wiſely forbid their ſervants gym-
" naſtics, as well as arms ‡, and yet your modern
" footmen exerciſe themſelves daily in the *jacu-*
" *lum* at the corner of *Hyde-park*, whilſt their en-
" ervating lords are lolling in their chariots; (a
" ſpecies of vectitation ſeldom uſed amongſt the
" ancients, except by old men)." " You ſay
" well," (quoth Albertus), " and we have ſeve-

* Fiſty cuffs. *Pope.*
† Wreſtling. *Pope.*
‡ Ariſtot. Politic. lib. ii. cap. 3. *Pope.*

"ral other kinds of vectitation unknown to "the ancients; particularly flying chariots, where "the people may have the benefit of this exer- "ciſe at the ſmall expence of a farthing. But "ſuppoſe (which I readily grant) that the an- "cients excelled us almoſt in every thing, yet "why this ſingularity? your ſon muſt take up "with ſuch maſters as the preſent age affords; "we have dancing-maſters, writing-maſters, and "muſic-maſters."

The bare mention of *muſic* threw Cornelius into a paſſion. "How can you dignify" (quoth he) "this modern fiddling with the name of mu- "ſic? Will any of your beſt hautboys, encoun- "ter a wolf now-a-days with no other arms but "their inſtruments, as did that ancient piper Py- "thocaris? Have ever wild boars, elephants, deer, "dolphins, whales, or turbots, ſhewed the leaſt "emotion at the moſt elaborate ſtrains of your "modern ſcrapers, all which have been, as it were, "tamed and humanized by ancient muſicians? "Does not Ælian * tell us how the Lybian mares "were excited to horſing by muſic? (which "ought in truth to be a caution to modeſt wo- "men againſt frequenting operas; and conſider, "brother, you are brought to this dilemma, ei- "ther to give up the virtue of the ladies, or "the power of your muſic). Whence proceeds "the degeneracy of our morals? Is it not from "the loſs of ancient muſic, by which (ſays Ari- "ſtotle)

* Ælian. Hiſt. Animal. lib. xi. cap. 18. and lib. xii. cap. 44. *Pope.*

" ſtotle) they taught all the virtues? Elſe might " we turn Newgate into a college of Dorian mu- " ſicians, who ſhould teach moral virtues to thoſe " people. Whence comes it that our preſent " diſeaſes are ſo ſtubborn? whence is it that I " daily deplore my ſciatical pains? Alas! be- " cauſe we have loſt their true cure, by the me- " lody of the pipe. All this was well known to " the ancients, as Theophraſtus † aſſures us, " (whence Cælius ‡ calls it *loca dolentia decan-* " *tare*): only indeed ſome ſmall remains of " this ſkill are preſerved in the cure of the ta- " rantula. Did not Pythagoras ‖ ſtop a company " of drunken bullies from ſtorming a civil houſe, " by changing the ſtrain of the pipe to the ſo- " ber ſpondæus? and yet our modern muſicians " want art to defend their windows from com- " mon nickers. It is well known, that when " the Lacedæmonian mob were up, they com- " monly ſent for a Leſbian muſician to appeaſe " them, and they immediately grew calm as ſoon " as they heard Terpander ſing §: yet I do not " believe, that the Pope's whole band of muſic, " though the beſt of this age could keep his Ho- " lineſs's image from being burnt on a fifth of " November." " Nor would Terpander him- " ſelf" (replied Albertus) " at Billingſgate, nor " Timotheus at Hockley in the Hole, have any " manner

† Athenæus, lib. xiv. *Pope.*

‡ Lib. de Sanitate tuenda, cap. 2. *Pope.*

‖ Quintilian, lib. i. cap. 10. *Pope.*

§ Suidas in Timotheo. *Pope.*

"manner of effect, nor both of them together "bring Horneck † to common civility." "That's "a groſs miſtake," (ſaid Cornelius, very warmly); "and to prove it ſo, I have here a ſmall "lyra of my own, framed, ſtrung, and tuned "after the ancient manner, I can play ſome "fragments of Leſbian tunes, and I wiſh I were "to try them upon the moſt paſſionate creatures "alive."—"You never had a better opportuni-"ty," (ſays Albertus), "for yonder are two "apple-women ſcolding, and juſt ready to un-"coif one another." With that Cornelius, undreſſed as he was, jumps out into his balcony, his lyra in hand, in his ſlippers, with his breeches hanging down to his ancles, a ſtocking upon his head, and waiſtcoat of murry-coloured ſatin upon his body: He touched his lyra with a very unuſual ſort of an harpegiatura; nor were his hopes fruſtrated. The odd equipage, the uncouth inſtrument, the ſtrangeneſs of the man and of the muſic, drew the ears and eyes of the whole mob that were got about the two female champions, and at laſt of the combatants themſelves. They all approach the balcony, in as cloſe attention as Orpheus's firſt audience of cattle, or that of an Italian opera, when ſome favourite air is juſt awakened. This ſudden effect of his muſic encouraged him mightily, and it was obſerved, he never touched his lyra in ſuch a truly chromatic and enharmonic manner, as upon

† Horneck, a ſcurrilous ſcribbler, who wrote a weekly paper, called, *The High German Doctor*. Pope.

upon that occaſion. The mob laughed, ſung, jumped, danced, and uſed many odd geſtures, all which he judged to be cauſed by the various ſtrains and modulations. "Mark" (quoth he) "in this, the power of the Ionian, in that, you "ſee the effect of the Æolian." But in a little time they began to grow riotous, and threw ſtones. Cornelius then withdrew, but with the greateſt air of triumph in the world. "Brother," ſaid he, "do you obſerve I have mixed unawares too "much of the *Phrygian*; I might change it to "the *Lydian*, and ſoften their riotous tempers. "But it is enough. Learn from this ſample to "ſpeak with veneration of ancient muſic. If this "lyre, in my unſkilful hands, can perform ſuch "wonders, what muſt it not have done in thoſe "of a Timotheus or a Terpander?" Having ſaid this, he retired with the utmoſt exultation in himſelf, and contempt of his brother; and, it is ſaid, behaved that night with ſuch unuſual haughtineſs to his family, that they all had reaſon to wiſh for ſome ancient tibicen to calm his temper.

CHAP. VII.

Rhetoric, logic, and metaphyſics.

CORNELIUS having, as hath been ſaid, many ways been diſappointed in his attempts of improving the bodily forces of his ſon; thought

thought it now high time to apply to the culture of his internal faculties. He judged it proper, in the firſt place, to inſtruct him in *rhetoric*. But herein we ſhall not need to give the reader any account of his wonderful progreſs, ſince it is already known to the learned world by his treatiſe on this ſubject: I mean the admirable diſcourſe περὶ βάθους, which he wrote at this time, but concealed from his father, knowing his extreme partiality for the ancients. It lay by him concealed, and perhaps forgot among the great multiplicity of other writings, till, about the year 1727, he ſent it us to be printed, with many additional examples drawn from the excellent live poets of this preſent age. We proceed, therefore, to *logic* and *metaphyſics*.

The wiſe Cornelius was convinced, that theſe being *polemical* arts, could no more be learned alone, than fencing or cudgel-playing. He thought it therefore neceſſary to look out for ſome youth of pregnant parts, to be a ſort of humble companion to his ſon in thoſe ſtudies. His good fortune directed him to one of the moſt ſingular endowments, whoſe name was Conradus Crambe, who, by the father's ſide, was related to the *Crouches* of Cambridge, and his mother was couſin to Mr *Swan*, gameſter and punſter of the city of London. So that from both parents he drew a natural diſpoſition to ſport himſelf with *words*, which, as they are ſaid to be the counters of wiſe men, and ready money of fools, Crambe had great ſtore of caſh

of

of the latter ſort. Happy Martin in ſuch a parent, and ſuch a companion! What might not he atchieve in arts and ſciences!

Here I muſt premiſe a general obſervation of great benefit to mankind. That there are many people who have the uſe only of one operation of the intellect, though, like ſhort-ſighted men, they can hardly diſcover it themſelves: They can form *ſingle apprehenſions* *, but have neither of the other two faculties, the *judicium* or *diſcurſus*. Now, as it is wiſely ordered, that people deprived of one ſenſe have the others in more perfection, ſuch people will form ſingle ideas with a great deal of vivacity; and happy were it indeed if they would confine themſelves to ſuch, without forming *judicia*, much leſs *argumentations*.

Cornelius quickly diſcovered, that theſe two laſt operations of the intellect were very weak in Martin, and almoſt totally extinguiſhed in Crambe, however, he uſed to ſay, that rules of logic are ſpectacles to a purblind underſtanding, and therefore he reſolved to proceed with his two pupils.

Martin's underſtanding was ſo totally immerſed in *ſenſible objects*, that he demanded examples from material things of the abſtracted ideas of logic.

* When a learned friend once urged to our author the authority of a famous dictionary-maker againſt the Latinity of the expreſſion, *amor publicus*, which he had uſed in an inſcription, he replied, that he would allow a dictionary-maker to underſtand a ſingle word, but not two words put together. *Warburton.*

logic. As for Crambe, he contented himſelf with the words; and when he could but form ſome conceit upon them, was fully ſatisfied. Thus Crambe would tell his inſtructor, that all men were not *ſingular*; that individuality could hardly be predicated of any man, for it was commonly ſaid, that a man *is* not the ſame he *was*; that madmen are *beſide themſelves*, that drunken men *come to themſelves*; which ſhews, that few men have that moſt valuable logical endowment, individuality *. Cornelius told Martin, that a ſhoulder of mutton was an individual; which Crambe denied, for he had ſeen it cut into commons: That is true, quoth the tutor, but you never ſaw it cut into ſhoulders of mutton: If it could, quoth Crambe, it would be the moſt lovely individual of the univerſity. When he was told, a *ſubſtance* was that which was *ſubject to accidents*; then ſoldiers, quoth Crambe, are the moſt ſubſtantial people in the world. Neither would he allow it to be a good definition of *accident*, that it could be *preſent* or *abſent*

* "But if it be poſſible for the ſame man to have diſtinct incommunicable conſciouſneſs at different times, it is without doubt the ſame man would, at different times, make different perſons. Which we ſee is the ſenſe of mankind in not puniſhing the madman for the ſober man's actions, nor the ſober man for what the madman did, thereby making them two perſons; which is ſomewhat explained by our way of ſpeaking in *Engliſh*, when they ſay ſuch an one *is not himſelf*, or *is beſide himſelf*." Locke's Eſſay on Hum. Under. book ii. c. 27. *Warburton.*

abſent without the deſtruction of the ſubject; ſince there are a great many accidents that deſtroy the ſubject, as burning does a houſe, and death a man. But as to that, Cornelius informed him, that there was a *natural death*, and a *logical death*; that though a man, after his natural death, was not capable of the leaſt pariſh-office, yet he might ſtill keep his ſtall amongſt the logical predicaments.

Cornelius was forced to give Martin ſenſible images. Thus calling up the coachman, he aſked him what he had ſeen in the Bear-garden? The man anſwered, he ſaw two men fight a prize; one was a fair man, a ſerjeant in the guards; the other black, a butcher; the ſerjeant had red breeches, the butcher blue; they fought upon a ſtage about four o'clock, and the ſerjeant wounded the butcher in the leg. "Mark" (quoth Cornelius) "how the fellow "runs through the predicaments. Men, *ſub-* "*ſtantia*; two, *quantitas*; fair and black, *qualitas*; "ſerjeant and butcher, *relatio*; wounded the "other, *actio et paſſio*; fighting, *ſitus*: ſtage, *ubi*; "two o'clock, *quando*; blue and red breeches, "*habitus*." At the ſame time he warned Martin, that what he now *learned* as a logician, he muſt *forget* as a natural philoſopher; that though he now taught him that accidents inhered in the ſubject, they would find in time there was no ſuch thing; and that colour, taſte, ſmell, heat, and cold, were not in the things, but only phantaſms of our brains. He was forced to let them into

the ſecret; for Martin could not conceive, how a habit of dancing inhered in the dancing-maſter, when he did not dance; nay he would demand the characteriſtics of relations. Crambe uſed to help him out, by telling him, a cuckold, a loſing gameſter, a man that had not dined, a young heir that was kept ſhort by his father, might be all known by their countenance; that, in this laſt caſe, the paternity and filiation leave very ſenſible impreſſions in the *relatum* and *correlatum*. The greateſt difficulty was when they came to the tenth predicament. Crambe affirmed, that his *habitus* was more a ſubſtance, than he was; for his clothes could better ſubſiſt without him, than he without his clothes.

Martin ſuppoſed an *univerſal man* to be like a knight of a ſhire, or burgeſs of a corporation, that repreſented a great many individuals. His father aſked him, if he could not frame the idea of an univerſal Lord Mayor? Martin told him, that, never having ſeen but one Lord Mayor, the idea of that Lord Mayor always returned to his mind; that he had great difficulty to abſtract a Lord Mayor from his fur-gown, and gold chain; nay, that the horſe he ſaw the Lord Mayor ride upon not a little diſturbed his imagination. On the other hand, Crambe, to ſhow himſelf of a more penetrating genius, ſwore that he could frame a conception of a Lord Mayor, not only without his horſe, gown, and gold chain, but even without ſtature, feature, colour, hands, head, feet, or any body; which he ſuppoſed was

the

the abſtract of a Lord Mayor *. Cornelius told him, that he was a lying raſcal, that an *univerſale* was not the object of imagination, and that there was no ſuch thing in reality, or *a parte rei*. But I can prove, quoth Crambe, that there are *clyſters a parte rei*, but *clyſters* are *univerſales*; *ergo*. Thus I prove my minor. *Quod aptum eſt ineſſe multis* is an *univerſale* by definition: But every clyſter before it is adminiſtered has that quality; therefore every clyſter is an *univerſale*.

He alſo found fault with the advertiſements, that they were not ſtrict logical *definitions*: In an advertiſement of a dog ſtolen or ſtrayed, he ſaid it ought to begin thus, *An irrational animal* of the *genus caninum*, &c. Cornelius told them, that though thoſe advertiſements were not framed according to the exact rules of logical definitions, being only *deſcriptions* of things *numero differentibus*, yet they contained a faint image of the *prædicabilia*, and were highly ſubſervient to the common purpoſes of life, often diſcovering things that were loſt, both animate and inanimate. *An Italian greyhound, of a mouſe-colour, a white ſpeck in the neck, lame of one leg, belongs to ſuch a lady.* Greyhound, *genus*; mouſe-coloured, *&c. differentia*; lame of one leg, *accidens*; belongs to ſuch a lady, *proprium*.

Though I am afraid I have tranſgreſſed upon

* This is not a fair repreſentation of what is ſaid in the *Eſſay on Human Underſtanding*, concerning *general and abſtract ideas*. But ſerious writers have done that philoſopher the ſame injuſtice. *Warburton.*

my reader's patience already, I cannot help taking notice of one thing more extraordinary than any yet mentioned; which was Crambe's *Treatise of Syllogisms*. He supposed that a philosopher's brain was like a great forest, where ideas ranged like animals of several kinds; that those ideas copulated, and engendered conclusions; that when those of different species copulate, they bring forth monsters or absurdities; that the *major* is the male, the *minor* the female, which copulate by the middle term, and engender the conclusion. Hence they are called the *præmissa*, or predecessors of the conclusion; and it is properly said by the logicians, *quod pariant scientiam, opinionem*, they *beget* science, opinion, *&c.* Universal propositions are persons of quality; and therefore in logic they are said to be of the first *figure*. Singular propositions are private persons, and therefore placed in the third or last figure, or rank. From those principles all the rules of syllogisms naturally follow.

I. That there are only three terms, neither more nor less; for to a child there can be only one father and one mother.

II. From universal premisses there follows an universal conclusion, as if one should say, that persons of quality always beget persons of quality.

III. From the singular premisses follows only a singular conclusion, that is, if the parents be

be only private people, the iſſue muſt be ſo likewiſe.

IV. From particular propoſitions nothing can be concluded, becauſe the *individua vaga* are (like whoremaſters and common ſtrumpets) barren.

V. There cannot be more in the concluſion than was in the premiſſes, that is, children can only inherit from their parents.

VI. The concluſion follows the weaker part, that is, children inherit the diſeaſes of their parents.

VII. From two negatives nothing can be concluded, for from divorce or ſeparation there can come no iſſue.

VIII. The medium cannot enter the concluſion, that being logical inceſt.

IX. An hypothetical propoſition is only a contract, or a promiſe of marriage; from ſuch therefore there can ſpring no real iſſue.

X. When the premiſſes or parents are neceſſarily joined (or in lawful wedlock) they beget lawful iſſue; but contingently joined, they beget baſtards.

So much for the affirmative propoſitions: The negative muſt be deferred to another occaſion.

Crambe uſed to value himſelf upon this ſyſtem, from whence he ſaid one might ſee the propriety of the expreſſion, *ſuch a one has a barren imagination:* And how common is it for ſuch people to *adopt* concluſions that are not the iſſue of their

premiſſes? Therefore as an abſurdity is a *monſter*, a falſity is a *baſtard*: and a true concluſion that followeth not from the premiſſes, may properly be ſaid to be *adopted*. But then what is an enthymem? (quoth Cornelius). Why, an enthymem, (replied Crambe), is when the major is indeed married to the minor, but the marriage *kept ſecret*.

METAPHYSICS were a large field in which to exerciſe the weapons *logic* had put into their hands. Here Martin and Crambe uſed to engage like any prize-fighters, before their father, and his other learned companions of the ſympoſiacs. And as prize-fighters will agree to lay aſide a buckler, or ſome ſuch offenſive weapon, ſo would Crambe promiſe not to uſe *ſimpliciter et ſecundum quid*, provided Martin would part with *materialiter et formaliter*: But it was found, that without the help of the defenſive armour of thoſe diſtinctions, the arguments cut ſo deep, that they fetched blood at every ſtroke. Their *theſes* were picked out of Suarez, Thomas Aquinas, and other learned writers on thoſe ſubjects. I ſhall give the reader a taſte of ſome of them.

I. If the innate deſire of the knowledge of metaphyſics was the cauſe of the fall of Adam; and the *arbor Porphyriana*, the tree of knowledge of good and evil? *affirmed*.

II. If tranſcendental goodneſs could be truly predicated of the devil? *affirmed*.

III. Whether one, or many be firſt? or if one

one doth not ſuppoſe the notion of many? *Suarez.*

IV. If the deſire of news in mankind be *appetitus innatus*, not *elicitus? affirmed.*

V. Whether there are in human underſtandings potential falſities? *affirmed.*

VI. Whether God loves a *poſſible angel* better than an *actually exiſtent fly? denied.*

VII. If angels paſs from one extreme to another without going through the middle? *Aquinas.*

VIII. If angels know things more clearly in a morning? *Aquinas.*

IX. Whether every angel hears what one angel ſays to another? *denied. Aquinas.*

X. If temptation be *proprium quarto modo* of the devil? *denied. Aquinas.*

XI. Whether one devil can illuminate another? *Aquinas.*

XII. If there would have been any females born in the ſtate of innocence? *Aquinas.*

XIII. If the creation was finiſhed in ſix days, becauſe ſix is the moſt perfect number? or if ſix be the moſt perfect number, becauſe the creation was finiſhed in ſix days? *Aquinas.*

There were ſeveral others, of which, in the courſe of the life of this learned perſon, we may have occaſion to treat; and one particular that remains undecided to this day; it was taken from the learned Suarez.

XIV. *An præter* eſſe reale *actualis eſſentia ſit aliud*

liud eſſe neceſſarium *quo res actualiter exiſtat?* In Engliſh thus: Whether, beſides the real being of actual being, there be any other thing neceſſary to cauſe a thing to be?

This brings into my mind a project to baniſh metaphyſics out of Spain, which it was propoſed might be effectuated by this method: That nobody ſhould uſe any compound or decompound of the ſubſtantial verbs, but as they are read in the common conjugations: For every body will allow, that if you debar a metaphyſician from *ens*, *eſſentia*, *entitas*, *ſubſiſtentia*, &c. there is an end of him.

Crambe regretted extremely, that *ſubſtantial forms*, a race of harmleſs beings which had laſted for many years, and afforded a comfortable ſubſiſtence to many poor philoſophers, ſhould be now hunted down like ſo many wolves, without the poſſibility of a retreat. He conſidered that it had gone much harder with them than with *eſſences*, which had retired from the *ſchools* into the *apothecaries ſhops*, where ſome of them had been advanced into the degree of *quinteſſences*. He thought there ſhould be a retreat for poor *ſubſtantial forms*, amongſt the gentlemen-uſhers at court; and that there were indeed *ſubſtantial forms*, ſuch as *forms of prayer*, and *forms of government*, without which the things themſelves could never long ſubſiſt. He alſo uſed to wonder that there was not a reward for ſuch as could find

find out a *fourth figure* in *logic*, as well as for thoſe who ſhould diſcover the *longitude*.

CHAP. VIII.

ANATOMY.

CORNELIUS, it is certain, had a moſt ſuperſtitious veneration for the ancients; and if they contradicted each other, his reaſon was ſo pliant and ductile, that he was always of the opinion of the laſt he read. But he reckoned it a point of honour never to be vanquiſhed in a diſpute; from which quality he acquired the title of *invincible doctor*. While the profeſſor of anatomy was demonſtrating to his ſon the ſeveral kinds of *inteſtines*, Cornelius affirmed that there were only two, the *colon* and the *aichos*, according to Hippocrates, who it was impoſſible could ever be miſtaken. It was in vain to aſſure him this error proceeded from want of accuracy in dividing the whole canal of the guts: Say what you pleaſe, he replied, this is both mine and Hippocrates's opinion. You may, with equal reaſon (anſwered the profeſſor) affirm, that a man's liver hath five lobes, and deny the circulation of the blood. Ocular demonſtration, ſaid Cornelius, ſeems to be on your ſide, yet I ſhall not give it up: ſhow me any viſcus of a human body, and I will bring you a monſter that differs from the common rule in the ſtructure of

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it. If nature ſhews ſuch variety in the ſame age, why may ſhe not have extended it further in ſeveral ages? Produce me a man now of the age of an antediluvian; of the ſtrength of Samſon, or the ſize of the giants. If in the whole, why not in parts of the body, may it not be poſſible the preſent generation of men may differ from the ancients? The moderns have perhaps lengthened the channel of the guts by gluttony, and diminiſhed the liver by hard drinking. Though it ſhall be demonſtrated that modern blood circulates, yet I will believe with Hippocrates, that the blood of the ancients had a flux and reflux from the heart, like a tide. Conſider how luxury hath introduced new diſeaſes, and with them, not improbably, altered the whole courſe of the fluids. Conſider how the current of mighty rivers, nay, the very channels of the ocean, are changed from what they were in ancient days: and can we be ſo vain to imagine that the microcoſm of the human body alone is exempted from the fate of all things? I queſtion not but plauſible conjectures may be made even as to the time when the blood firſt began to circulate.—Such diſputes as theſe frequently perplexed the profeſſor to that degree, that he would now and then in a paſſion leave him in the middle of a lecture, as he did at this time.

There unfortunately happened ſoon after, an unuſual accident, which retarded the proſecution of the ſtudies of Martin. Having purchaſed the body of a malefactor, he hired a room for

for its diſſection, near the Peſt-fields in St Giles's, at a little diſtance from Tyburn-road. Crambe (to whoſe care this body was committed) carried it thither about twelve a clock at night in a hackney-coach, few houſe-keepers being very willing to let their lodgings to ſuch kind of operators. As he was ſoftly ſtalking up ſtairs in the dark, with the dead man in his arms, his burthen had like to have ſlipped from him, which he (to ſave from falling) graſped ſo hard about the belly, that it forced the wind through the *anus*, with a noiſe exactly like the *crepitus* of a living man. Crambe (who did not comprehend how this part of the animal œconomy could remain in a dead man) was ſo terrified, that he threw down the body, ran up to his maſter, and had ſcarce breath to tell him what had happened. Martin with all his philoſophy could not prevail upon him to return to his poſt.—You may ſay what you pleaſe, quoth Crambe, no man alive ever broke wind more naturally; nay, he ſeemed to be mightily relieved by it.—The rolling of the corpſe down ſtairs made ſuch a noiſe that it awaked the whole houſe. The maid ſhrieked, the landlady cried out, Thieves; but the landlord, in his ſhirt, as he was taking a candle in one hand, and a drawn ſword in the other, ventured out of the room. The maid with only a ſingle petticoat ran up ſtairs, but ſpurning at the dead body, fell upon it in a ſwoon. Now the landlord ſtood ſtill and liſtened, then he looked behind him, and ventured down in this manner

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one ſtair after another, till he came where lay his maid, as dead, upon another corpſe unknown. The wife ran into the ſtreet, and cried out, Murder! the watch ran in, while Martin and Crambe, hearing all this uproar, were coming down ſtairs. The watch imagined they were making their eſcape, ſeized them immediately, and carried them to a neighbouring juſtice; where, upon ſearching them, ſeveral kinds of knives and dreadful weapons were found upon them. The juſtice firſt examined Crambe —What is your name? ſays the juſtice. I have acquired, quoth Crambe, no great name as yet; they call me Crambe or Crambo, no matter which, as to myſelf, though it may be ſome diſpute to poſterity.—What is your's and your maſter's profeſſion? "It is our buſineſs to imbrue our hands "in blood: We cut off the heads, and pull out "the hearts of thoſe that never injured us; we "rip up big-bellied women, and tear children "limb from limb." Martin endeavoured to interrupt him; but the juſtice, being ſtrangely aſtoniſhed with the frankneſs of Crambe's confeſſion, ordered him to proceed; upon which he made the following ſpeech:

"May it pleaſe your Worſhip, as touching the "body of this man, I can anſwer each head that "my accuſers alledge againſt me to a hair. They "have hitherto talked like numſculls without "brains; but if your Worſhip will not only give "ear, but regard me with a favourable eye, I "will not be brow-beaten by the ſupercilious

"looks

" looks of my adverſaries, who now ſtand cheek
" by jowl by your Worſhip. I will prove to their
" faces, that their foul mouths have not opened
" their lips without a falſity; though they have
" ſhowed their teeth as if they would bite off
" my noſe. Now, Sir, that I may fairly ſlip my
" neck out of the collar, I beg this matter may
" not be ſlightly ſkinned over. Though I have
" no man here to back me, I will unboſom my-
" ſelf; ſince truth is on my ſide, and ſhall give
" them their bellies full, though they think they
" have me upon the hip. Whereas they ſay I
" came into their lodgings with arms, and mur-
" dered this man without their privity, I declare
" I had not the leaſt finger in it; and ſince I am
" to ſtand upon my own legs, nothing of this
" matter ſhall be left till I ſet it upon a right
" foot. In the vein I am in, I cannot for my
" heart's blood and guts bear this uſage: I
" ſhall not ſpare my lungs to defend my good
" name: I was ever reckoned a good liver; and
" I think I have the bowels of compaſſion. I aſk
" but juſtice, and from the crown of my head to
" the ſoal of my foot, I ſhall ever acknowledge
" myſelf your Worſhip's humble ſervant."

The juſtice ſtared, the landlord and landladly lifted up their eyes, and Martin fretted, while Crambe talked in this rambling incoherent manner; till at length Martin begged to be heard. It was with great difficulty that the juſtice was convinced, till they ſent for the finiſher of human laws, of whom the corpſe had been purcha-

ſed; who looking near the left ear, knew his own work, and gave oath accordingly.

No ſooner was Martin got home, but he fell into a paſſion at Crambe. "What dæmon, he "cried, hath poſſeſſed thee, that thou wilt ne-"ver forſake that impertinent cuſtom of pun-"ning? Neither my counſel nor my example "have thus miſled thee; thou governeſt thyſelf "by moſt erroneous maxims." Far from it, anſwers Crambe, my life is as orderly as my dictionary, for by my dictionary I order my life. I have made a kalendar of radical words for all the ſeaſons, months, and days of the year: Every day I am under the dominion of a certain word: But this day in particular I cannot be miſled, for I am governed by one that rules all ſexes, ages, conditions, nay all animals, rational and irrational. Who is not governed by the word *led*? Our noblemen and drunkards are pimpled, phyſicians and pulſes fee-led, their patients and oranges pil-led, a new-married man and an aſs are bride-led, and an old married man and a pack-horſe ſad-led, cats and dice are rat-led, ſwine and nobility are ſty-led, a coquette and a tinder-box are ſpark-led, a lover and a blunderer are grove-led. And that I may not be tedious—Which thou art (replied Martin ſtamping with his foot) which thou art, I ſay, beyond all human toleration. Such an unnatural, unaccountable, uncoherent, unintelligible, unprofitable.—There it is now! (interrupted Crambe) this is your day for *uns*. Martin could bear no longer

longer—however, compoſing his countenance, Come hither, he cried, there are five pounds, ſeventeen ſhillings and ninepence: Thou haſt been with me eight months, three weeks, two days, and four hours. Poor Crambe, upon the receipt of his ſalary, fell into tears, flung the money upon the ground, and burſt forth in theſe words.—O Cicero, Cicero! If to pun be a crime, it is a crime I have learned from thee! O Bias, Bias! If to pun be a crime, by thy example was I biaſſed.——Whereupon Martin (conſidering that one of the greateſt of orators, and even a ſage of Greece, had punned) heſitated, relented, and reinſtated Crambe in his ſervice.

CHAP. IX.

How Martinus became a great critic.

IT was a moſt peculiar talent in Martinus to convert every trifle into a ſerious thing, either in the way of life, or in learning. This can no way be better exemplified, than in the effect which the puns of Crambe had on the mind and ſtudies of Martinus. He conceived, that ſomewhat of a like talent to this of Crambe, of *aſſembling parallel ſounds*, either *ſyllables* or *words*, might conduce to the emendation and correction of *ancient authors*, if applied to their works, with the ſame *diligence*, and the ſame *liberty*. He reſolve d to try firſt upon Virgil, Horace, and Terence; con-

cluding, that if the *moſt correct* authors could be ſo ſerved with any reputation to the critic, the amendment and alteration of *all the reſt* would eaſily follow; whereby a new, a vaſt, nay boundleſs field of glory, would be opened to the true and *abſolute critic*.

This ſpecimen on Virgil he has given us, in the addenda to his notes on the Dunciad. His Terence and Horace are in every body's hands, under the names of Richard B—ley and Francis H—re. And we have convincing proofs, that the late edition of Milton, publiſhed in the name of the former of theſe, was in truth the work of no other than our Scriblerus.

CHAP. X.

Of Martinus's uncommon practice of phyſic, and how he applied himſelf to the diſeaſes of the mind.

BUT it is high time to return to the hiſtory of the progreſs of Martinus in the ſtudies of phyſic, and to enumerate ſome at leaſt of the many diſcoveries and experiments he made therein.

One of the firſt was his method of inveſtigating latent diſtempers, by the ſagacious quality of *ſetting-dogs* and *pointers*. The ſucceſs and adventures that befel him, when he walked with theſe animals, to ſmell them out in the parks and public places about London, are what we would willingly

willingly relate; but that his own account, together with a *liſt of thoſe gentlemen and ladies* at whom they made a *full ſet*, will be publiſhed in time convenient. There will alſo be added the repreſentation, which, on occaſion of one diſtemper which was become almoſt epidemical, he thought himſelf obliged to lay before both Houſes of parliament, intituled, *A propoſal for a general flux*, to exterminate at one blow the p—x out of this kingdom.

But being weary of all practice on *fœtid bodies*; from a certain niceneſs of conſtitution (eſpecially when he attended Dr Woodward through a twelvemonths courſe of vomition) he determined to leave it off entirely, and to apply himſelf only to diſeaſes of the *mind*. He attempted to find out ſpecifics for all the *paſſions*; and as other phyſicians throw their patients into ſweats, vomits, purgations, &c. he caſt them into love, hatred, hope, fear, joy, grief, &c. And indeed the great irregularity of the paſſions in the Engliſh nation, was the cheif motive that induced him to apply his whole ſtudies, while he continued among us, to the diſeaſes of the mind.

To this purpoſe he directed, in the firſt place, his late acquired ſkill in *anatomy*. He conſidered *virtues* and *vices* as certain habits which proceed from the natural formation and ſtructure of particular parts of the body. A bird flies becauſe it has wings, a duck ſwims becauſe it is web-footed: and there can be no queſtion but the aduncity of the pounces and beaks of the hawks,

as well as the length of the fangs, the ſharpneſs of the teeth, and the ſtrength of the crural and maſſeter-muſcles * in lions and tygers, are the cauſe of the great and habitual immortality of thoſe animals.

1*ſt*, He obſerved that the ſoul and body mutually operate upon each other; and therefore if you deprive the mind of the outward inſtruments, whereby ſhe uſually expreſſeth that paſſion, you will in time abate the paſſion itſelf, in like manner as caſtration abates luſt.

2*dly*, That the ſoul in mankind expreſſeth every paſſion by the motion of ſome particular *muſcles*.

3*dly*, That all muſcles grow ſtronger and thicker by being *much uſed*; therefore the habitual paſſions may be diſcerned in particular perſons by the *ſtrength* and *bigneſs* of the muſcles uſed in the expreſſion of that paſſion.

4*thly*, That a muſcle may be ſtrengthened or weakened by weakening or ſtrengthening the force of its antagoniſt. Theſe things premiſed, he took notice,

That *complaiſance*, *humility*, *aſſent*, *approbation*, and *civility*, were expreſſed by nodding the head and bowing the body forward: on the contrary, *diſſent*, *diſlike refuſal*, *pride*, and *arrogance*, were marked by toſſing the head, and bending the body backwards: which two paſſions of *aſſent* and *diſſent* the Latins rightly expreſſed by the words *adnuere* and *abnuere*. Now he obſerved, that complaiſant

* Μασσητῆρες μῦες

plaiſant and civil people had the flexors of the head very ſtrong: but in the proud and inſolent there was a great overbalance of ſtrength in the extenſors of the neck and the muſcles of the back, from whence they perform, with great facility, the motion of *toſſing*, but with great difficulty that of *bowing*, and therefore have juſtly acquired the title of *ſtiff-necked:* In order to reduce ſuch perſons to a juſt balance, he judged that the pair of muſcles called *recti interni*, the maſtoidal, with other flexors of the head, neck, and body, muſt be ſtrengthened; their antagoniſts, the *ſplenii complexi*, and the extenſors of the ſpine, weakened; for which purpoſe Nature herſelf ſeems to have directed mankind to correct this muſcular immortality by tying ſuch fellows *neck and heels*.

Contrary to this, is the pernicious cuſtom of mothers, who aboliſh the natural ſignature of modeſty in their daughters, by teaching them *toſſing* and *bridling*, rather than the baſhful poſture of *ſtooping*, and *hanging down the head*. Martinus charged all huſbands to take notice of the *poſture of the head* of ſuch as they courted to matrimony, as that upon which their future happineſs did much depend.

Flatterers, who have the flexor muſcles ſo ſtrong that they are always bowing and cringing, he ſuppoſed might, in ſome meaſure, be corrected by being tied down upon a tree by the back, like the children of the Indians; which doctrine was ſtrongly confirmed by his obſerving the ſtrength of the *levatores ſcapulæ:* This muſcle is called

called the muſcle of *patience*, becauſe in that affection of mind people ſhrug and raiſe up the ſhoulder to the tip of the ear. This muſcle alſo he obſerved to be exceedingly ſtrong and large in *henpecked huſbands*, in *Italians*, and in *Engliſh miniſters*.

In purſuance of his theory, he ſuppoſed the *conſtrictors* of the *eye-lids* muſt be ſtrengthened in the ſupercilious, the *abductors* in drunkards and contemplative men, who have the ſame ſteady and grave motion of the eye. That the *buccinators*, or blowers up of the *cheeks*, and the *dilators* of the *noſe*, were too ſtrong in choleric people; and therefore nature here again directed us to a remedy, which was to correct ſuch extraordinary dilatation by *pulling by the noſe*.

The rolling amorous eye, in the paſſion of love, might be corrected by frequently looking through glaſſes. Impertinent fellows that jump upon tables, and cut capers, might be cured by relaxing medicines applied to the *calves* of their *legs*, which in ſuch people are too ſtrong.

But there were two caſes which he reckoned extremely difficult. Firſt, *Affectation*, in which there were ſo many muſcles of the bum, thighs, belly, neck, back, and the whole body, all in a falſe tone, that it required an impracticable multiplicity of applications.

The ſecond caſe was immoderate *laughter*: When any of the riſible ſpecies were brought to the Doctor, and when he conſidered what an infinity of muſcles theſe laughing raſcals threw into

to a convulſive motion at the ſame time; whether we regard the ſpaſms of the diaphragm and all the muſcles of reſpiration, the horrible *rictus* of the mouth, the diſtortion of the lower jaw, the criſping of the noſe, twinkling of the eyes, or ſpherical convexity of the cheeks, with the tremulous ſucceſſion of the whole human body: When he conſidered, I ſay, all this, he uſed to cry out, *Caſus plane deplorabilis!* and gave ſuch patients over.

CHAP. XI.

The caſe of a young nobleman at court, with the Doctor's preſcription for the ſame.

AN eminent inſtance of Martinus's ſagacity in diſcovering the diſtempers of the mind, appeared in the caſe of a young nobleman at court, who was obſerved to grow extremely affected in his ſpeech, and whimſical in all his behaviour. He began to aſk odd queſtions, talk in verſe to himſelf, ſhut himſelf up from his friends, and be acceſſible to none but flatterers, poets, and pick-pockets; till his relations and old acquaintance judged him to be ſo far gone, as to be a fit patient for the Doctor.

As ſoon as he had heard and examined all the ſymptoms, he pronounced his diſtemper to be *love*.

His friends aſſured him, that they had, with great

great care, obſerved all his motions, and were perfectly ſatisfied there was no woman in the caſe. Scriblerus was as poſitive that he was deſperately in love with ſome perſon or other. "How can that be," (ſaid his aunt, who came to aſk the advice), "when he converſes almoſt "with none but himſelf?" Say you ſo? he replied, why then he is in love with himſelf, one of the moſt common caſes in the world. I am aſtoniſhed, people do not enough attend this diſeaſe, which has the ſame cauſes and ſymptoms, and admits of the ſame cure with the other; eſpecially ſince here the caſe of the patient is the more helpleſs and deplorable of the two, as this unfortunate paſſion is more blind than the other. There are people who diſcover, from their very youth, a moſt amorous inclination to themſelves; which is unhappily nurſed by ſuch mothers, as, with their good-will, would never ſuffer their children to be *croſſed in love*. Eaſe, luxury, and idleneſs, blow up this flame as well as the other; conſtant opportunities of converſation with the perſon beloved (the greateſt of incentives) are here impoſſible to be prevented. Bawds and pimps, in the other love, will be perpetually doing kind offices, ſpeaking a good word for the party, and carry about billet-doux. Therefore, I aſk you, Madam, if this gentleman has not been much frequented by flatterers, and a ſort of people who bring him dedications and verſes? "O Lord! Sir," (quoth the aunt), "the "houſe is haunted with them."——There it is, replied

replied Scriblerus, thoſe are the bawds and pimps that go between a man and himſelf. Are there no civil ladies, that tell him he dreſſes well, has a gentlemanly air, and the like? "Why truly, "Sir, my nephew is not aukward."—Look you, Madam, this is a misfortune to him: In former days theſe ſort of lovers were happy in one reſpect, that they never had any rivals, but of late they have all the ladies ſo—Be pleaſed to anſwer a few queſtions more. Whom does he generally talk of? Himſelf, quoth the aunt.—Whoſe wit and breeding does he moſt commend? His own, quoth the aunt.—Whom does he write letters to? Himſelf.—Whom does he dream of? All the dreams I ever heard were of himſelf.—Whom is he ogling yonder? Himſelf in his looking-glaſs.—Why does he throw back his head in that languiſhing poſture? Only to be bleſſed with a ſmile of himſelf as he paſſes by.—Does he ever ſteal a kiſs from himſelf, by biting his lips? Oh continually, till they are perfect vermillion.—Have you obſerved him to uſe familiarities with any body? "With none but himſelf: He often "embraces himſelf with folded arms, he claſps "his hand often upon his hip, nay, ſometimes "he thruſts it into his breaſt."

Madam, ſaid the Doctor, all theſe are ſtrong ſymptoms; but there remain a few more. Has this amorous gentleman preſented himſelf with any love-toys; ſuch as gold ſnuff-boxes, repeating-watches, or tweezer-caſes? thoſe are things that in time will ſoften the moſt obdurate heart.

"Not

"Not only ſo," (ſaid the aunt), "but he bought "the other day a very fine brilliant diamond-ring "for his own wearing."—Nay, if he has accepted of this ring, the intrigue is very forward indeed, and it is high time for friends to interpoſe —Pray, Madam, a word or two more: Is he jealous that his acquaintance do not behave themſelves with reſpect enough? will he bear jokes and innocent freedoms? "By no means; a fa-"miliar appellation makes him angry; if you "ſhake him a little roughly by the hand, he is in "a rage; but if you chuck him under the chin, "he will return you a box on the ear."—Then the caſe is plain; he has the true pathognomic ſign of love, *jealouſy*; for nobody will ſuffer his miſtreſs to be treated at that rate. Madam, upon the whole, this caſe is extremely dangerous. There are ſome people who are far gone in this paſſion of ſelf-love; but then they keep a *very ſecret intrigue* with themſelves, and hide it from all the world beſides. But this patient has not the leaſt care of the reputation of his beloved; he is downright ſcandalous in his behaviour with himſelf; he is enchanted, bewitched, and almoſt paſt cure. However, let the following methods be tried upon him.

Firſt, let him *** *Hiatus*. *** Secondly, Let him wear a bob-wig. Thirdly, Shun the company of flatterers, nay, of ceremonious people, and of all Frenchmen in general. It would not be amiſs if he travelled over England in a ſtage-coach, and made the tour of Holland in a track-

ſcoute.

ſcoute. Let him return the ſnuff-boxes, tweezer-caſes (and particularly the diamond-ring) which he has received from himſelf. Let ſome knowing friend repreſent to him the many vile qualities of this miſtreſs of his: Let him be ſhewn that her extravagance, pride, and prodigality, will infallibly bring him to a morſel of bread: Let it be proved, that he has been falſe to himſelf, and if treachery is not a ſufficient cauſe to diſcard a miſtreſs, what is? In ſhort, let him be made to ſee, that no mortal, beſides himſelf, either loves or can ſuffer this creature. Let all looking-glaſſes, poliſhed toys, and even clean plates, be removed from him, for fear of bringing back the admired object. Let him be taught to put off all thoſe tender airs, affected ſmiles, languiſhing looks, wanton toſſes of the head, coy motions of the body, that mincing gait, ſoft tone of voice, and all that enchanting woman-like behaviour, that has made him the charm of his own eyes, and the object of his own adoration. Let him ſurpriſe the beauty he adores at a diſadvantage, ſurvey himſelf naked, diveſted of artificial charms, and he will find himſelf a forked ſtradling animal, with bandy legs, a ſhort neck, a dun hide, and a pot belly. It would be yet better, if he took a ſtrong purge once a-week, in order to contemplate himſelf in that condition: At which time it will be convenient to make uſe of the letters, dedications, *&c.* above ſaid. Something like this has been obſerved by Lucretius, and others, to be a power-

ful remedy in the caſe of women. If all this will not do, I muſt even leave the poor man to his deſtiny. Let him *marry himſelf*, and when he is condemned eternally to himſelf, perhaps he may run to the next pond to get rid of himſelf, the fate of moſt violent ſelf-lovers.

CHAP. XII.

How Martinus endeavoured to find out the ſeat of the ſoul, and of his correſpondence with the Free-thinkers.

IN this deſign of Martin, to inveſtigate the diſeaſes of the mind, he thought nothing ſo neceſſary as an inquiry after the *ſeat* of the *ſoul*; in which, at firſt, he laboured under great uncertainties. Sometimes he was of opinion, that it lodged in the brain, ſometimes in the ſtomach, and ſometimes in the heart. Afterwards he thought it abſurd to confine that ſovereign lady to one apartment, which made him infer, that ſhe ſhifted it according to the ſeveral functions of life: The brain was her ſtudy, the heart her ſtate-room, and the ſtomach her kitchen. But as he ſaw ſeveral offices of life went on at the ſame time, he was forced to give up this hypotheſis alſo. He now conjectured it was more for the dignity of the ſoul to perform ſeveral operations by her little miniſters, the *animal ſpirits*, from whence it was natural to conclude, that ſhe reſides in different parts according to different inclinations,

inclinations, ſexes, ages, and profeſſions. Thus in epicures he ſeated her in the mouth of the ſtomach, philoſophers have her in the brain, ſoldiers in their heart, women in their tongues, fidlers in their fingers, and rope-dancers in their toes. At length he grew fond of the *glandula pinealis*, diſſecting many ſubjects to find out the different figure of this gland, from whence he might diſcover the cauſe of the different tempers in mankind. He ſuppoſed, that in factious and reſtleſs-ſpirited people he ſhould find it ſharp and pointed, allowing no room for the ſoul to repoſe herſelf; that in quiet tempers it was flat, ſmooth, and ſoft, affording to the ſoul, as it were, an eaſy cuſhion. He was confirmed in this by obſerving, that calves and philoſophers, tygers and ſtateſmen, foxes and ſharpers, peacocks and fops, cock-ſparrows and coquettes, monkeys and players, courtiers and ſpaniels, moles and miſers, exactly reſemble one another in the conformation of the *pineal gland*. He did not doubt likewiſe to find the ſame reſemblance in highwaymen and conquerors: In order to ſatisfy himſelf, in which it was, that he purchaſed the body of one of the firſt ſpecies (as hath been before related) at Tyburn, hoping in time to have the happineſs of one of the latter too, under his anatomical knife.

We muſt not omit taking notice here, that theſe inquiries into the *ſeat* of the *ſoul* gave occaſion to his firſt correſpondence with the ſociety of *Free-thinkers*, who were then in their in-

fancy in England, and ſo much taken with the promiſing endowments of Martin, that they ordered their ſecretary to write him the following letter.

To the learned inquiſitor into nature, MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS: *the Society of Free-thinkers, greeting.*

Grecian Coffee-houſe, May 7.

IT is with unſpeakable joy we have heard of your inquiſitive genius; and we think it great pity that it ſhould not be better employed, than in looking after that theological non-entity commonly called the *ſoul;* ſince, after all your inquiries, it will appear you have loſt your labour in ſeeking the reſidence of ſuch a chimæra, that never had being but in the brains of ſome dreaming phloſophers. Is it not *demonſtration* to a perſon of your ſenſe, that, ſince *you cannot find it,* there is *no ſuch thing?* In order to ſet ſo hopeful a genius right in this matter, we have ſent you an anſwer to the ill-grounded ſophiſms of thoſe crack-brained fellows, and likewiſe an eaſy *mechanical explication* of *perception* or *thinking.*

One of their chief arguments is *, that *ſelf-conſciouſneſs* cannot inhere in any ſyſtem of matter, becauſe all matter is made up of ſeveral diſtinct beings,

* This whole chapter is an inimitable ridicule on Collins's arguments againſt Clarke, to prove the ſoul only a quality. *W.*

beings, which never can make up one individual thinking being.

This is eaſily anſwered by a familiar inſtance. In every *jack* there is a *meat-roaſting* quality, which neither reſides in the fly, nor in the weight, nor in any particular wheel of the jack, but is the reſult of the whole compoſition; ſo in an animal, the ſelf-conſciouſneſs is not a real quality inherent in one being (any more than meat-roaſting in a jack) but the reſult of ſeveral modes or qualities in the ſame ſubject. As the fly, the wheels, the chain, the weight, the cords, *&c.* make one jack, ſo the ſeveral parts of the body make one animal. As perception or conſciouſneſs is ſaid to be inherent in this animal, ſo is meat-roaſting ſaid to be inherent in the jack. As ſenſation, reaſoning, volition, memory, *&c.* are the ſeveral modes of thinking; ſo roaſting of beef, roaſting of mutton, roaſting of pullets, geeſe, turkeys, *&c.* are the ſeveral modes of meat-roaſting. And as the general quality of meat-roaſting, with its ſeveral modifications as to beef, mutton, pullets, *&c.* does not inhere in any one part of the jack; ſo neither does conſciouſneſs, with its ſeveral modes of ſenſation, intellection, volition, *&c.* inhere in any one, but is the reſult from the mechanical compoſition of the whole animal.

Juſt ſo, the quality or diſpoſition in a fiddle to play tunes, with the ſeveral modifications of this *tune-playing* quality in playing of preludes, ſarabands, jigs, and gavots, are as much real qua-

lities in the inſtrument, as the thought or the imagination is in the mind of the perſon that compoſes them.

The parts, ſay they, of an animal body are perpetually changed, and the fluids, which ſeem to be the ſubject of conſciouſneſs, are in a perpetual circulation; ſo that the ſame individual particles do not remain in the brain; from whence it will follow, that the idea of individual conſciouſneſs muſt be conſtantly tranſlated from one particle of matter to another, whereby the particle A, for example, muſt not only be conſcious, but conſcious that it is the ſame being with the particle B that went before.

We anſwer; this is only a fallacy of the imagination, and is to be underſtood in no other ſenſe than that maxim of the Engliſh law, that the *King never dies*. This power of thinking, ſelf-moving, and governing the whole machine, is communicated from every particle to its immediate ſucceſſor; who, as ſoon as he is gone, immediately takes upon him the government, which ſtill preſerves the unity of the whole ſyſtem.

They make a great noiſe about this individuality: how a man is conſcious to himſelf that he is the ſame individual he was twenty years ago; notwithſtanding the flux ſtate of the particles of matter that compoſe his body. We think this is capable of a very plain anſwer, and may be eaſily illuſtrated by a familiar example.

Sir John Cutler had a pair of black worſted ſtockings

ſtockings, which his maid darned ſo often with ſilk, that they became at laſt a pair of ſilk ſtockings. Now, ſuppoſing thoſe ſtockings of Sir John's endued with ſome degree of conſciouſneſs at every particular darning, they would have been ſenſible, that they were the ſame individual pair of ſtockings both before and after the darning: and this ſenſation would have continued in them through all the ſucceſſion of darnings: and yet after the laſt of all, there was not perhaps one thread left of the firſt pair of ſtockings, but they were grown to be ſilk ſtockings, as was ſaid before.

And whereas it is affirmed, that every animal is conſcious of ſome individual ſelf-moving, ſelf-determining principle; it is anſwered, that, as in the Houſe of Commons all things are determined by a *majority*, ſo it is in every animal ſyſtem. As that which determines the Houſe is ſaid to be the reaſon of the whole aſſembly; it is no otherwiſe with thinking beings, who are determined by the greater force of ſeveral particles; which, like ſo many unthinking members, compoſe one thinking ſyſtem.

And whereas it is likewiſe objected, that puniſhments cannot be juſt that are not inflicted upon the ſame individual, which cannot ſubſiſt without the notion of a ſpiritual ſubſtance; we reply, that this is no greater difficulty to conceive, than that a corporation, which is likewiſe a flux body, may be puniſhed for the faults, and liable to the debts of their predeceſſors.

We

We proceed now to explain, by the ſtructure of the brain, the ſeveral modes of thinking. It is well known to anatomiſts, that the brain is a congeries of glands, that ſeparate the finer parts of the blood, called animal ſpirits; that a gland is nothing but a canal of a great length, variouſly intorted and wound up together. From the arietation and motion of the ſpirits in thoſe canals, proceed all the different ſorts of thoughts. Simple ideas are produced by the motion of the ſpirits in one ſimple canal; when two of theſe canals diſembogue themſelves into one, they make what we call a propoſition; and when two of theſe propoſitional channels empty themſelves into a third, they form a ſyllogiſm, or a ratiocination. Memory is performed in a diſtinct apartment of the brain, made up of veſſels, ſimilar, and like ſituated to the ideal, propoſitional, and ſyllogiſtical veſſels, in the primary parts of the brain. After the ſame manner it is eaſy to explain the other modes of thinking; as alſo why ſome people think ſo wrong and perverſely, which proceeds from the bad configuration of thoſe glands. Some, for example, are born without the propoſitional or ſyllogiſtical canals; in others, that reaſon ill, they are of unequal capacities; in dull fellows, of too great a length, whereby the motion of the ſpirits is retarded; in trifling geniuſes, weak and ſmall; in the over-refining ſpirits, too much intorted and winding; and ſo of the reſt.

We are ſo much perſuaded of the truth of this our

our hypotheſis, that we have employed one of our members, a great virtuoſo at Nuremberg, to make a ſort of an hydraulic engine, in which a chemical liquor, reſembling blood, is driven thro' elaſtic channels reſembling arteries and veins, by the force of an embolus like the heart, and wrought by a pneumatic machine of the nature of the lungs, with ropes and pullies, like the nerves, tendons, and muſcles: and we are perſuaded, that this our artificial man will not only walk, and ſpeak, and perform moſt of the outward actions of the animal life, but (being wound up once a-week) will perhaps reaſon as well as moſt of your-country-parſons.

We wait with the utmoſt impatience for the honour of having you a member of our ſociety, and beg leave to aſſure you that we are, *&c.*

What return Martin made to this obliging letter we muſt defer to another occaſion: Let it ſuffice at preſent to tell, that Crambe was in a great rage at them, for ſtealing, as he thought, a hint from his *Theory of Syllogiſms*, without doing him the honour ſo much as to mention him. He adviſed his maſter by no means to enter into their ſociety, unleſs they would give him ſufficient ſecurity to bear him harmleſs from any thing that might happen after this preſent life.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

Of the ſeceſſion of Martinus, and ſome hint of his travels.

IT was in the year 1699 that Martin ſet out on his *travels*. Thou wilt certainly be very curious to know what they were. It is not yet time to inform thee. But what hints I am at liberty to give, I will.

Thou ſhalt know then, that in his firſt voyage he was carried by a proſperous ſtorm to a diſcovery of the remains of the ancient Pygmæan empire.

That in his ſecond he was as happily ſhipwrecked on the land of the *giants*, now the moſt humane people in the world.

That in his third voyage he diſcovered a whole kingdom of *philoſophers*, who govern by the *mathematics:* With whoſe admirable ſchemes and projects he returned to benefit his own dear country; but had the misfortune to find them rejected by the envious miniſters of Queen Anne, and himſelf ſent treacherouſly away.

And hence it is, that in his fourth voyage he diſcovers a vein of melancholy, proceeding almoſt to a diſguſt of his ſpecies; but above all, a mortal deteſtation of the whole flagitious race of *miniſters*, and a final reſolution not to give in any *memorial* to the *Secretary of State*, in order to ſubject the lands he diſcovered to the crown of Great-Britain.

Now

Now if, by theſe hints, the reader can help himſelf to a farther diſcovery of the nature and contents of theſe travels, he is welcome to as much light as they afford him; I am obliged, by all the ties of honour, not to ſpeak more openly.

But if any man ſhall ever ſee ſuch very extraordinary voyages into ſuch very extraordinary nations, which manifeſt the moſt diſtinguiſhing marks of a philoſopher, a politician, and a legiſlator; and can imagine them to belong to a *ſurgeon of a ſhip*, or a *captain of a merchantman*, let him remain in his ignorance.

And whoever he be that ſhall farther obſerve, in every page of ſuch a book, that cordial *love* of *mankind*, that inviolable *regard* to *truth*, that *paſſion* for his *dear country*, and that particular attachment to the excellent princeſs Queen Anne; ſurely that man deſerves to be pitied, if, by all thoſe viſible ſigns and characters, he cannot diſtinguiſh and acknowledge the great Scriblerus *.

CHAP. XIV.

Of the diſcoveries and works of the great Scriblerus, made and to be made, written and to be written, known and unknown.

HERE therefore, at this great period, we end our firſt book. And here, O reader! we entreat thee utterly to forget all thou haſt hither-

to

* *Gulliver's Travels* were firſt intended as a part of Scriblerus's Memoirs. *Warburton.*

to read, and to caſt thy eyes only forward, to that boundleſs field the next ſhall open unto thee; the fruits of which (if thine, or our ſins do not prevent) are to ſpread and multiply over this our work, and over all the face of the earth.

In the mean time, know what thou oweſt, and what thou yet mayeſt owe, to this excellent perſon, this prodigy of our age; who may well be called, *The philoſopher of ultimate cauſes*, ſince, by a ſagacity peculiar to himſelf, he hath diſcovered effects in their very cauſes; and without the trivial helps of experiments or obſervations, hath been the inventor of moſt of the modern ſyſtems and hypotheſes.

He hath enriched mathematics with many preciſe and geometrical *quadratures* of the *circle*. He firſt diſcovered the *cauſe* of *gravity*, and the inteſtine *motion* of *fluids*.

To him we owe all the obſervations on the *parallax* of the *pole-ſtar*, and all the new *theories* of the *deluge*.

He it was that firſt taught the right uſe ſometimes of the *fuga vacui*, and ſometimes of the *materia ſubtilis*, in reſolving the grand phænomena of nature.

He it was that firſt found out the *palpability* of *colours*; and, by the delicacy of his touch, could diſtinguiſh the different vibrations of the heterogeneous rays of light.

His were the projects of *perpetuum mobiles*, *flying engines*, and *pacing-ſaddles*; the method of diſcovering the *longitude* by *bomb-veſſels*, and of increaſing

increaſing the *trade-wind* by vaſt plantations of *reeds* and *ſedges*.

I ſhall mention only a few of his philoſophical and mathematical works.

1. A complete digeſt of the laws of nature, with a review of thoſe that are obſolete or repealed, and of thoſe that are ready to be renewed and put in force.

2. A mechanical explication of the formation of the univerſe, according to the Epicurean hypotheſis.

3. An inveſtigation of the quantity of real matter in the univerſe, with the proportion of the ſpecific gravity of ſolid matter to that of fluid.

4. Microſcopical obſervations of the figure and bulk of the conſtituent parts of all fluids. A calculation of the proportion in which the fluids of the earth decreaſe, and of the period in which they will be totally exhauſted.

5. A computation of the duration of the ſun, and how long it will laſt before it be burned out.

6. A method to apply the force ariſing from the immenſe velocity of *light* to mechanical purpoſes.

7. An anſwer to the queſtion of a curious gentleman, how long a *new ſtar* was lighted up before its appearance to the inhabitants of our earth? To which is ſubjoined, a calculation, how much the inhabitants of the *moon* eat for

ſupper, conſidering that they paſs a night equal to fifteen of our natural days.

8. A demonſtration of the natural dominion of the inhabitants of the earth over thoſe of the moon, if ever an intercourſe ſhould be opened between them. With a propoſal of a *partition-treaty* among the earthly potentates, in caſe of ſuch diſcovery.

9. Tide-tables for a comet, that is to approximate towards the earth.

10. The number of the inhabitants of London determined by the reports of the gold-finders, and the tonnage of their carriages; with allowance for the extraordinary quantity of the *ingeſta* and *egeſta* of the people of England, and a deduction of what is left under dead walls, and dry ditches.

It will from hence be evident, how much all his ſtudies were directed to the univerſal benefit of mankind. Numerous have been his projects to this end, of which *two* alone will be ſufficient to ſhew the amazing grandeur of his genius. The firſt was a propoſal, by a general contribution of all princes, to pierce the firſt *cruſt* or *nucleus* of this our *earth*, quite through, to the next concentrical ſphere. The advantage he propoſed from it was, to find the *parallax* of the *fixed ſtars*; but chiefly to refute Sir Iſaac Newton's Theory of *Gravity*, and Mr Halley's of the *Variations*. The ſecond was, to build *two poles* to the *meridian*, with immenſe light-houſes on the top

top of them; to ſupply the defect of nature, and to make the longitude as eaſy to be calculated as the latitude. Both theſe he could not but think very practicable, by the power of all the potentates of the world.

May we preſume after theſe to mention, how he deſcended from the ſublime to the beneficial parts of knowledge, and particularly his extraordinary practice of *phyſic*. From the age, complection, or weight of the perſon given, he contrived to preſcribe at a diſtance, as well as at a patient's bed-ſide. He taught the way to many modern phyſicians, to cure their patients by *intuition*, and to others to cure *without looking on them at all*. He projected a menſtruum to diſſolve the ſtone, made of Dr Woodward's *univerſal deluge-water*. His alſo was the device to relieve conſumptive or aſthmatic perſons, by bringing freſh air out of the country to town, by pipes of the nature of the recipients of air-pumps; and to introduce the native air of a man's country into any other in which he ſhould travel, with a ſeaſonable intromiſſion of ſuch ſteams as were moſt familiar to him; to the inexpreſſible comfort of many Scotſmen, Laplanders, and white bears.

In *phyſiognomy*, his penetration is ſuch, that, from the *picture* only of any perſon, he can write his *life*; and, from the features of the parents, draw the portrait of any child that is to be born.

Nor hath he been ſo enwrapt in theſe ſtudies, as to neglect the polite arts of painting, architecture,

muſic, poetry, &c. It was he that gave the firſt hint to our modern *painters* to improve the *likeneſs* of their portraits, by the uſe of ſuch *colours* as would faithfully and conſtantly accompany the *life*, not only in its preſent ſtate, but in all its alterations, decays, age, and death itſelf.

In *architecture* he builds not with ſo much regard to preſent ſymmetry or conveniency, as with a thought well worthy a true lover of antiquity, to wit, the noble effect the building will have to poſterity, when it ſhall fall and become a ruin.

As to *muſic*, I think Heidegger has not the face to deny that he has been much beholden to his ſcores.

In *poetry*, he hath appeared under a hundred different names, of which we may one day give a catalogue.

In *politics*, his writings are of a peculiar caſt, for the moſt part ironical, and the drift of them often ſo delicate and refined, as to be miſtaken by the vulgar. He once went ſo far as to write a perſuaſive to people to eat their own children, which was ſo little underſtood as to be taken in ill part *. He has often written againſt *liberty*, in the name of *Freeman* and *Algernon Sydney*, in vindication of the meaſures of Spain under that of Raleigh, and in praiſe of *corruption* under thoſe of Cato and Publicola.

It

* Swift's ironical tract on that ſubject, intituled, *A modeſt propoſal for preventing the children of poor people in Ireland from being a burden to their parents*, &c. Vol. IV.

It is true, that at his laſt departure from England, in the reign of Q. Anne, apprehending leſt any of theſe might be perverted to the ſcandal of the weak, or encouragement of the flagitious, he caſt them all, without mercy, into a bog-houſe near St James's. Some, however, have been with great diligence recovered, and fiſhed up with a hook and line, by the miniſterial writers, which make at preſent the great ornaments of their works.

Whatever he judged beneficial to mankind, he conſtantly communicated (not only during his ſtay among us, but ever ſince his abſence) by ſome method or other, in which oſtentation had no part. With what incredible modeſty he concealed himſelf, is known to numbers of thoſe to whom he addreſſed, ſometimes Epiſtles, ſometimes Hints, ſometimes whole Treatiſes, Advices to friends, Projects of firſt miniſters, Letters to members of parliament, Accounts to the Royal Society, and innumerable others.

All theſe will be vindicated to the true author, in the courſe of theſe memoirs. I may venture to ſay they cannot be unacceptable to any, but to thoſe who will appear too much concerned as *plagiaries*, to be admitted as *judges*. Wherefore we warn the public to take particular notice of all ſuch as manifeſt any indecent paſſion at the appearance of this work, as perſons moſt certainly involved in the guilt.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS.

ΠΕΡΙ ΒΑΘΟΥΣ:

OR,

Of the ART of SINKING in POETRY.

Written in the year 1727.

BOOK II.

CHAP. I.

IT hath been long, my dear countrymen, the ſubject of my concern and ſurpriſe, that whereas numberleſs poets, critics, and orators, have compiled and digeſted the art of ancient poeſy, there hath not ariſen among us one perſon ſo public-ſpirited, as to perform the like for the modern. Although it is univerſally known, that our every-way induſtrious moderns, both in the weight of their writings, and in the velocity of their judgments, do ſo infinitely excel the ſaid ancients.

Nevertheleſs, too true it is, that while a plain and direct road is paved to their ὕψος, or ſublime; no track has been yet chalked out to arrive at our βάθος, or profound. The Latins, as they came between the Greeks and us, made uſe of the word *altitudo*,

altitudo, which implies equally heighth and depth. Wherefore conſidering, with no ſmall grief, how many promiſing geniuſes of this age are wandering, as I may ſay, in the dark without a guide, I have undertaken this arduous, but neceſſary taſk, to lead them, as it were by the hand, and ſtep by ſtep, the gentle downhill way to the *bathos*: the bottom, the end, the central point, the *non plus ultra* of true modern poeſy!

When I conſider, my dear countrymen, the extent, fertility, and populouſneſs of our lowlands of Parnaſſus, the flouriſhing ſtate of our trade, and the plenty of our manufacture; there are two reflections, which adminiſter great occaſion of ſurpriſe; the one, that all dignities and honours ſhould be beſtowed upon the exceeding few meagre inhabitants of the top of the mountain; the other, that our own nation ſhould have arrived to that pitch of greatneſs it now poſſeſſes, without any regular ſyſtem of laws. As to the firſt, it is with great pleaſure I have obſerved of late the gradual decay of delicacy and refinement among mankind, who are become too reaſonable to require, that we ſhould labour with infinite pains to come up to the taſte of theſe mountaineers, when they without any may condeſcend to ours. But as we have now an unqueſtionable majority on our ſide, I doubt not but we ſhall ſhortly be able to level the highlanders, and procure a farther vent for our own product, which is already ſo much reliſhed, encouraged,

and

and rewarded by the nobility and gentry of Great-Britain.

Therefore, to ſupply our former defect, I purpoſe to collect the ſcattered rules of our art into regular inſtitutes, from the example and practice of the deep geniuſes of our nation; imitating herein my predeceſſors, the maſter of Alexander, and the ſecretary of the renowned Zenobia: and in this my undertaking, I am the more animated, as I expect more ſucceſs than has attended even thoſe great critics; ſince their laws, though they might be good, have ever been ſlackly executed, and their precepts, however ſtrict, obeyed only by fits, and by a very ſmall number.

At the ſame time I intend to do juſtice upon our neighbours, inhabitants of the upper Parnaſſus; who, taking advantage of the riſing ground, are perpetually throwing down rubbiſh, dirt, and ſtones upon us, never ſuffering us to live in peace. Theſe men, while they enjoy the cryſtal ſtream of Helicon, envy us our common water, which (thank our ſtars) though it is ſomewhat muddy, flows in much greater abundance. Nor is this the greateſt injuſtice that we have to complain of: For though it is evident, that we never made the leaſt attempt or inroad into their territories, but lived contented in our native fens; they have often not only committed petty larcenies upon our borders, but driven the country, and carried off at once whole cart-loads of our manufacture; to reclaim ſome of which ſtolen goods, is part of the deſign of this treatiſe.

For

For we ſhall ſee, in the courſe of this work, that our greateſt adverſaries have ſometimes deſcended towards us, and doubtleſs might now and then have arrived at the *bathos* itſelf, had it not been for that miſtaken opinion they all entertained, that the rules of the ancients were equally neceſſary to the moderns; than which there cannot be a more grievous error, as will be amply proved in the following diſcourſe.

And indeed when any of theſe have gone ſo far, as by the light of their own genius to attempt *new* models, it is wonderful to obſerve, how nearly they have approached us, in thoſe particular pieces; though in their others they differ *toto cælo* from us.

CHAP. II.

That the bathos, or profound, is the natural taſte of man, and in particular of the preſent age.

THE taſte of the *bathos* is implanted by nature itſelf in the ſoul of man; till, perverted by cuſtom or example, he is taught, or rather compelled, to reliſh the *ſublime*. Accordingly, we ſee the unprejudiced minds of children delight only in ſuch productions, and in ſuch images, as our true modern writers ſet before them. I have obſerved, how faſt the general taſte is returning to this firſt ſimplicity and innocence: And if the intent of all poetry be to divert and inſtruct,

inſtruct, certainly that kind which diverts and inſtructs the *greateſt number*, is to be preferred. Let us look round among the admirers of poetry; we ſhall find thoſe, who have a taſte of the *ſublime*, to be very few; but the *profound* ſtrikes univerſally, and is adapted to every capacity. It is a fruitleſs undertaking to write for men of a nice and foppiſh guſto, whom, after all, it is almoſt impoſſible to pleaſe; and it is ſtill more chimerical to write for poſterity, of whoſe taſte we cannot make any judgment, and whoſe applauſe we can never enjoy. It muſt be confeſſed, our wiſer authors have a preſent end:

Et prodeſſe volunt, et delectare poetæ.

Their true deſign is profit or gain; in order to acquire which, it is neceſſary to procure applauſe, by adminiſtering pleaſure to the reader: from whence it follows demonſtrably, that their productions muſt be ſuited to the *preſent* taſte. And I cannot but congratulate our age on this peculiar felicity, that though we have made indeed great progreſs in all other branches of luxury, we are not yet debauched with any high reliſh in poetry, but are in this one taſte leſs nice than our anceſtors. If an art is to be eſtimated by its ſucceſs, I appeal to experience, whether there have not been, in proportion to their number, as many ſtarving good poets as bad ones?

Nevertheleſs, in making gain the principal end of our art, far be it from me to exclude any great genius of *rank* or *fortune* from diverting themſelves

ſelves this way. They ought to be praiſed no leſs than thoſe princes, who paſs their vacant hours in ſome ingenious mechanical or manual art. And to ſuch as theſe it would be ingratitude not to own, that our art has been often infinitely indebted.

CHAP. III.

The neceſſity of the bathos phyſically conſidered.

FARTHERMORE, it were great cruelty and injuſtice, if all ſuch authors, as cannot write in the other way, were prohibited from writing at all. Againſt this I draw an argument from what ſeems to me an undoubted phyſical maxim; that *poetry is a natural morbid ſecretion from the brain.* As I would not ſuddenly ſtop a cold in the head, or dry up my neighbour's iſſue, I would as little hinder him from neceſſary writing. It may be affirmed with great truth, that there is hardly any human creature paſt childhood, but, at one time or other, has had ſome poetical evacuation, and no queſtion was much the better for it in his health; ſo true is the ſaying, *Naſcimur poetæ.* Therefore is the deſire of writing properly termed *pruritus*, the "titillation of the genera-"tive faculty of the brain," and the perſon is ſaid to *conceive*; now ſuch as conceive muſt bring forth. I have known a man thoughtful, melancholy, and raving for divers days, who forthwith

grew

grew wonderfully eaſy, lightſome, and cheerful, upon a diſcharge of the peccant humour in exceeding purulent metre. Nor can I queſtion, but abundance of untimely deaths are occaſioned for want of this laudable vent of unruly paſſions; yea, perhaps in poor wretches (which is very lamentable) for mere want of pen, ink, and paper! From hence it follows, that a ſuppreſſion of the very worſt poetry is of dangerous conſequence to the ſtate. We find by experience, that the ſame humours which vent themſelves in ſummer in ballads and ſonnets, are condenſed by the winter's cold, into pamphlets and ſpeeches for and againſt the miniſtry; nay, I know not, but many times a piece of poetry may be the moſt innocent compoſition of a miniſter himſelf.

It is therefore manifeſt, that *mediocrity* ought to be allowed, yea indulged, to the good ſubjects of England. Nor can I conceive how the world has ſwallowed the contrary maxim upon the ſingle authority of Horace *. Why ſhould the golden mean, and quinteſſence of all virtues, be deemed ſo offenſive in this art? or coolneſs or mediocrity be ſo amiable a quality in a man, and ſo deteſtable in a poet?

However, far be it from me to compare theſe writers with thoſe great ſpirits, who are born with a *vivacite de peſanteur*, or (as an Engliſh author calls it) an "alacrity of ſinking†;" and who

* ——*Mediocribus eſſe poetis.*
Non dii, non homines, &c.——HOR. *Pope.*

† Spoken by Falſtaff of himſelf in Shakeſpeare's Merry Wives of Windſor. *Hawkeſ.*

who by ſtrength of nature alone can excel. All I mean, is to evince the neceſſity of rules to theſe of leſſer geniuſes, as well as the uſefulneſs of them to the greater.

CHAP. IV.

That there is an art of the bathos, or profound.

WE come now to prove, that there is an *art of ſinking in poetry*. Is there not an architecture of vaults and cellars, as well as of lofty domes and pyramids? Is there not as much ſkill and labour in making ditches, as in raiſing mounts? Is there not an art of diving as well as of flying? and will any ſober practitioner affirm, that a diving engine is not of ſingular uſe in making him long-winded, aſſiſting his deſcent, and furniſhing him with more ingenious means of keeping under water.

If we ſearch the authors of antiquity, we ſhall find as few to have been diſtinguiſhed in the true *profound*, as in the true *ſublime*. And the very ſame thing (as it appears from Longinus) had been imagined of that, as now of this; namely, that it was entirely the gift of nature. I grant, that to excel in the *bathos* a genius is requiſite; yet the rules of art muſt be allowed ſo far uſeful, as to add weight, or, as I may ſay, hang on lead to facilitate and enforce our deſcent, to guide us to the moſt advantageous declivities, and habituate our

imagination to a depth of thinking. Many there are that can fall, but few can arrive at the felicity of falling gracefully; much more for a man, who is amongſt the loweſt of the creation, at the very bottom of the atmoſphere; to deſcend beneath himſelf, is not ſo eaſy a taſk, unleſs he calls in art to his aſſiſtance. It is with the *bathos* as with ſmall beer, which is indeed vapid and inſipid, if left at large and let abroad; but being, by our rules, confined and well ſtopt, nothing grows ſo frothy, pert, and bouncing.

The *ſublime* of nature is the ſky, the ſun, moon, ſtars, *&c.* The *profound* of nature is gold, pearls, precious ſtones, and the treaſures of the deep, which are ineſtimable as unknown. But all that lies between theſe, as corn, flour, fruits, animals, and things for the mere uſe of man, are of mean price, and ſo common as not to be greatly eſteemed by the curious. It being certain that any thing, of which we know the true uſe, cannot be invaluable; which affords a ſolution, why common ſenſe hath either been totally deſpiſed, or held in ſmall repute, by the greateſt modern critics and authors.

CHAP. V.

Of the true genius for the profound, and by what it is conſtituted.

AND I will venture to lay it down, as the firſt maxim and corner-ſtone of this our art, that whoever would excel therein, muſt ſtudiouſly

ly avoid, deteſt, and turn his head from all the ideas, ways, and workings of that peſtilent foe to wit, and deſtroyer of fine figures, which is known by the name of *common ſenſe*. His buſineſs muſt be to contract the true *gout de travers*; and to acquire a moſt happy, uncommon, unaccountable way of thinking.

He is to conſider himſelf as a groteſque painter, whoſe works would be ſpoiled by an imitation of nature, or uniformity of deſign. He is to mingle bits of the moſt various, or diſcordant kinds, landſcape, hiſtory, portraits, animals, and connect them with a great deal of flouriſhing, by head or tail, as it ſhall pleaſe his imagination, and contribute to his principal end, which is to glare by ſtrong oppoſitions of colours, and ſurpriſe by contrariety of images.

Serpentes avibus geminentur, tigribus agni. Hor.

His deſign ought to be like a labyrinth, out of which no-body can get clear but himſelf. And ſince the great art of all poetry is to mix truth with fiction, in order to join the *credible* with the *ſurpriſing*; our author ſhall produce the credible, by painting nature in her loweſt ſimplicity, and the ſurpriſing, by contradicting common opinion. In the very manners he will affect the *marvellous*; he will draw Achilles with the patience of Job; a prince talking like a jack-pudding; a maid of honour ſelling bargains; a footman ſpeaking like a philoſopher; and a fine gentleman like a ſcholar. Whoever is converſant in modern plays,

may make a moſt noble collection of this kind; and at the ſame time form a complete body of *modern ethics and morality*.

Nothing ſeemed more plain to our great authors, than that the world hath long been weary of *natural things*. How much the contrary are formed to pleaſe, is evident from the univerſal applauſe daily given to the admirable entertainments of *harlequins* and *magicians* on our ſtage. When an audience beheld a coach turned into a wheel-barrow, a conjurer into an old woman, or a man's head where his heels ſhould be; how are they ſtruck with tranſport and delight? which can only be imputed to this cauſe, that each object is changed into that which hath been ſuggeſted to them by their own low ideas before.

He ought therefore to render himſelf maſter of this happy and *anti-natural* way of thinking, to ſuch a degree, as to be able, on the appearance of any object, to furniſh his imagination with ideas infinitely *below* it. And his eyes ſhould be like unto the wrong end of a perſpective glaſs, by which all the objects of nature are leſſened.

For example; when a true genius looks upon the ſky, he immediately catches the idea of a piece of blue *luteſtring*, or a child's mantle.

> The ſkies, whoſe ſpreading volumes ſcarce have room,
> Spun thin, and wove in Nature's fineſt loom,
> The new-born world in their ſoft lap embrac'd,
> And all around their ſtarry mantle caſt *.

If

* Prince Arthur, p. 41, 42.

If he looks upon a tempeſt, he ſhall have an image of a tumbled bed, and deſcribe a ſucceeding calm in this manner:

The ocean, joyed to ſee the tempeſt fled.
New-lays his waves, and ſmooths his ruffled bed*.

The triumphs and acclamations of the angels at the creation of the univerſe preſent to his imagination, "the rejoicings on the Lord Mayor's day;" and he beholds thoſe glorious beings celebrating their Creator, by huzzaing, making illuminations, and flinging ſquibs, crackers, and ſky-rockets.

Glorious illuminations, made on high
By all the ſtars and planets of the ſky,
In juſt degrees, and ſhining order placed,
Spectators charm'd, and the bleſt dwellings graced.
Through all the enlighten'd air ſwift fire-works flew,
Which with repeated ſhouts glad cherubs threw.
Comets aſcended with their ſweeping train,
Then fell in ſtarry ſhowers and glittering rain.
In air ten thouſand meteors blazing hung,
Which from th' eternal battlements were flung†.

* P. 41. † Prince Arthur, p. 50.

N. B. In order to do juſtice to theſe great poets, our citations are taken from the beſt, the laſt, and moſt correct editions of their works. That which we uſe of Prince Arthur, is in duodecimo, 1714, the fourth edition reviſed. *Pope.*

If a man who is violently fond of *wit*, will ſacrifice to that paſſion his friend or his God, would it not be a ſhame, if he, who is ſmit with the love of the *bathos*, ſhould not ſacrifice to it all other tranſitory regards? You ſhall hear a zealous Proteſtant deacon invoke a ſaint, and modeſtly beſeech her to do more for us than Providence.

Look down, bleſt ſaint, with pity then look down,
Shed on this land thy kinder influence,
And guide us through the miſts of Providence,
In which we ſtray ——*.

Neither will he, if a goodly ſimile come in his way, ſcruple to affirm himſelf an eye-witneſs of things never yet beheld by man, or never in exiſtence; as thus:

Thus *have I ſeen* in Araby the bleſt
A phœnix couch'd upon her funeral neſt †.

But to convince you, that nothing is ſo great, which a marvellous genius, prompted by this laudable zeal, is not able to leſſen; hear how the moſt ſublime of all beings is repreſented in the following images:

Firſt he is a PAINTER.

Sometimes the Lord of Nature in the air
Spreads forth his clouds, his ſable canvas, where
His pencil, dipt in heavenly colour bright,
Paints his fair rain-bow, charming to the ſight‡.

Now

* A. Philips on the death of Q. Mary. † Anon.
‡ Black. opt. edit. duod. 1716. p. 172.

Now he is a CHEMIST.

Th' almighty Chemiſt does his work prepare,
Pours down his waters on the thirſty plain,
Digeſts his lightning, and diſtils his rain*.

Now he is a WRESTLER.

Me in his griping arms th' Eternal took,
And with ſuch mighty force my body ſhook,
That the ſtrong graſp my members ſorely bruis'd,
Broke all my bones, and all my ſinews loos'd†.

Now a RECRUITING OFFICER.

For clouds the ſun-beams levy freſh ſupplies,
And raiſe recruits of vapours, which ariſe
Drawn from the ſeas, to muſter in the ſkies‡.

Now a peaceable GUARANTEE.

In leagues of peace the neighbours did agree,
And to maintain them God was guarantee ‖.

Then he is an ATTORNEY.

Job, as a vile offender, God indites,
And terrible decrees againſt me writes,
God will not be my advocate,
My cauſe to manage or debate §.

In the following lines he is a GOLD-BEATER.

Who the rich metal beats, and then with care
Unfolds the golden leaves to gild the fields of air**.

Then

* Black. Pſal. civ. p. 263. † Page 75.
‡ Page 170. ‖ P. 70. § P. 61.
** Black. Pſal. civ. p. 181.

Then a FULLER.

——th' exhaling reeks, then ſecret riſe,
Borne on rebounding ſun-beams through the ſkies,
Are thicken'd, wrought, and whiten'd till they grow
A heavenly fleece——————*.

A MERCER or PACKER.

Didſt thou one end of air's wide curtain hold,
And help the bales of æther to unfold;
Say, which cærulean pile was by thy hand enroll'd†?

A BUTLER.

He meaſures all the drops with wondrous ſkill,
Which the black clouds his floating bottles fill‡.

And a BAKER.

God in the wilderneſs his table ſpread,
And in his airy ovens bak'd their bread‖.

CHAP. VI.

Of the ſeveral kinds of geniuſes in the profound, and the marks and characters of each.

I DOUBT not, but the reader, by this cloud of examples, begins to be convinced of the truth of our aſſertion, that the *bathos* is an *art*; and that the genius of no mortal whatever, following the

* P. 18. † P. 174. ‡ P. 131.
‖ Black. Song of Moſes, p. 218.

the mere ideas of nature, and unaſſiſted with an habitual, nay, laborious peculiarity of thinking, could arrive at images ſo wonderfully low and unaccountable. The great author, from whoſe treaſury we have drawn all theſe inſtances, (the father of the *bathos*, and indeed the Homer of it), has, like that immortal Greek, confined his labours to the greater poetry, and thereby left room for others to acquire a due ſhare of praiſe in inferior kinds. Many painters, who could never hit a noſe or an eye, have, with a felicity, copied a ſmall-pox, or been admirable at a toad or a red-herring: And ſeldom are we without geniuſes for *ſtill life*, which they can work up and ſtiffen with incredible accuracy.

An univerſal genius riſes not in an age; but when he riſes, armies riſe in him! he pours forth five or ſix epic poems with greater facility, than five or ſix pages can be produced by an elaborate and ſervile copier after nature or the ancients. It is affirmed by Quintilian, that the ſame genius, which made Germanicus ſo great a general, would with equal application have made him an excellent heroic poet. In like manner, reaſoning from the affinity there appears between arts and ſciences, I doubt not but an active catcher of butterflies, a careful and fanciful pattern-drawer, an induſtrious collector of ſhells, a laborious and tuneful bag-piper, or a diligent breeder of tame rabbits, might ſeverally excel in their reſpective parts of the *bathos*.

I ſhall range theſe confined and leſs copious geniuſes

geniuſes under proper claſſes, and (the better to give their pictures to the reader, under the names of *animals* of ſome ſort or other; whereby he will be enabled, at the firſt ſight of ſuch as ſhall daily come forth, to know to what kind to refer, and with what authors to compare them.

1. The *flying fiſhes:* Theſe are writers, who now and then riſe upon their fins, and fly out of the *profound;* but their wings are ſoon dry, and they drop down to the bottom. G. S. A. H. C. G.

2. The *ſwallows* are authors, that are eternally ſkimming and fluttering up and down, but all their agility is employed to *catch flies.* L. T. W. P. Lord H.

3. The *oſtriches* are ſuch, whoſe heavineſs rarely premits them to raiſe themſelves from the ground; their wings are of no uſe to lift them up, and their motion is between flying and walking; but then they run *very faſt.* D. F. L. E. the Hon. E. H.

4. The *parrots* are they that repeat *another's* words in ſuch a hoarſe odd voice, as makes them ſeem their *own.* W. B. W. S. C. C. the Rev. D. D.

5. The *didappers* are authors that keep themſelves long out of ſight, under water, and come up now and then, where you leaſt expected them. L. W. G. D. Eſq; the Hon. Sir W. Y.

6. The *porpoiſes* are unweildy and big; they put all their numbers into a great turmoil and tempeſt,

tempeſt; but whenever they appear in plain light (which is ſeldom) they are only ſhapeleſs and ugly monſters. I. D. C. G. I. O.

7. The *frogs* are ſuch, as can neither walk nor fly, but can *leap* and *bound* to admiration: They live generally in the bottom of a ditch, and make a great noiſe, whenever they thruſt their heads above water. E. W. I. M. Eſq; T. D. Gent.

8. The *eels* are obſcure authors, that wrap themſelves up in their own mud, but are mighty nimble and pert. L. W. L. T. P. M. General C.

9. The *tortoiſes* are ſlow and chill, and, like paſtoral writers, delight much in gardens: They have, for the moſt part, a fine embroidered ſhell, and underneath it a heavy lump. A. P. W. B. L. E. the Right Honourable E. of S.

Theſe are the chief *characteriſtics* of the *bathos*, and in each of theſe kinds we have the comfort to be bleſſed with ſundry and manifold choice ſpirits in this our iſland.

CHAP. VII.

Of the profound, when it conſiſts in the thought.

WE have already laid down the principles, upon which our author is to proceed, and the manner of forming his thought by familiarizing his mind to the *loweſt objects*; to which it may be added, that *vulgar converſation* will greatly

ly contribute. There is no queſtion but the garret, or the printer's boy, may often be diſcerned in ſuch compoſitions made in ſuch ſcenes and company; and much of Mr Curl himſelf has been inſenſibly infuſed into the works of his learned writers.

The phyſician, by the ſtudy and inſpection of urine and ordure, improves himſelf in the ſcience; and in like ſort ſhould our author accuſtom and exerciſe his imagination upon the dregs of nature.

This will render his thoughts truly and fundamentally low, and carry him many fathoms beyond mediocrity. For certain it is (though ſome lukewarm heads imagine they may be ſafe by temporizing between the extremes) that where there is not a triticalneſs or mediocrity in the thought, it can never be ſunk into the genuine and perfect *bathos* by the moſt elaborate low expreſſion: It can, at moſt, be only carefully obſcured, or metaphorically debaſed. But it is the thought alone that ſtrikes, and gives the whole that ſpirit, which we admire and ſtare at. For inſtance, in that ingenious piece on a lady's drinking the Bath-waters:

She drinks! ſhe drinks! behold the matchleſs dame!
To her, 'tis water, but to us 'tis flame:
Thus fire is water, water fire by turns,
And the ſame ſtream at once both cools and burns *.

What

* Anon.

What can be more eaſy and unaffected, than the diction of theſe verſes? it is the turn of *thought* alone, and the variety of imagination, that charm and ſurpriſe us. And when the ſame lady goes into the bath, the thought (as in juſtneſs it ought) goes ſtill deeper.

Venus beheld her, 'midſt her croud of ſlaves,
And thought *herſelf* juſt riſen from the waves *.

How much out of the way of common ſenſe is this reflection of Venus, not knowing herſelf from the lady?

Of the ſame nature is that noble miſtake of a frighted ſtag in a full chace, who, (ſaith the poet),

Hears his own feet, and thinks they ſound like more;
And fears the hind-feet will o'ertake the fore.

So aſtoniſhing as theſe are, they yield to the following, which is *profundity* itſelf.

None but himſelf can be his parallel †.

Unleſs it may ſeem borrowed from the thought of that maſter of a ſhow in Smithfield, who writ in large letters over the picture of his elephant,

This is the greateſt elephant in the world, except himſelf.

However, our next inſtance is certainly an original. Speaking of a beautiful infant,

* Idem. † Theobald, Double Falſehood.

So fair thou art, that if great Cupid be
A child, as poets ſay, ſure thou art he.
Fair Venus would miſtake thee for her own,
Did not thy eyes proclaim thee not her ſon.
There all the lightnings of thy mother's ſhine,
And with a fatal brightneſs kill in thine.

Firſt he is Cupid, then he is not Cupid; firſt Venus would miſtake him, then ſhe would not miſtake him; next his eyes are his mother's, and laſtly they are not his mother's, but his own.

Another author deſcribing a poet that ſhines forth amidſt a circle of critics.

Thus Phœbus through the zodiac takes his way,
And amid monſters riſes into day.

What a peculiarity is here of invention? the author's pencil, like the wand of Circe, turns all into monſters at a ſtroke. A great genius takes things in the lump, without ſtopping at minute conſiderations: In vain might the ram, the bull, the goat, the lion, the crab, the ſcorpion, the fiſhes, all ſtand in his way, as mere natural animals: much more might it be pleaded, that a pair of ſcales, an old man, and two innocent children, were no monſters: There were only the centaur and the maid, that could be eſteemed out of nature. But what of that? with a boldneſs peculiar to theſe daring geniuſes, what he found not monſters, he made ſo.

CHAP

CHAP. VIII.

Of the profound, conſiſting in the circumſtances; *and of* amplification *and* periphraſe *in general.*

WHAT in a great meaſure diſtinguiſhes other writers from ours, is their chuſing and ſeparating ſuch circumſtances in a deſcription, as enoble or elevate the ſubject.

The *circumſtances*, which are moſt natural, are *obvious*, therefore not *aſtoniſhing* or peculiar; but thoſe that are far-fetched or unexpected, or hardly compatible, will ſurpriſe prodigiouſly. Theſe therefore we muſt principally hunt out; but above all preſerve a laudable *prolixity*: preſenting the whole and every ſide at once of the image to view. For choice and diſtinction are not only a curb to the ſpirit, and limit the deſcriptive faculty, but alſo leſſen the book; which is frequently the worſt conſequence of all to our author.

Job ſays in ſhort, *he waſhed his feet in butter*, a circumſtance ſome poets would have ſoftened, or paſt over: now, hear how this butter is ſpread out by the great genius.

With teats diſtended with their milky ſtore,
Such num'rous lowing herds, before my door,
Their painful burthen to unload did meet,
That we with butter might have waſh'd
our feet. *

* Blackm. Job, p. 133.

How cautious and particular! "He had," ſays our author, "ſo many herds, which herds "thriv'd ſo well, and thriving ſo well gave ſo "much milk, and that milk produced ſo much "butter, that if he did not, he might have "waſhed his feet in it."

The enſuing deſcription of hell is no leſs remarkable in the circumſtances.

In flaming heaps the raging ocean rolls,
Whoſe livid waves involve deſpairing ſouls;
The liquid burnings dreadful colours ſhew,
Some *deeply red* and others *faintly blue* *.

Could the moſt minute Dutch painter have been more exact? How inimitably circumſtantial is this alſo of a war-horſe!

His eye-balls burn, he wounds the ſmoaking plain,
And *knots* of *ſcarlet ribband* deck his mane. †

Of certain cudgel-players.

They brandiſh high in air their threat'ning ſtaves,
Their hands a *woven guard* of *ozier* ſaves,
In which they fix their *hazle weapon's end* ‡.

Who would not think the poet had paſt his whole life at wakes in ſuch laudable diverſions? ſince he teaches us how to hold, nay, how to make a cudgel!

Periphraſe

* Prince Arthur, p. 89. † Anon.
‡ Prince Arthur, p. 197.

Periphraſe is another great aid to *prolixity*; being a diffuſed circumlocutory manner of expreſſing a known idea, which ſhould be ſo myſteriouſly couched, as to give the reader the pleaſure of gueſſing what it is, that the author can poſſibly mean; and a ſtrange ſurpriſe when he finds it.

The poet I laſt mentioned is incomparable in this figure.

A waving ſea of heads was round me ſpread,
And ſtill freſh ſtreams the gazing deluge fed*.

Here is a waving ſea of heads, which, by a freſh ſtream of heads, grows to be a gazing deluge of heads. You come at laſt to find, it means a *great croud:*

How pretty and how genteel is the following?

Nature's confectioner——
Whoſe ſuckets are moiſt alchymy:
The ſtill of his refining mold
Minting the garden into gold †.

What is this, but a bee gathering honey?

Little ſyren of the ſtage,
Empty warbler, breathing lyre,
Wanton gale of fond deſire,
Tuneful miſchief, vocal ſpell—‡

Who would think this was only a poor gentlewoman that ſung finely?

We may define *amplification* to be making the moſt of a thought; it is the ſpinning-wheel of the *bathos*, which draws out and ſpreads it into

* Job, p. 78. † Cleveland. ‡ A. Philipps to Cuzzona.

the fineſt thread. There are amplifiers who can extend half a dozen thin thoughts over a whole folio; but for which, the tale of many a vaſt romance, and the ſubſtance of many a fair volume, might be reduced to the ſize of a primer.

In the book of Job are theſe words, "Haſt "thou commanded the morning, and cauſed the "day-ſpring to know his place?" How is this extended by the moſt celebrated amplifier of our age?

Canſt thou ſet forth th' etherial *mines* on high,
Which the refulgent *ore* of light ſupply?
Is the celeſtial *furnace* to thee known,
In which I *melt* the golden metal down?
Treaſures, from whence I *deal out* light as faſt,
As all my *ſtars* and *laviſh ſuns* can *waſte* *.

The ſame author hath amplified a paſſage in the civth pſalm; "He looks on the earth, and "it trembles. He touches the hills, and they "ſmoke."

The hills forget they're fix'd, and in their fright
Caſt off their weight, and eaſe themſelves for flight:
The woods with terror wing'd, out-fly the wind,
And leave the heavy panting hills behind †.

You here ſee the hills not only trembling, but ſhaking off woods from their backs, to run the faſter: After this you are preſented with a foot-race of mountains and woods, where the woods diſtance

* Job, p. 108. † Job, p. 267.

diſtance the mountains, that, like corpulent purſy fellows, come puffing and panting a vaſt way behind them.

CHAP. IX.

Of imitation, and the manner of imitating.

THAT the true authors of the profund are to imitate diligently the examples in their *own way* is not to be queſtioned, and that divers have by this means attained to a depth whereunto their own weight could never have carried them, is evident by ſundry inſtances. Who ſees not that De Foe was the poetical ſon of Withers, Tate of Ogilby, E. Ward of John Taylor, and Euſden of Blackmore? Therefore when we ſit down to write, let us bring ſome great author to our mind, and aſk ourſelves this queſtion; How would Sir Richard have ſaid this? do I expreſs myſelf as ſimply as Ambroſe Philips? or flow my numbers with the quiet thoughtleſſneſs of Mr Welſted?

But it may ſeem ſomewhat ſtrange to aſſert, that our proficient ſhould alſo read the works of thoſe famous poets, who have excelled in the *ſublime*: Yet is not this a paradox. As Virgil is ſaid to have read Ennius, out of his dunghill to draw gold, ſo may our author read Shakeſpeare, Milton, and Dryden for the contrary end, to bury their gold in his own dunghill. A true genius,

nius, when he finds any thing lofty or ſhining in them, will have the ſkill to bring it down, take off the gloſs, or quite diſcharge the colour, by ſome ingenious circumſtance or periphraſe, ſome addition or diminution, or by ſome of thoſe figures, the uſe of which we ſhall ſhew in our next chapter.

The book of Job is acknowledged to be infinitely ſublime, and yet has not the father of the *bathos* reduced it in every page? Is their a paſſage in all Virgil more painted up and laboured than the deſcription of Ætna in the third Æneid?

——Horrificis juxta tonat Ætna ruinis,
Interdumque atram prorumpit ad æthera nubem,
Turbine fumantem piceo, et candente favilla,
Attollitque globos flammarum, et ſidera lambit:
Interdum ſcopulos avulſaque viſcera montis
Erigit eructans liquefactaque ſaxa ſub auras
Cum gemitu glomerat, fundoque exæſtuat imo.

(I beg pardon of the gentle Engliſh reader, and ſuch of our writers as underſtand not Latin). Lo! how this is taken down by our Britiſh poet, by the ſingle happy thought of throwing the mountain into a *fit* of the *cholic*.

Ætna, and all the burning mountains find
Their kindled ſtores with inbred ſtorms of wind
Blown up to rage; and *roaring out*, complain,
As torn with inward *gripes*, and tort'ring pain:
Lab'ring they caſt their *dreadful vomit* round,
And with their *melted bowels* ſpread the ground *.

Horace,

* Pr. Arthur, p. 75.

Horace, in ſearch of the *ſublime*, ſtruck his head againſt the ſtars *; but Empedocles, to fathom the *profound*, threw himſelf into Ætna. And who but would imagine our excellent modern had alſo been there, from this deſcription?

Imitation is of two ſorts; the firſt is, when we force to our own purpoſes the thoughts of others; the ſecond conſiſts in copying the imperfections or blemiſhes of celebrated authors. I have ſeen a play profeſſedly writ in the ſtile of Shakeſpeare, wherein the reſemblance lay in one ſingle line,

And ſo good morrow t'ye, good maſter lieutenant.

And ſundry poems in imitation of Milton, where, with the utmoſt exactneſs, and not ſo much as one exception, nevertheleſs was conſtantly *nathleſs*, embroidered was *broidered*, hermits were *eremites*, diſdained was *'ſdeigned*, ſhady *umbrageous*, enterpriſe *empriſe*, pagan *paynin*, pinions *pennons*, ſweet *dulcet*, orchards *orchats*, bridge-work, *pontifical*; nay, her was *hir*, and their was *thir* through the whole poem, and in very deed, there is no other way, by which the true modern poet could read to any purpoſe, the works of ſuch men as Milton and Shakeſpeare.

It may be expected, that, like other critics, I ſhould next ſpeak of the *paſſions*: but as the main end and principal effect of the *bathos* is to produce *tranquillity of mind* (and ſure it is a better

* *Sublimi feriam ſidera vertice.*

ter deſign to promote *ſleep* than madneſs) we have little to ſay on this ſubject. Nor will the ſhort bounds of this diſcourſe allow us to treat at large of the *emollients* and *opiates* of poeſy, of the *cool*, and the manner of producing it, or of the methods uſed by our authors in managing the paſſions. I ſhall but tranſiently remark, that nothing contributes ſo much to the *cool*, as the uſe of *wit* in expreſſing paſſion: The true genius rarely fails of *points*, *conceits*, and proper *ſimilies* on ſuch occaſions; this we may term the *pathetic epigrammatical*, in which even puns are made uſe of with good ſucceſs. Hereby our beſt authors have avoided throwing themſelves, or their readers, into any indecent tranſports.

But, as it is ſometimes needful to excite the *paſſions* of our antagoniſt in the *polemic* way, the true ſtudents in the low have conſtantly taken their methods from *low life*, where they obſerved, that to move *anger* uſe is made of ſcolding and railing; to move *love*, of bawdry; to beget *favour* and *friendſhip*, of groſs flattery; and to produce *fear*, of calumniating an adverſary with crimes obnoxious to the ſtate. As for *ſhame*, it is a ſilly paſſion, of which, as our authors are incapable themſelves, ſo they would not produce it in others.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

Of tropes and figures: and firſt of the variegating, confounding, and reverſing figures.

BUT we proceed to the *figures*. We cannot too earneſtly recommend to our authors the ſtudy of the *abuſe of ſpeech*. They ought to lay it down as a principle, to ſay nothing in the uſual way, but, (if poſſible), in the direct contrary. Therefore the figures muſt be ſo turned, as to manifeſt that intricate and wonderful caſt of head, which diſtinguiſhes all writers of this kind: Or, (as I may ſay), to *refer* exactly the mold, in which they were formed, in all its inequalities, cavities, obliquities, odd crannies, and diſtortions.

It would be endleſs, nay impoſſible, to enumerate all ſuch figures; but we ſhall content ourſelves to range the principal, which moſt powerfully contribute to the *bathos*, under three claſſes.

I. The *variegating*, *confounding*, or *reverſing* tropes and figures.

II. The *magnifying*; and,

III. The *diminiſhing*.

We cannot avoid giving to theſe the Greek or Roman names; but in tenderneſs to our countrymen and fellow-writers, many of whom, however exquiſite, are wholly ignorant of thoſe languages,

languages, we have alſo explained them in our mother tongue.

Of the firſt ſort, nothing ſo much conduces to the *bathos*, as the

CATACHRESIS.

A maſter of this will ſay,
Mow the beard,
Shave the graſs,
Pin the plank,
Nail my ſleeve.

From whence reſults the ſame kind of pleaſure to the mind, as to the eye when we behold Harlequin trimming himſelf with a hatchet, hewing down a tree with a razor, making his tea in a cauldron, and brewing his ale in a tea-pot, to the incredible ſatisfaction of the Britiſh ſpectator. Another ſource of the *bathos* is,

The METONYMY,

the inverſion of cauſes for effects, of inventors for inventions, &c.

Lac'd in her coſins * new appear'd the bride,
A bubble-boy † and tompion ‡ at her ſide,
And with an air divine her colmar ‖ ply'd,
Then oh! ſhe cries, what ſlaves I round me ſee?
Here a bright redcoat, there a ſmart toupee §.

The SYNECDOCHE,

which conſiſts in the uſe of a part for the whole. You may call a young woman ſometimes pretty *face*

* Stays. † Tweezer caſe. ‡ Watch. ‖ Fan.
§ A ſort of periwig: All words in uſe at this preſent year 1727. *Pope.*

face and pigs-*eyes*, and ſometimes ſnotty-*noſe* and draggle-*tail*. Or of accidents for perſons; as a lawyer is called ſplit-cauſe, a taylor prick-louſe, &c. or of things belonging to a man for the man himſelf; as a *ſword*-man, a *gown*-man, a *t-m-t-d*-man; a white-*ſtaff*, a turn-*key*, &c.

The APOSIOPESIS,

an excellent figure for the ignorant, "as what "ſhall I ſay?" when one has nothing to ſay: Or, "I can no more," when one really can no more. Expreſſions which the gentle reader is ſo good as never to take in earneſt.

The METAPHOR.

The firſt rule is to draw it from the *loweſt things*, which is a certain way to ſink the higheſt; as when you ſpeak of the thunder of heaven, ſay,

The *Lords above* are *angry*, and *talk big* *.

Or if you would deſcribe a rich man refunding his treaſures, expreſs it thus:

Though he, as ſaid, may riches *gorge*, the ſpoil
Painful in *maſſy vomit* ſhall *recoil*.
Soon ſhall he periſh with a ſwift decay,
Like his own *ordure*, caſt with ſcorn away †.

The *ſecond*, that whenever you *ſtart* a metaphor, you muſt be ſure to *run it down*, and purſue it as far as *it can go*. If you get the ſcent of a ſtate-negotiation, follow it this manner:

The ſtones and all the elements with thee
Shall *ratify* a ſtrict confederacy;

* Lee Alex. † Blackm. Job, p. 91, 93.

Wild beaſts their ſavage temper ſhall forget,
And for a firm *alliance* with thee *treat*;
The finny tyrant of the ſpacious ſeas
Shall ſend a *ſcaly embaſſy* for peace:
His *plighted faith* the crocodile ſhall keep,
And ſeeing thee, for joy ſincerely weep *.

Or if you repreſent the Creator denouncing war againſt the wicked, be ſure not to omit one circumſtance uſual in proclaiming and levying war.

Envoys and *agents*, who by my command
Reſide in Paleſtina's land,
To whom *commiſſions* I have given
To manage there the *intereſts* of heaven.
Ye *holy heralds*, who *proclaim*
Or war or peace, in mine your maſter's name,—
Ye *pioneers* of heaven, prepare a *road*,
Make it plain, direct and broad;——
For *I in perſon* will my people *head;*
——For the divine Deliverer
Will *on his march* in majeſty appear,
And needs the aid of no *confed'rate pow'r* †.

Under the article of the *confounding*, we rank,

1. The MIXTURE of FIGURES,

which raiſes ſo many images, as to give you no image at all. But its principal beauty is, when it gives an idea juſt *oppoſite* to what it ſeemed meant to deſcribe. Thus an ingenious artiſt, painting the ſpring, talks of a *ſnow of bloſſoms*, and

* Job, p. 22. † Blackm. Iſa. chap. xl.

and thereby raiſes an unexpected picture of winter. Of this ſort is the following:

The gaping clouds pour lakes of ſulphur down,
Whoſe livid flaſhes ſick'ning ſun-beams drown *.

What a noble confuſion! clouds, lakes, brimſtone, flames, ſun-beams, gaping, pouring, ſickening, drowning! all in two lines.

2. The JARGON.

Thy head ſhall riſe, though buried in the duſt,
And 'midſt the clouds his glittering turrets thruſt †.

Quære, What are the glittering turrets of a man's head?

Upon the ſhore, as frequent as the ſand,
To meet the prince, the glad Demetians ſtand ‡.

Quære, Where theſe Demetians ſtood? and of what ſize they were? Add alſo to the *jargon* ſuch as the following:

Deſtruction's empire ſhall no longer laſt,
And deſolation lie for ever waſte ‖.
Here Niobe, ſad mother, makes her moan,
And ſeems converted to a ſtone in ſtone §.

But for variegation, nothing is more uſeful than

3. The PARANOMASIA, or PUN,

where a word, like the tongue of a jack-daw, ſpeaks twice as much by being ſplit: As this of Mr Dennis.

* Pr. Arthur, p. 37. † Job, p. 107. ‡ Pr. Arthur, p. 157. ‖ Job, p. 89. § T. Cook, poems.

Bullets, that wound like Parthians as they fly *.

Or this excellent one of Mr Welſted,

——Behold the virgin lie
Naked, and only *cover'd* by the *ſky* †.

To which thou mayſt add,

To ſee her beauties no man needs to ſtoop,
She has the whole horizon for her hoop.

4. The ANTITHESIS, or SEE-SAW, whereby contraries and oppoſitions are balanced in ſuch a way, as to cauſe a reader to remain ſuſpended between them, to his exceeding delight and recreation. Such are theſe on a lady who made herſelf appear out of ſize by hiding a young princeſs under her clothes.

While the kind nymph, changing her faultleſs ſhape.
Becomes *unhandſome*, *handſomely* to ſcape ‡.

On the maids of honour in mourning.

Sadly they *charm*, and *diſmally* they *pleaſe* ‖.

——His eyes ſo bright
Let *in* the *object* and let *out* the *light* §.

The gods look *pale* to ſee us look ſo *red* **.

——The fairies and their queen,
In mantles *blue*, came tripping o'er the *green* ††.
All nature felt a reverential ſhock,
The ſea *ſtood ſtill* to ſee the mountains *rock* ‡‡.

CHAP.

* Poems 1693, p. 13. † Welſted, poems, Aconet Lavin. ‡ Waller. ‖ Steele, on Q. Mary. § Quarles. ** Lee, Alex. †† Phil. Paſt. ‡‡ Blackm. Job, p. 176.

CHAP. XI.

The figures continued: Of the magnifying and diminiſhing figures.

A GENUINE writer of the *profund* will take care never to *magnify* any object without *clouding* it at the ſame time: His thought will appear in a true miſt, and very unlike what is in nature. It muſt always be remembered, that darkneſs is an eſſential quality of the *profund*; or if there chance to be a glimmering, it muſt be, as Milton expreſſes it:

No light, but rather darkneſs viſible,

The chief figure of this ſort is,

The HYPERBOLE, or impoſſible.

For inſtance, of a lion.

He roar'd ſo loud, and look'd ſo wond'rous grim,
His very ſhadow durſt not follow him *.

Of a Lady at dinner.

The ſilver whiteneſs that adorns thy neck,
Sullies the plate, and makes the napkin black.

Of the ſame.

——The obſcureneſs of her birth
Cannot eclipſe the luſtre of her eyes,
Which makes her all one light †.

* Vet. Aut. † Theob. Double Falſehood.

Of a bull-baiting.

Up to the ſtars the ſprawling maſtives fly *.
And add new monſters to the frighted ſky †.

Of a ſcene of miſery.

Behold a ſcene of miſery and woe!
Here Argus ſoon might weep himſelf quite blind,
Ev'n though he had Briareus' hundred hands
To wipe his hundred eyes——‡.

And that modeſt requeſt of two abſent lovers:

Ye gods! annihilate but *ſpace* and *time*,
And make two lovers happy.

3. The PERIPHRASIS, which the moderns call the *circumbendibus*; whereof we have given examples in the ninth chapter, and ſhall again in the twelfth.

To the ſame claſs of the *magnifying* may be referred the following, which are ſo excellently modern, that we have yet no name for them. In deſcribing a country-proſpect,

I'd call them mountains, but can't call them ſo,
For fear to wrong them with a name too low;
While the fair vales beneath ſo humbly lie,
That even humble ſeems a term too high ‖.

III. The laſt claſs remains; of the *diminiſhing* figures; And 1. The ANTICLIMAX, where the ſecond line drops quite ſhort of the firſt, than which nothing creates greater ſurpriſe.

On

* Blackm. † See p. 115. ‡ Anon. ‖ Anon.

On the extent of the Britiſh arms.

Under the trophicks is our language ſpoke,
And *part of Flanders* hath receiv'd our yoke *.

On a warrior.

And thou, Dalhouſſy, the great God of war,
Lieutenant-colonel to the Earl of Mar †.

On the valour of the Engliſh.

Nor *art* nor *nature* has the force
To ſtop its ſteady courſe,
Nor *Alps* nor *Pyrenæans* keep it out,
——Nor *fortify'd redoubt* ‡.

At other times this figure operates in a large extent; and when the gentle reader is in expectation of ſome great image, he either finds it ſurpriſingly imperfect, or is preſented with ſomething low, or quite ridiculous: A ſurpriſe reſembling that of a curious perſon in a cabinet of antique ſtatues, who beholds on the pedeſtal the names of Homer or Cato; but looking up finds Homer without a head, and nothing to be ſeen of Cato but his privy member. Such are theſe lines of a leviathan at ſea:

His motion works and beats the oozy mud,
And with its ſlime incorporates the flood,
'Till all th'incumber'd, thick, fermenting ſtream
Does like *one pot of boiling ointment ſeem.*
Where'er he ſwims, he leaves along the lake
Such frothy furrows, ſuch a foamy track,
That

* Anon. † Anon. ‡ Denn, on Namur.

That all the waters of the deep appear
Hoary—with *age*, or *grey* with ſudden *fear* *.

But perhaps even theſe are excelled by the enſuing.

Now the reſiſted flames and fiery ſtore,
By winds aſſaulted, in wide forges roar,
And raging ſeas flow down of melted ore.
Sometimes they hear *long iron bars remov'd*,
And *to* and *fro* huge *heaps of cynders ſhov'd* †.

2. The VULGAR

is alſo a ſpecies of the *diminiſhing*: By this a ſpear flying into the air is compared to a boy whiſtling as he goes on an errand.

The mighty *Stuffa* threw a maſſy ſpear,
Which, with its *errand pleas'd*, *ſung* through *the air* ‡.

A man raging with grief to a maſtiff-dog.

I cannot ſtifle this gigantic woe,
Nor on my raging grief a *muzzle* throw ‖.

and clouds big with water, to a woman in great neceſſity.

Diſtended with the *waters* in 'em pent,
The clouds *hang deep* in air, but *hang unrent*.

3. The INFANTINE.

This is, when a poet grows ſo very ſimple, as to

* Blackm. Job, p. 197.
† Prince Arthur, p. 157.
‡ Prince Arthur.
‖ Job, p. 41.

to think and talk like a child. I ſhall take my examples from the greateſt maſter in this way: Hear how he fondles like a mere ſtammerer.

Little charm of placid mein,
Miniature of beauty's queen,
Hither, Britiſh *muſe of mine*,
Hither, all ye *Grecian nine*,
With the lovely Graces *three*,
And your pretty *nurſeling* ſee,

When the meadows next are ſeen,
Sweet enamel, *white* and *green*.

When again the *lambkins* play,
Pretty ſportlings *full* of May:
Then the neck ſo white and round,
(*Little neck* with brilliants bound).

And thy *gentleneſs* of mind,
(*Gentle* from a *gentle* kind), &c.

Happy thrice, *and* thrice agen,
Happieſt he of *happy men*, &c. *.

and the reſt of thoſe excellent lullabies of his compoſition.

How prettily he aſks the ſheep to teach him to bleat?

Teach me to grieve with bleating moan, my ſheep †,

Hear how a babe would reaſon on his nurſe's death.

That

* Amb. Philip's on Miſs Cuzzona. † Philip's Paſtorals.

That ever ſhe *could* die! Oh moſt *unkind!*
To die, and leave poor *Colinet* behind!
And yet,——why blame I her*.

With no leſs ſimplicity does he ſuppoſe, that ſhepherdeſſes tear their hair and beat their breaſts at their own deaths:

Ye brighter maids, faint emblems of my fair,
With looks caſt down, and with diſhevell'd hair,
In bitter anguiſh beat your breaſts, and moan
Her death untimely, *as it were your own*†.

4. The INANITY, or NOTHINGNESS.

Of this the ſame author furniſhes us with moſt beautiful inſtances.

Ah ſilly I, more ſilly than my ſheep,
(Which on the flow'ry plain I once did keep‡).
To the grave ſenate ſhe could council give,
(Which with aſtoniſhment they did receive ‖).
He, whom loud cannon could not terrify,
Falls (from the grandeur of his majeſty §).
Happy, merry as a king,
Sipping dew——you *ſip*, and *ſing***.

Where you eaſily perceive the *nothingneſs* of every ſecond verſe.

The *noiſe* returning with returning *light*,
What did it?
Diſpers'd the *ſilence*, and diſpell'd *the night* ††.

The

* Philipp's Paſtorals † Ibid. ‡ Ibid. ‖ Ibid. § Phil. on Q. Mary. ** T. Cook, on a graſshopper. †† Anon.

The glories of proud London to ſurvey,
The ſun himſelf ſhall riſe—by break of day *.

5. The EXPLETIVE,

admirably exemplified in the epithets of many authors.

Th' umbrageous ſhadow, and the verdant green,
The running current, and odorous fragrance,
Chear my lone ſolitude with joyous gladneſs.

Or in pretty drawling words like theſe,

All men his tomb, all men his ſons adore,
And his ſon's ſons, till there ſhall be no more †.

The riſing ſun our grief did ſee,
The ſetting ſun did ſee the ſame.
While wretched we remembered thee,
O Sion, Sion, lovely name ‡.

6. The MACROLOGY and PLEONASM,

are as generally coupled, as a lean rabbit with a fat one; nor is it a wonder, the ſuperfluity of words and vacuity of ſenſe being juſt the ſame thing. I am pleaſed to ſee one of our greateſt adverſaries employ this figure

The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields,
The food of armies, and ſupport of wars,
Refuſe of ſwords, and gleanings of a fight,
Leſſen his numbers, and contract his hoſt

Where'er his friends retire, or foes ſucceed,
Cover'd with tempeſts, and in oceans drown'd ‖.

Of

* Autor. Vot. † T. Cook, Poems. ‡ Ibid ‖ Camp.

Of all which the perfection is

The TAUTOLOGY.

Break through the billows, and—divide the main.

In ſmoother numbers, and—in ſofter verſe *.

Divide—and *part*—the *ſever'd* world—*in two* †.

With ten thouſand others equally muſical, and plentifully flowing through moſt of our celebrated modern poems.

CHAP. XII.

Of expreſſion, and the ſeveral ſorts of ſtile of the preſent age.

THE *expreſſion* is adequate, when it is proportionably low to the *profundity* of the thought. It muſt not be always *grammatical*, leſt it appear pedantic and ungentlemanly; nor too clear, for fear it become vulgar; for obſcurity beſtows a caſt of the wonderful, and throws an oracular dignity upon a piece which hath no meaning.

For example, ſometimes uſe the wrong number; *the ſword and peſtilence at once devours*, inſtead of *devour*. Sometimes the wrong caſe ‡; *And who more fit to ſoothe the god than thee?* inſtead of *thou*. And rather than ſay, *Thetis* ſaw *Achilles weep*, ſhe *heard* him weep.

* Tonſ. Miſc. 12mo, vol. iv. p. 991. 4th edition.
† Ibid. vol. vi. p. 121. ‡ Ti. Hom. II. i.

We muſt be exceeding careful in two things; firſt, in the *choice* of *low words*: Secondly, in the *ſober* and *orderly* way of *ranging* them. Many of our poets are naturally bleſſed with this talent, inſomuch, that they are in the circumſtance of that honeſt citizen, who had made *proſe* all his life without knowing it. Let verſes run in this manner, juſt to be a vehicle to the words, (I take them from my laſt-cited author, who, tho' otherwiſe by no means of our rank, ſeemed once in his life to have a mind to be ſimple).

If not, a prize I will myſelf decree,
From him, or him, or elſe perhaps from thee *.

——— full of days was he:
Two ages paſt, he liv'd the third to ſee †.

The king of forty kings, and honour'd more
By mighty Jove, than e'er was king before ‡.

That I may know, if thou my pray'r deny,
The moſt deſpis'd of all the gods am I ‖.

Then let my mother once be rul'd by me,
Though much more wiſe than I pretend to be §.

Or theſe, of the ſame hand,

I leave the arts of *poetry* and *verſe*
To them that practiſe them with more ſucceſs.
Of greater truths I now prepare to tell,
And ſo at once, dear friend and muſe, farewel **.

* Ti. Hom. II. i. p. 11. † Idem. p. 17. ‡ P. 19. ‖ P. 34. § P. 38. ** P. Tonſ. Miſc. 12mo, vol. iv. p. 292. fourth edition.

Sometimes a ſingle *word* will vulgarize a poetical idea; as where a ſhip ſet on fire owes all the *ſpirit* of the *bathos* to one choice word that ends the line.

And his ſcorch'd ribs the hot contagion *fry'd* *.

And in that deſcription of a world in ruins,

Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
He unconcern'd would hear the mighty *crack* †.

So alſo in theſe,

Beaſts tame and ſavage to the river's brink
Come from the fields and wild abodes—*to drink* ‡.

Frequently two or three words will do it effectually:

He from the clouds does the *ſweet liquor ſqueeze*,
That chears the *foreſt and the garden* trees ‖.

It is alſo uſeful to employ *technical terms*, which eſtrange your ſtile from the great and general ideas of nature; and the higher your ſubject is, the lower ſhould you ſearch into mechanics for your expreſſion. If you deſcribe the garment of an angel, ſay that his *linen* was *finely ſpun* §, and *bleached on the happy plains*. Call an army of angels, *angelic cuiraſſiers* **; and if you have occaſion to mention a number of misfortunes, ſtile them

Freſh

* Prince Arthur, p. 151. † Tonſ. Miſc. vol. vi. p. 119.
‡ Job. p. 263. ‖ Id. Job, p. 264.
§ Pr. Arthur, p. 19. ** Ibid. p. 339.

Freſh *troops* of pains, and *regimented* woes *.

STILE is divided by the rhetoricians into the proper and the figured. Of the figured we have already treated, and the proper is what our authors have nothing to do with. Of ſtiles we ſhall mention only the principal, which owe to the *moderns* either their chief improvement, or entire invention.

1. The FLORID STILE,

than which none is more proper to the *bathos*, as flowers, which are the *loweſt* of vegetables, are moſt *gaudy*, and do many times grow in great plenty at the bottom of *ponds* and *ditches*.

A fine writer of this kind preſents you with the following poſie:

The groves appear all dreſt with wreaths of flowers,
And from their leaves drop aromatic ſhowers,
Whoſe fragrant heads in myſtic twines above,
Exchang'd their ſweets, and mix'd with thouſand kiſſes,
As if the willing branches ſtrove
To beautify and ſhade the grove †;

(which indeed moſt branches do). But this is ſtill excelled by our Laureate,

Branches in branches twin'd compoſe the grove,
And ſhoot, and ſpread and bloſſom *into love*.
The trembling palms their mutual vows repeat,
And bending poplars bending poplars meet.

* Job, p. 86. † Behn's poems, p. 2.

The diſtant plantanes ſeem to preſs more nigh,
And to the ſighing alders, alders ſigh *.

Hear alſo our Homer.

His *robe* of *ſtate* is form'd of light refin'd,
An endleſs *train* of luſtre *ſpreads behind*
His throne's of bright *compacted glory* made,
With pearls celeſtial, and with *gems inlaid*:
Whence *floods* of joy, and *ſeas* of ſplendor flow,
On all the angelic gazing throng below †.

2. The Pert Stile.

This does in as peculiar a manner become the low in wit, as a pert air does the low in ſtature. *Mr Thomas Brown* the author of the *London Spy*, and all the *Spies* and *Trips* in general, are herein to be diligently ſtudied; in verſe, *Mr Cibber's prologues*.

But the beauty and energy of it is never ſo conſpicuous, as when it is employed in *modernizing* and *adapting*, to the *taſte of the times*, the works of the *ancients*. This we rightly phraſe, *doing* them into Engliſh, and *making* them Engliſh; two expreſſions of great propriety, the one denoting our *neglect* of the *manner how*, the other the *force* and *compulſion* with which it is brought about. It is by virtue of this ſtile that Tacitus talks like a coffee-houſe politician, Joſephus ‡, like the Britiſh Gazetteer, Tully is as ſhort and ſmart as Seneca or Mr Aſgill, Marcus Aurelius is excellent at ſnip ſnap, and honeſt Thomas a Kempis

* Guardian, 12mo, 127. † Blackm. Pſalm civ.
‡ Joſehpus, tranſlated by Sir Rodger L'Eſtrange.

Kempis as prim and polite as any preacher at court.

3. The ALAMODE STILE,

which is fine by being *new*, and has this happineſs attending it, that it is as durable and extenſive as the poem itſelf. Take ſome examples of it, in the deſcription of the ſun in a mourning-coach upon the death of Q. Mary.

See *Phœbus* now, as once for *Phaeton*,
Has maſk'd his face; and put *deep mourning on*;
Dark clouds his *ſable chariot* do ſurround,
And the *dull ſteeds ſtalk o'er the melancholy round* *.

Of Prince Arthur's ſoldiers drinking.

While rich Burgundian wine, and bright Champaign,
Chaſe from their minds the terrors of the main †.

(whence we alſo learn, that Burgundy and Champaign make a man on ſhore deſpiſe a ſtorm at ſea).

Of the Almighty encamping his regiments.

——He ſunk a vaſt capacious deep,
Where he his *liquid regiments* does keep.
Thither the waves *file off*, and make their way
To form the *mighty body* of the ſea;
Where they *encamp* and in their *ſtation ſtand*,
Entrench'd in *works* of rock, and *lines* of ſand ‡.

Of two armies on the point of engaging.

* Amb. Philips. † Pr. Arthur, p. 17.
‡ Black, Pſ. civ. p. 261.

Yon armies are the *cards* which both muſt play;
At leaſt come off a *ſaver*, if you may:
Throw boldly at the *ſum* the gods have *ſet*;
Theſe on your ſide will all their fortunes *bet* *.

All perfectly agreeable to the preſent cuſtoms and beſt faſhions of our metropolis.

But the principal branch of the *alamode* is the PRURIENT, a ſtile greatly advanced and honoured of late by the practice of perſons of the *firſt quality*; and by the encouragement of the *ladies*, not unſucceſsfully introduced even into the drawing-room Indeed its incredible progreſs and conqueſts may be compared to thoſe of the great Seſoſtris, and are every where known by the *ſame marks*, the images of the genital parts of men or women. It conſiſts wholly of metaphors drawn from two moſt fruitful ſources or ſprings, the very *bathos* of the human body, that is to ſay *** and *** *hiatus magnus lachrymabilis* ****. And *ſelling of bargains*, and *double entendre*, and Κιϐϐίδρισμος and Ολδφειλδισμος all derived from the ſaid ſources.

4. The FINICAL STILE,

which conſiſts of the moſt curious, affected, mincing metaphors, and partakes of the *alamode*; as the following:

Of a brook dried by the ſun.

Won by the ſummer's *importuning* ray,
Th' *eloping* ſtream did from her channel ſtray,
And with *enticing* ſun-beams *ſtole away* †,

Of

* Lee Sophon. † Blackm. Job, p. 26.

Of an eaſy death.

When watchful death ſhall on his harveſt look,
And ſee the ripe with age *invite* the hook;
He'll *gently* cut the *bending* ſtalk, and thee
Lay kindly in the *grave* his *granary* *.

Of trees in a ſtorm.

Oaks whoſe extended arms the winds defy,
The tempeſt *ſees* their ſtrength, *and ſighs and paſſes by* †.

Of water ſimmering over the fire.

The ſparkling flames raiſe water to a *ſmile*,
Yet the *pleas'd* liquor *pines*, and leſſens all the while ‡.

5. Lastly, I ſhall place the Cumbrous, which moves heavily under a load of metaphors, and draws after it a long train of words: and the Buskin, or *ſtately*, frequently, and with great felicity, mixed with the former. For as the firſt is the proper engine to depreſs what is high, ſo is the ſecond to raiſe what is baſe and low to a a ridiculous viſibility. When both theſe can be done at once, then is the *bathos* in perfection; as when a man is ſet with his head downward and his breech upright, his degradation is complete: one end of him is higher than ever, only that end is the *wrong one*. Will not every true lover of the *profund* be delighted to behold the moſt vulgar

* Blackm. Job, p. 23. † Denn.
‡ Anon. Tonſ. Miſc. Part 6. p. 224.

gar and low actions of life exalted in the following manner?

Who knocks at the door?

For whom thus rudely pleads my loud-tongu'd gate,
That he may enter.

See who is there.

Advance the fringed curtains of thy eyes,
And tell me who comes yonder *.

Shut the door.

The wooden guardian of our privacy
Quick on its axle turn.

Bring my clothes.

Bring me what nature, taylor to the *bear*,
To *man* himſelf deny'd: ſhe gave me cold,
But would not give me clothes.

Light the fire.

Bring forth ſome remnant of Promethean theft
Quick to expand th' inclement air, congeal'd
By Boreas's rude breath.

Snuff the candle.

Yon' luminary amputation needs,
Thus ſhall you ſave its half-extinguiſh'd life.

Open the letter.

Wax! render up thy truſt †.

Uncork the bottle, and chip the bread.

Apply

* Temp. † Theob. Double Falſehood.

Apply thine engine to the ſpungy door:
Set *Bacchus* from his glaſſy priſon free,
And ſtrip white *Ceres* of her nut-brown coat.

CHAP. XIII.

A project for the advancement of the bathos.

THUS have I, my dear countrymen, with incredible pains and diligence, diſcovered the hidden ſources of the *bathos*, or, as I may ſay, broke open the abyſſes of this *great deep*. And having now eſtabliſhed good and wholeſome laws, what remains, but that all true moderns, with their utmoſt might, do proceed to put the ſame in execution? In order whereto I think I ſhall, in the ſecond place, highly deſerve of my country, by propoſing ſuch a *ſcheme*, as may facilitate this great end.

As our number is confeſſedly far ſuperior to that of the enemy, there ſeems nothing wanting but unanimity among ourſelves. It is therefore humbly offered, that all and every individual of the *bathos* do enter into a firm aſſociation, and incorporate into one regular body, whereof every member, even the meaneſt, will ſome way contribute to the ſupport of the whole; in like manner, as the weakeſt reeds, when joined in one bundle, become infrangible. To which end our art ought to be put upon the ſame foot with other arts of this age. The vaſt improvement of modern manufactures

nufactures ariſeth from their being divided into ſeveral *branches*, and parcelled out to ſeveral trades: For inſtance, in clock-making one artiſt makes the balance, another the ſpring, another the crown-wheels, a fourth the caſe, and the principal workman puts all together: To this œconomy we owe the perfection of our modern watches, and doubtleſs we alſo might that of our modern poetry and rhetoric, were the ſeveral parts branched out in the like manner.

Nothing is more evident, than that divers perſons, no other way remarkable, have each a ſtrong diſpoſition to the formation of ſome particular trope or figure. Ariſtotle ſaith, that "the "*hyperbole* is an ornament fit for young men of "quality;" accordingly we find in thoſe gentlemen a wonderful propenſity toward it, which is marvelouſly improved by travelling. Soldiers alſo and ſeamen are very happy in the ſame figure. The *periphraſis* or *circumlocution* is the peculiar talent of country-farmers; the *proverb* and *apologue* of old men at their clubs; the *ellipſis*, or ſpeech by half-words, of miniſters and politicians; the *apoſiopeſis* of courtiers: the *litotes*, or diminution, of ladies, whiſperers, and backbiters; and the *anadiploſis* of common-criers and hawkers, who, by redoubling the ſame words, perſuade people to buy their oyſters, green haſtings, or new ballads. *Epithets* may be found in great plenty at Billingſgate, *ſarcaſm* and *irony* learned upon the water, and the *epiphonema* or *exclamation* frequently from

the

the Bear-garden, and as frequently from the *hear him* of the Houſe of Commons.

Now each man applying his whole time and genius upon his particular *figure*, would doubtleſs attain to perfection; and when each became incorporated and ſworn into the ſociety, as hath been propoſed, a poet or orator would have no more to do but to ſend to the particular traders in each kind, to the *metaphoriſt* for his *allegories*, to the *ſimile-maker* for his *compariſons*, to the *ironiſt* for his *ſarcaſms*, to the *apophthegmatiſt*, for his *ſentences*, &c. whereby a dedication or ſpeech would be compoſed in a moment, the ſuperior artiſt having nothing to do but to put together all the materials.

I therefore propoſe, that there be contrived, with all convenient diſpatch, at the public expence, a *rhetorical cheſt of drawers*, conſiſting of three ſtories, the higheſt for the *deliberative*, the middle for the *demonſtrative*, and the loweſt for the *judicial*. Theſe ſhall be divided into *loci* or *places*, being repoſitories for matter and argument in the ſeveral kinds of oration or writing; and every drawer ſhall again be ſubdivided into cells, reſembling thoſe of cabinets for rarities. The apartment for *peace* or *war*, and that of the *liberty of the preſs*, may, in a very few days, be filled with ſeveral arguments perfectly new; and the *vituperative partition* will as eaſily be repleniſhed with a moſt choice collection, entirely of the growth and manufacture of the preſent age. Every compoſer will ſoon be taught the uſe of this

this cabinet, and how to manage all the regiſters of it, which will be drawn out much in the manner of thoſe in an organ.

The keys of it muſt be kept in honeſt hands, by ſome *reverend prelate*, or *valiant officer*, of unqueſtioned loyalty and affection to every preſent eſtabliſhment in church and ſtate; which will ſufficiently guard againſt any miſchief, which might otherwiſe be apprehended from it.

And being lodged in ſuch hands, it may be at diſcretion *let out* by the *day*, to ſeveral great orators in both houſes; from whence it is to be hoped much *profit* and *gain* will alſo accrue to our ſociety.

PART XIV.

How to make dedications, panegyrics, or ſatires: and of the colour of honourable and diſhonourable.

NOW of what neceſſity the foregoing project may prove, will appear from this ſingle conſideration, that nothing is of equal conſequence to the ſucceſs of our works, as *ſpeed* and *diſpatch*. Great pity it is, that ſolid brains are not like other ſolid bodies, conſtantly endowed with a velocity in ſinking, proportioned to their heavineſs: For it is with the flowers of the *bathos* as with thoſe of nature, which, if the careful gardener brings not haſtily to market in the morning, muſt unprofitably periſh and wither before

before night. And of all our productions none is ſo ſhort-lived as the *dedication* and *panegyric*, which are often but the *praiſe of a day*, and become by the next utterly uſeleſs, improper, indecent, and falſe. This is the more to be lamented, inaſmuch as theſe two are the ſorts, whereon in a manner depends that *profit*, which muſt ſtill be remembered to be the main end of our *writers* and *ſpeakers*.

We ſhall therefore employ this chapter in ſhewing the *quickeſt* method of compoſing them; after which we will teach a *ſhort way to epic poetry*. And theſe being confeſſedly the works of moſt importance and difficulty, it is preſumed we may leave the reſt to each author's own learning or practice.

Firſt of *panegyric*. Every man is *honourable*, who is ſo by law, cuſtom, or title. The *public* are better judges of what is honourable, than private men. The virtues of great men, like thoſe of plants, are *inherent* in them whether they are exerted or not; and the more ſtrongly inherent, the leſs they are exerted; as a man is the more rich, the leſs he ſpends. All great miniſters, without either private or œconomical virtue, are *virtuous* by their *poſts*; liberal and generous upon the *public money*, provident upon *public ſupplies*, juſt by paying *public intereſt*, courageous and magnanimous by the *fleets* and *armies*, magnificent upon the *public expences*, and prudent by *public ſucceſs*. They have, by their office, a right to a

ſhare of the *public ſtock* of virtues; beſides they are, by preſcription, immemorial, inveſted in all the celebrated virtues of their *predeceſſors* in the ſame ſtations, eſpecially thoſe of their own anceſtors.

As to what are commonly called the *colours* of *honourable* and *diſhonourable*, they are various in different countries: In this they are *blue*, *green*, and *red*.

But foraſmuch as the duty we owe to the public doth often require, that we ſhould put ſome things in a ſtrong light, and throw a ſhade over others, I ſhall explain the method of turning a vicious man into a hero.

The firſt and chief rule is the *golden rule of transformation*, which conſiſts in converting vices into their bordering virtues. A man, who is a ſpend-thrift, and will not pay a juſt debt, may have his injuſtice *transformed* into liberality; cowardice may be metamorphoſed into prudence; intemperance into good nature and good fellowſhip; corruption into patriotiſm; and lewdneſs into tenderneſs and facility.

The ſecond is the *rule of contraries*: It is certain, the leſs a man is endued with any virtue, the more need he has to have it plentifully beſtowed, eſpecially thoſe good qualities, of which the world generally believes he hath none at all: For who will thank a man for giving him that which he *has*.

The reverſe of theſe precepts will ſerve for *ſatire*, wherein we are ever to remark, that whoſo loſeth

loſeth his place, or becomes out of favour with the government, hath forfeited his ſhare in *public praiſe* and *honour*. Therefore the truly public-ſpirited writer ought in duty to ſtrip him whom the government hath ſtripped; which is the real *poetical juſtice* of this age. For a full collection of topics and epithets to be uſed in the praiſe and diſpraiſe of miniſterial and unminiſterial perſons, I refer to our *rhetorical cabinet*; concluding with an earneſt exhortation to all my brethren to obſerve the precepts here laid down, the neglect of which hath coſt ſome of them their *ears* in a *pillory*.

CHAP. XV.

A receipt to make an epic poem.

AN epic poem, the critics agree, is the greateſt work human nature is capable of. They have already laid down many mechanical rules for compoſitions of this ſort, but at the ſame time they cut off almoſt all undertakers from the poſſibility of ever performing them; for the firſt qualification they unanimouſly require in a poet, is a *genius*. I ſhall here endeavour, for the benefit of my countrymen, to make it manifeſt, that epic poems may be made *without a genius*, nay, without learning or much reading. This muſt neceſſarily be of great uſe to all thoſe, who confeſs they never *read*, and of whom the world

is convinced they never *learn*. Moliere obſerves of making a dinner, that any man can do it *with money*, and if a profeſſed cook cannot do it *without*, he has his art for nothing: The ſame may be ſaid of making a poem, it is eaſily brought about by him that has a *genius*, but the ſkill lies in doing it without one. In purſuance of this end, I ſhall preſent the reader with a plain and certain *receipt*, by which any author in the *bathos* may be qualified for this grand performance.

For the FABLE.

Take out of any old poem, hiſtory-book, romance, or legend (for inſtance, Geoffery of Monmouth, or Don Belianis of Greece) thoſe parts of the ſtory which afford moſt ſcope for *long deſcriptions*: Put theſe pieces together, and throw all the adventures you fancy into *one tale*. Then take a *hero*, whom you may chuſe for the ſound of his name, and put him into the midſt of theſe adventures: There let him *work* for twelve books; at the end of which you may take him out, ready prepared to *conquer* or to *marry*; it being neceſſary that the concluſion of an epic poem be *fortunate*.

To make an EPISODE.

Take any remaining adventure of your former collection, in which you could no way involve your *hero*; or any unfortunate accident, that was too good to be thrown away, and it will be of uſe, applied to any *other perſon*, who may be loſt and

and *evaporate* in the courſe of the work, without the leaſt damage to the compoſition.

For the MORAL and ALLEGORY.

Theſe you may extract out of the fable afterwards at your leiſure: Be ſure you *ſtrain* them ſufficiently.

For the MANNERS.

For thoſe of the hero, take all the beſt qualities you can find in the moſt celebrated heroes of antiquity; if they will not be reduced to a *conſiſtency*, lay them *all on a heap* upon him. But be ſure they are qualities, which your *patron* would be thought to have; and to prevent any miſtake, which the world may be ſubject to, ſelect from the alphabet thoſe capital letters that compoſe his name, and ſet them at the head of a dedication before your poem. However, do not abſolutely obſerve the exact quantity of theſe virtues, it not being determined whether or no it be neceſſary for the hero of a poem to be an *honeſt man*. For the *under characters*, gather them from Homer and Virgil, and change the names as occaſion ſerves.

For the MACHINES.

Take of *Deities*, male and female, as many as you can uſe: Separate them into two equal parts, and keep Jupiter in the middle; let Juno put him in a ferment, and Venus mollify him. Remember, on all occaſions, to make uſe of volatile Mercury. If you have need of *devils*, draw them

out of Milton's Paradiſe, and extract your *ſpirits* from Taſſo. The uſe of theſe machines is evident; ſince no epic poem can poſſibly ſubſiſt without them, the wiſeſt way is to reſerve them for your greateſt neceſſities: When you cannot extricate your hero by any human means, or yourſelf by your own wit, ſeek relief from heaven, and the gods will do your buſineſs very readily. This is according to the direct preſcription of Horace in his art of poetry.

Nec deus interſit, niſi dignus vindice nodus.
Inciderit.

That is to ſay, *a poet ſhould never call upon the gods for their aſſiſtance, but when he is in great perplexity.*

For the DESCRIPTIONS.

For a *tempeſt.* Take eurus, zephyr, auſter, and boreas, and caſt them together in one verſe: add to theſe of rain, lightening and thunder (the loudeſt you can) *quantum ſufficit.* Mix your clouds and billows well together till they foam, and thicken your deſcription here and there with a quick-ſand. Brew your tempeſt well in your head before you ſet it a-blowing.

For a *battle.* Pick a large quantity of images and deſcriptions from Homer's *Iliads*, with a ſpice or two of Virgil, and if there remain any overplus, you may lay them by for a *ſkirmiſh.* Seaſon it well with *ſimilies*, and it will make an excellent battle.

For a *burning-town.* If ſuch a deſcription be neceſſary

neceſſary (becauſe it is certain there is one in Virgil) old Troy is ready burnt to your hands. But if you fear that would be thought borrowed, a chapter or two of Burnet's Theory of the Conflagration, well circumſtanced and done into verſe, will be a good *ſuccedaneum*.

As for *ſimilies* and *metaphors*, they may be found all over the creation; the moſt ignorant may *gather* them, but the difficulty is in *applying* them. For this adviſe with your *bookſeller*.

CHAP. XVI.

A project for the advancement of the ſtage.

IT may be thought that we ſhould not wholly omit the *drama*, which makes ſo great and ſo lucrative a part of poetry. But this province is ſo well taken care of by the preſent *managers* of the theatre, that it is perfectly needleſs to ſuggeſt to them any other methods than they have already practiſed for the advancement of the *bathos*.

Here therefore, in the name of all our brethren, let me return our ſincere and humble thanks to the moſt Auguſt Mr Barton Booth, the moſt Serene Mr Robert Wilks, and the moſt undaunted Mr Colly Cibber; of whom let it be known, *when the people of this age ſhall be anceſtors*, and to all *the ſucceſſion of our ſucceſſors*, that to this preſent day they continue to *out-do*

even

even their *own out-doings*; and when the inevitable hand of ſweeping time ſhall have bruſhed off all the works of *to-day*, may this teſtimony of a co-temporary critic to their fame be extended as far as *to-morrow*.

Yet if to ſo wiſe an adminiſtration it be poſſible any thing can be added, it is that more ample and comprehenſive ſcheme which Mr Dennis and Mr Gildon (the two greateſt critics and reformers then living) made public in the year 1720, in a project ſigned with their names, and dated the ſecond of February. I cannot better conclude than by preſenting the reader with the ſubſtance of it.

1. It is propoſed, that the two *theatres* be incorporated into one company; that the *royal academy of muſic* be added to them as an *orcheſtra*; and that Mr Figg with his prize-fighters, and Violante with the rope-dancers, be admitted in partnerſhip.

2. That a ſpacious building be erected at the public expence, capable of containing at leaſt *ten thouſand* ſpectators, which is become abſolutely neceſſary by the great addition of children and nurſes to the audience, ſince the new entertainments *. That there be a ſtage as large as the Athenian, which was near ninety thouſand geometrical paces ſquare, and ſeparate diviſions for the two Houſes of parliament, my lords the judges, the honourable the directors of the academy,

* Pantomines were then firſt exhibited in England. *Hawkeſ.*

demy, and the court of alderman, who ſhall all have their places frank.

3. If Weſtminſter-hall be not allotted to this ſervice (which, by reaſon of its proximity to the two chambers of parliament above mentioned, ſeems not altogether improper;) it is left to the wiſdom of the nation, whether Somerſet-houſe may not be demoliſhed, and a theatre built upon that ſide, which lies convenient to receive ſpectators from the county of Surrey, who may be wafted thither by water-carriage, eſteemed by all projectors the cheapeſt whatſoever. To this may be added, that the river Thames may, in the readieſt manner, convey thoſe eminent perſonages from courts beyond the ſeas, who may be drawn either by curioſity to behold ſome of our moſt celebrated pieces, or by affection to ſee their countrymen, the *harlequins* and *eunuchs*; of which convenient notice may be given, for two or three months before, in the public prints.

4. That the *theatre* above ſaid be environed with a fair quadrangle of buildings, fitted for the accomodation of decayed *critics* and *poets*; out of whom *ſix* of the moſt aged (their age to be computed from the year wherein their firſt work was publiſhed) ſhall be elected to manage the affairs of the ſociety, provided nevertheleſs that the laureat, for the time being, may be always one. The head or preſident over all (to prevent diſputes, but too frequent among the learned)

ſhall

ſhall be the moſt ancient *poet* and *critic* to be found in the whole iſland.

5. The *male-players* are to be lodged in the garrets of the ſaid quadrangle, and to attend the perſons of the poets dwelling under them, by bruſhing their apparel, drawing on their ſhoes, and the like. The *actreſſes* are to make their beds and waſh their linen.

6. A large room ſhall be ſet apart for a *library*, to conſiſt of all the modern dramatic poems, and all the criticiſms extant. In the midſt of this room ſhall be a round table for the *council of ſix* to ſit and deliberate on the merits of *plays*. The *majority* ſhall determine the diſpute; and if it ſhould happen, that *three* and *three* ſhould be of each ſide, the preſident ſhall have a *caſting voice*, unleſs where the contention may run ſo high as to require a deciſion by *ſingle combat*.

7. It may be convenient to place the *council of ſix* in ſome conſpicuous ſituation in the theatre, where, after the manner uſually practiſed by compoſers of muſic, they may give *ſigns* (before ſettled and agreed upon) of diſlike or approbation. In conſequence of theſe ſigns, the whole audience ſhall be required to *clap* or *hiſs*, that the town may learn certainly, when and how far they ought to be pleaſed.

8. It is ſubmitted, whether it would not be proper to diſtinguiſh the *council of ſix* by ſome particular habit or gown of an honourable ſhape or colour, to which may be added a ſquare cap and a white wand.

9. That

9. That to prevent unmarried actreſſes making away with their infants, a competent proviſion be allowed for the nurture of them, who ſhall for that reaſon be deemed the *children of the ſociety*; and that they may be educated according to the genius of their parents, the ſaid actreſſes ſhall declare upon oath (as far as their memory will allow) the true names and qualities of their ſeveral fathers. A private gentleman's ſon ſhall, at the public expence, be brought up a page to attend the *council of ſix*; a more ample proviſion ſhall be made for the ſon of a *poet*, and the greater ſtill for the ſon of a *critic*.

10. If it be diſcovered, that an actreſs is got with child during the interludes of any play, wherein ſhe hath a part, it ſhall be reckoned a neglect of her buſineſs, and ſhe ſhall *forfeit* accordingly. If any actor for the future ſhall commit murder, except upon the ſtage, he ſhall be left to the laws of the land; the like is to be underſtood of *robbery* and *theft*. In all other caſes, particularly in thoſe for *debt*, it is propoſed that this, like the other courts of Whitehall and St James's, may be held a *place of privilege*. And whereas it has been found, that an obligation to ſatisfy paltry creditors has been a diſcouragement to men of letters, if any perſon of quality or others ſhall ſend for any *poet* or *critic* of this ſociety to any remote quarter of the town, the ſaid poet or critic ſhall freely paſs and repaſs, without being liable to an *arreſt*,

11. The forementioned ſcheme, in its ſeveral regulations,

regulations, may be ſupported by profits ariſing from every third night throughout the year. And as it would be hard to ſuppoſe, that ſo many perſons could live without any food (though from the former courſe of their lives a *very little* will be deemed ſufficient) the maſters of calculation will, we believe, agree, that out of thoſe profits the ſaid perſons might be ſubſiſted in a ſober and decent manner. We will venture to affirm farther, that not only the proper magazines of thunder and lightening, but *paint*, *diet-drinks*, *ſpitting-pots*, and all other *neceſſaries* of *life*, may, in like manner, fairly be provided for.

12. If ſome of the articles may, at firſt view, ſeem liable to objections, particularly thoſe that give ſo vaſt a power to the *council of ſix*, (which is indeed larger than any entruſted to the great officers of ſtate) this may be obviated by ſwearing thoſe *ſix* perſons of his majeſty's privy-council, and obliging them to paſs every thing of moment *previouſly* at that moſt honourable board.

VIRGILIUS

VIRGILIUS RESTAURATUS:

SEU

MARTINI SCRIBLERI, ſummi critici, caſtigationum in ÆNEIDEM Specimen.

ÆNEIDEM totam, amice lector, innumerabilibus pœne mendis ſcaturientem, ad priſtinum ſenſum revocabimus. In ſingulis fere verſibus ſpuriæ occurrunt lectiones, in omnibus quos unquam vidi codicibus, aut vulgatis aut ineditis, ad opprobrium uſque criticorum, in hunc diem exiſtentes. Interea adverte oculos, et his paucis fruere. At ſi quæ ſint in hiſce caſtigationibus de quibus non ſatis liquet, ſyllabarum quantitates, προλεγομενα noſtra libro ipſi præfigenda, ut conſulas, moneo.

I. SPECIMEN LIBRI PRIMI. VER. I.

ARMA virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab *oris*
Italiam, *fato* profugus, *Lavinaque* venit
Littora. Multum ille et terris *jactatus* et alto,
Vi ſuperûm———

Arma virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab *aris*
Italiam, *flatu* profugus, *Latinaque* venit

Littora. Multum ille et terris *vexatus*, et alto,
Vi ſuperûm———

Ab *aris*, nempe *Hercæi Jovis*, vide lib. ii. ver. 512, 550.—*flatu* ventorum Æoli, ut ſequitur—*Latina* certe littora cum Æneas aderat, *Lavina* non niſi poſtea ab ipſo nominata, lib. xii. ver. 193.——*jactatus terris* non convenit.

II. VER. 52.

Et quiſquis *numen* Junonis adoret?
Et quiſquis *nomen* Junonis adoret?

Longe melius, quam ut antea, *numen*, et procul dubio ſic Virgilius.

III. VER. 86.

Venti, velut *agmine facto*,
Qua data porta ruunt———
Venti, velut *aggere fracto*,
Qua data porta ruunt———
Sic corrige, meo periculo.

IV. VER. 117.

Fidumque vehebat Orontem.
Fortemque vehebat Orontem.

Non *fidum*, quia Epitheton Achatæ notiſſimum Oronti nunquam datur.

V. VER. 119.

Executitur, pronuſque *magiſter*
Volvitur in caput———
Excutitur: pronuſque *magis ter*
Volvitur in caput———

Aio Virgilium aliter non ſcripſiſſe, quod plane confirmatur

confirmatur ex ſequentibus——*Aſt illum* ter *fluctus ibidem torquet*——

VI. VER. 122.

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vaſto
Arma virum——

Armi hominum: ridicule antea *arma virum*, quæ ex ferro conflata, quomodo poſſunt *natare?*

VII. VER. 151.

Atque rotis *ſummas* leviter perlabitur *undas.*
Atque rotis *ſpumas* leviter perlabitur *udas.*

Summas, et *leviter perlabi*, pleonaſmus eſt: mirifice altera lectio Neptuni agilitatem et celeritatem exprimit; ſimili modo noſter de Camilla. Æn. xi.

Illa vel intactæ ſegetis per ſumma volaret, &c. hyperbolice.

VIII. VER. 154.

Jamque *faces* et ſaxa volant, *furor arma miniſtrat.*
Jam *fæces* et ſaxa volant *fugiuntque miniſtri*: uti ſolent, inſtanti periculo—*Fæces facibus* longe præſtant, quid enim niſi fæces jactarent vulgus ſordidum?

IX. VER. 170.

Fronte ſub adverſa *ſcopulis pendentibus* antrum.
Intus aquæ dulces, vivoque ſedilia ſaxo.

Fronte ſub adverſa *populis prandentibus* antrum.

Sic malim, longe potius quam *ſcopulis pendentibus*: nugæ! nonne vides verſu ſequenti *dulces*

aquas ad potandum et *sedilia* ad discumbendum dari? in quorum usum? quippe *prandentium*.

X. Ver. 188.

Tres littore *cervos*
Prospicit errantes: hos *tota armenta* sequuntur
A tergo———

Tres littore *corvos*
Aspicit errantes: hos *agmina tota* sequuntur
A tergo———

Cervi, lectio vulgata, absurditas notissima: hæc animalia in Africa non inventa, quis nescit? at *motus* et *ambulandi ritus* corvorum, quis non agnovit hoc loco? *Littore*, locus ubi errant corvi, uti noster alibi,

Et sola in sicca secum spatiatur arena.

Omen præclarissimum, immo et *agminibus militum* frequenter observatum, ut patet ex historicis.

XI. Ver. 748.

Arcturum, pluviasque Hyades, *geminosque Triones.*

Error gravissimus. Corrige, ——*septemque Triones.*

XII. Ver. 631.

Quare agite, O Juvenes! *tectis* succedite nostris.

Lectis potius dicebat Dido, polita magis oratione, et quæ unica voce et torum et mensam exprimebat: hanc lectionem probe confirmat appellatio, O *juvenes!* Duplicem hunc sensum alibi etiam Maro lepide innuit. Æn. iv. v. 19.

Huic

Huic uni forſan potui ſuccumbere *culpæ :*
Anna ! fatebor enim——

Sic corriges,

Huic uni [*viro* ſcil.] potui ſuccumbere ; *culpas*
Anna ! fatebor enim, *&c.*

Vox *ſuccumbere* quam eleganter ambigua!

LIBER SECUNDUS. VER. I.

CONTICUERE omnes, intentique ora tenebant,
Inde toro *pater* Æneas ſic orſus ab alto.

Concubuere omnes, *intenteque* ora tenebant ;
Inde toro *ſatur* Æneas ſic orſus ab alto.

Concubuere, quia toro Æneam vidimus accumbentem : quin et altera ratio, ſcil. *conticuere* et *ora tenebant*, tautologice dictum. In manuſcripto perquam rariſſimo in patris muſæo, legitur, *ore gemebant :* ſed magis ingenioſe quam vere. *Satur* Æneas, quippe qui jamjam a prandio ſurrexit : *pater* nihil ad rem.

II. VER. 3.

Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem.
Infantum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem.

Sic haud dubito veterrimis codicibus ſcriptum fuiſſe : quod ſatis conſtat ex perantiqua illa Britannorum cantilena vocata *Chevy Chace*, cujus autor hunc locum ſibi aſcivit in hæc verba,

The child may rue that is unborn.

III. Ver. 4.

Trojanas ut *opes*, et lamentabile regnum
Eruerint Danai.

Trojanas ut *oves*, et lamentabile regnum
Diruerint——

Mallem *oves* potius quam *opes*, quoniam in antiquiſſimis illis temporibus oves et armenta divitiæ regum fuere. Vel fortaſſe *oves Paridis* innuit, quas ſuper Idam nuperrime paſcebat, et jam in vindictam pro Helenæ raptu, a Menelao, Ajace, [vid. Hor. Sat. ii. 3.] aliiſque ducibus, merito occiſas.

IV. Ver. 5.

Quæque ipſe *miſerrima vidi*,
Et quorum pars magna fui.

Quæque ipſe *miſerrimus audi*,
Et quorum pars magna fui——

Omnia tam *audita* quam *viſa* recta diſtinctione enarrare hic Æneas profitetur: multa quorum nox ea fatalis ſola conſcia fuit, vir probus et pius tanquam *viſa* referre non potuit.

V. Ver. 7.

Quis talia *fando*
Temperet *a* lacrymis?

Quis talia *flendo*,
Temperet *in* lacrymis?——

Major enim doloris indicatio, abſque modo lachrymare, quam ſolummodo a lachrymis non temperare.

VI.

VI. VER. 9.

Et jam nox *humida* cœlo
Præcipitat, ſuadentque *cadentia* ſydera ſomnos.

Et jam nox *lumina* cœlo
Præcipitat, ſuadentque *latentia* ſydera ſomnos.

Lectio, *humida*, veſpertinum rorem ſolum innuere videtur: magis mi arridet *lumina*, quæ *latentia* poſtquam *præcipitantur*, Auroræ adventum annunciant.

Sed ſi tantus amor *caſus* cognoſcere *noſtros*,
Et *breviter* Trojæ *ſupremum* audire *laborem*.

Sed ſi tantus amor *curas* cognoſcere *noctis*.
Et *breve ter* Trojæ *ſuperumque* audire *labores*.

Curæ noctis, (ſcilicet noctis excidii Trojani) magis compendioſe (vel ut dixit ipſe *breviter*) totam belli cataſtrophen denotat, quam diffuſa illa et indeterminata lectio, *caſus noſtros*. *Ter* audire gratum fuiſſe Didoni, patet ex libro quarto, ubi dicitur, *Iliacoſque* iterum demens *audire labores expoſcit*: *ter* enim pro *ſæpe* uſurpatur. *Trojæ, ſuperumque labores*, recte, quia non tantum homines ſed et Dii ſeſe his laboribus immiſcuerunt. Vide Æn. ii. ver 610, &c.

Quanquam animus meminiſſe horret, *luctuque refugit*,
Incipiam.——

Quamquam animus meminiſſe horret, *luctuſque reſurgit*.

Reſurgit multo proprius dolorem *renaſcentem* notat, quam ut hactenus, *refugit*.

VII.

VII. Ver. 19.

Fracti bello, fatiſque repulſi
Ductores Danaûm, tot jam labentibus annis,
Inſtar montis *equum*, divina Palladis arte,
Edificant——*&c.*

Tracti bello, fatiſque repulſi.

Tracti et *repulſi*, antitheſis perpulchra! *Fracti* frigide et vulgariter.

Equum jam *Trojanum* (ut vulgus loquitur) adeamus; quem ſi *equam Græcam* vocabis, lector, minime pecces: ſolæ enim femillæ utero geſtant. Uterumque *armato milite complent*——Uteroque *recuſſo inſonuere cavæ*——*Atque* utero *ſonitum quater arma dedere*——*Incluſos* utero *Danaos*, &c. Vox *fœta* non convenit maribus,—*Scandit fatalis machina muros*, Fœta armis——Palladem virginem, equo mari fabricando invigilare decuiſſe, quis putat? incredibile prorſus! Quamobrem exiſtimo veram *equæ* lectionem paſſim reſtituendam, niſi ubi forte, metri cauſſa, *equum* potius quam *equam*, *genus* pro *ſexu*, dixit Maro. Vale! dum hæc paucula corriges, majus opus moveo.

An

An ESSAY of the learned MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS, concerning the ORIGIN of SCIENCES.

Written to the moſt learned Dr —— F. R. S. from the deſerts of Nubia.

AMONG all the inquiries which have been purſued by the curious and inquiſitive, there is none more worthy the ſearch of a learned head, than the ſource from whence we derive thoſe arts and ſciences, which raiſe us ſo far above the vulgar, the countries in which they roſe, and the channels by which they have been conveyed. As thoſe, who firſt brought them amongſt us, attained them by travelling into the remoteſt parts of the earth, I may boaſt of ſome advantages by the ſame means; ſince I write this from the deſerts of Æthiopia, from thoſe plains of ſand, which have buried the pride of invading armies, with my foot perhaps at this inſtant ten fathom over the grave of Cambyſes; a ſolitude to which neither Pythagoras nor Apollonius ever penetrated.

It is univerſally agreed, that arts and ſciences were derived to us from the Egyptians and Indians; but from whom they firſt received them, is yet a ſecret. The higheſt period of time, to which the learned attempt to trace them, is the beginning of the Aſſyrian monarchy, when their inventors

inventors were worſhipped as gods. It is therefore neceſſary to go backwards into times even more remote, and to gain ſome knowledge of their hiſtory, from whatever dark and broken hints may any way be found in ancient authors concerning them.

Nor Troy nor Thebes were the firſt of empires; we have mention, though not hiſtories, of an earlier warlike people called the Pygmæans. I cannot but perſuade myſelf, from thoſe accounts in Homer *, Ariſtotle, and others, of their hiſtory, wars, and revolutions, and from the very *air* in which thoſe authors ſpeak of them as of *things known*, that they were then a part of the ſtudy of the learned. And though all we directly hear is of their military atchievements, in the brave defence of their country from the annual invaſions of a powerful enemy; yet I cannot doubt, but that they excelled as much in the arts of peaceful government, tho' there remain no traces of their civil inſtitutions. Empires as great have been ſwallowed up in the wreck of time, and ſuch ſudden periods have been put to them, as occaſion a total ignorance of their ſtory. And if I ſhould conjecture, that the like happened to this nation, from a general extirpation of the people, by thoſe flocks of monſtrous birds, wherewith antiquity agrees they were continually infeſted; it ought not to ſeem more incredible, than that one of the Baleares was waſted by rabbits, Smynthe by mice †, and

* Hom. Il. iii.

† Euſtathius in Hom. Il. i.

and of late Bermudas almoſt depopulated by rats *. Nothing is more natural to imagine, than that the few ſurvivors of that empire retired into the depths of their deſerts, where they lived undiſturbed, till they were found out by Oſiris, in his travels to inſtruct mankind.

"He met," ſays Diodorus †, "in Æthiopia "a ſort of *little ſatyrs*, who were hairy one half "of their body, and whoſe leader Pan accom-"panied him in his expedition for the civilizing "of mankind." Now, of this great perſonage Pan we have a very particular deſcription in the ancient writers; who unanimouſly agree to repreſent him *ſhaggy-bearded, hairy all over, half a man and half a beaſt*, and walking *erect with a ſtaff*, (the poſture in which his race do to this day appear among us). And ſince the chief thing to which he applied himſelf, was the civilizing of mankind, it ſhould ſeem, that the firſt principles of ſcience muſt be received from that nation, to which the gods were, by Homer ‡, ſaid to reſort twelve days every year for the converſation of its wiſe and juſt inhabitants.

If from Egypt we proceed to take a view of India, we ſhall find that their knowledge alſo derived itſelf from the ſame ſource. To that country did theſe noble creatures accompany Bacchus in his expedition under the conduct of Silenus, who is alſo deſcribed to us with the ſame marks and qualifications. "Mankind is "ignorant,"

* Speede, in Bermudas. † Lib. i. c. 18. Diod.
‡ II. i.

"ignorant," ſaith Diodorus *, "whence Sile-
"nus derived his birth, through his great anti-
"quity; but he had a *tail* on his *loins*, as *like-
"wiſe had all his progeny*, in ſign of their de-
"ſcent." Here then they ſettled a colony, which to this day ſubſiſts with the ſame tails. From this time they ſeem to have communicated themſelves only to thoſe men, who retired from the converſe of their own ſpecies to a more uninterrupted life of contemplation. I am much inclined to believe, that in the midſt of thoſe ſolitudes they inſtituted the ſo much celebrated order of Gymnoſophiſts. For whoever obſerves the *ſcene* and *manner* of their life, will eaſily find them to have imitated with all exactneſs imaginable the manners and cuſtoms of their maſters and inſtructors. They are ſaid to dwell in the *thickeſt woods*, to go *naked*, to ſuffer their *bodies* to be over-run with *hair*, and their *nails* to grow to a prodigious length. Plutarch ſays †, "they eat what they could get in the fields, "their drink was water, and their bed made of "leaves or moſs." And Herodotus ‡ tells us, that they eſteemed it a great exploit to kill very many *ants* or *creeping things*.

Hence we ſee, that the two nations, which contend for the origin of learning, are the ſame that have ever moſt abounded with this ingenious race. Though they have conteſted which was firſt bleſſed with the riſe of ſcience, yet have

* Diod. Lib. iii. c. 69.

† Plutarch in his Orat. on Alexander's fortune.

‡ Herodot. Lib. i.

have they conſpired in being grateful to their common maſters. Egypt is well known to have worſhipped them of old in their own images; and India may be credibly ſuppoſed to have done the ſame, from that adoration which they paid in latter times to the tooth of one of thoſe hairy philoſophers; in juſt gratitude, as it ſhould ſeem, to the mouth from which they received their knowledge.

Paſs we now over into Greece: where we find Orpheus returning out of Egypt, with the ſame intent as Oſiris and Bacchus made their expeditions. From this period it was that Greece firſt heard the name of ſatyrs, or owned them for *ſemi-dei*. And hence it is ſurely reaſonable to conclude, that he brought ſome of this wonderful ſpecies along with him, who alſo had a leader of the line of Pan, of the ſame name, and expreſsly called *king* by Theocritus *. If thus much be allowed, we eaſily account for two of the ſtrangeſt reports in all antiquity. One is, that of the beaſts following the muſic of Orpheus; which has been interpreted of his taming ſavage tempers, but will this have a literal application. The other, which we muſt inſiſt upon, is the fabulous ſtory of the gods compreſſing women in woods under beſtial appearances; which will be ſolved by the love theſe ſages are known to bear to the females of our kind. I am ſenſible it may be objected, that they are ſaid to have been compreſſed in the ſhape of different animals: But to this we an-

* Theocr. Id. i.

ſwer, that women under ſuch apprehenſions hardly know what ſhape they have to deal with.

From what has been laſt ſaid, it is highly credible, that to this ancient and generous race the world is indebted, if not for the heroes, at leaſt for the acuteſt wits of antiquity. One of the moſt remarkable inſtances, is that great mimic genius Æſop *, for whoſe extraction from theſe *ſylveſtres homines* we may gather an argument from Planudes, who ſays, that Æſop ſignifies the ſame thing as Æthiop, the original nation of our people. For a ſecond argument we may offer the deſcription of his perſon, which was ſhort, deformed, and almoſt ſavage; inſomuch, that he might have lived in the woods, had not the benevolence of his temper made him rather adapt himſelf to our manners, and come to court in wearing-apparel. The third proof is his acute and ſatyrical wit; and laſtly, his great knowledge in the nature of beaſts, together with the natural pleaſure he took to ſpeak of them upon all occaſions.

The next inſtance I ſhall produce is Socrates †. Firſt, it was a tradition, that he was of uncommon birth from the reſt of men: Secondly, he had a countenance confeſſing the line he ſprung from, being bald, flat-noſed, with prominent eyes, and a downward look: Thirdly, he turned certain fables of Æſop into verſe, probably out of his reſpect to beaſts in general, and love to his family in particular.

In

* Vit. Æſop. initio. † Vid. Plato and Xenophon.

In proceſs of time, the women with whom theſe Sylvans would have lovingly cohabited, were either taught by mankind, or induced by an abhorrence of their ſhapes, to ſhun their embraces; ſo that our ſages were neceſſitated to mix with beaſts. This by degrees occaſioned the hair of their poſterity to grow higher than their middles: It aroſe in one generation to their arms, in the ſecond it invaded their necks, in the third it gained the aſcendant of their heads, till the degenerate appearance, in which the ſpecies is now immerſed, became completed. Though we muſt here obſerve, that there were a few, who fell not under the common calamity; there being ſome unprejudiced women in every age, by virtue of whom a total extinction of the original race was prevented. It is remarkable alſo, that even where they were mixed, the defection from their nature was not ſo entire, but there ſtill appeared marvellous qualities among them, as was manifeſt in thoſe who followed Alexander in India. How did they attend his army and ſurvey his order? How did they caſt themſelves into the ſame forms for march or for combat? What an imitation was there of all his diſcipline? The ancient true remains of a warlike diſpoſition, and of that conſtitution, which they enjoyed while they were yet a monarchy.

To proceed to Italy: At the firſt appearance of theſe wild philoſophers, there were ſome of the leaſt mixed, who vouchſafed to converſe with mankind; which is evident from the name of

Fauns *, *a fando*, or ſpeaking. Such was he, who, coming out of the woods in hatred to tyranny, encouraged the Roman army to proceed againſt the Hetruſcans, who would have reſtored Tarquin. But here, as in all the weſtern parts of the world, there was a great and memorable æra, in which they began to be ſilent. This we may place ſomething near the time of Ariſtotle, when the number, vanity, and folly of human philoſophers increaſed, by which mens heads became too much puzzled to receive the ſimpler wiſdom of theſe ancient Sylvans: the queſtions of that academy were too numerous to be conſiſtent with their eaſe to anſwer; and too intricate, extravagant, idle, or pernicious, to be any other than a deriſion and ſcorn unto them. From this period, if we ever hear of their giving anſwers, it is only when caught, bound, and conſtrained, in like manner as was that ancient Grecian prophet, Proteus.

Accordingly we read in Sylla's † time of ſuch a philoſopher taken near Dyrrachium, who would not be perſuaded to give them a lecture by all they could ſay to him, and only ſhewed his power in ſounds by neighing like a horſe.

But a more ſucceſsful attempt was made in Auguſtus's reign by the inquiſitive genius of the great Virgil; whom, together with Varus, the commentators ſuppoſe to have been the true perſons, who are related in the ſixth Bucolic to have caught a philoſopher, and doubtleſs a genuine one,

* Livy. † Plutarch in vita Syllæ.

one, of the race of the old Silenus, to prevail upon him to be communicative, (of the importance of which Virgil was well aware), they not only tied him faſt, but allured him likewiſe by a courteous preſent of a comely maiden called Ægle, which made him ſing both merrily and inſtructively. In this ſong we have their doctrine of the creation, the ſame in all probability as was taught ſo many ages before, in the great Pygmæan empire, and ſeveral hieroglyphical fables under which they couched or embelliſhed their morals. For which reaſon I look upon this Bucolic as an ineſtimable treaſure of the moſt ancient ſcience.

In the reign of Conſtantine, we hear of another taken in a net, and brought to Alexandria, round whom the people flocked to hear his wiſdom; but, as Ammianus Marcellinus reporteth, he proved a dumb philoſopher, and only inſtructed by action.

The laſt we ſhall ſpeak of, who ſeemeth to be of the true race, is ſaid by St Jerome to have met St Anthony * in a deſert, ↄ inquiring the way of him, he ſhewed his underſtanding and courteſy by pointing, but would not anſwer; for he was a dumb philoſopher alſo.

Theſe are all the notices, which I am at preſent able to gather, of the appearance of ſo great and learned a people on your ſide of the world. But if we return to their ancient native ſeats, Africa and India, we ſhall there find, even in mo-

* Vita St Anth.

dern times, many traces of their original conduct and valour.

In Africa (as we read among the indefatigable Mr Purchas's collections) a body of them, whose leader was inflamed with love for a woman, by martial power and ſtratagem, won a fort from the Portugueſe.

But I muſt leave all others at preſent to celebrate the praiſe of two of their unparalleled monarchs in India. The one was Perimal the Magnificent, a prince moſt learned and communicative, to whom, in Malabar, their exceſs of zeal dedicated a temple, raiſed on ſeven hundred pillars, not inferior, in Maffæus's * opinion, to thoſe of Agrippa in the Pantheon. The other, Hanimant the Marvellous, his relation and ſucceſſor, whoſe knowledge was ſo great, as made his followers doubt if even that wiſe ſpecies could arrive at ſuch perfection: and therefore they rather imagined him and his race a ſort of gods formed into apes. His was the tooth which the Portugueſe took in Biſnagar, 1559, for which the Indians offered, according to Linſchotten †, the immenſe ſum of ſeven hundred thouſand ducats. Nor let me quit this head without mentioning with all due reſpect Oran Outang the Great, the laſt of this line; whoſe unhappy chance it was to fall into the hands of Europeans. Oran Outang, whoſe value was not known to us, for he was a mute philoſopher. Oran Outang, by whoſe diſſection the learned Dr Tyſon ‡ has added a confirmation

* Maff. Lib. i. † Linſchot. ch. 44.
‡ Dr Tyſon's Anatomy of a Pigmy, 4to.

firmation to this ſyſtem, from the reſemblance between the *homo ſylveſtris* and our human body, in thoſe organs by which the rational ſoul is exerted.

We muſt now deſcend to conſider this people as ſunk into the *bruta natura*, by their continual commerce with beaſts. Yet even at this time, what experiments do they not afford us, of relieving ſome from the ſpleen, and others from impoſthumes, by occaſioning laughter at proper ſeaſons; with what readineſs do they enter into the imitation of whatever is remarkable in human life; and what ſurpriſing relations have Le Comte *, and others, given of their appetites, actions, conceptions, affections, varieties of imaginations, and abilities capable of purſuing them? If, under their preſent low circumſtances of birth and breeding, and in ſo ſhort a term of life as is now allotted them, they ſo far exceed all beaſts, and equal many men; what prodigies may we not conceive of thoſe, who were *nati melioribus annis*, thoſe *primitive*, *longæval*, and *antediluvian man-tigers*, who firſt taught ſcience to the world?

This account, which is entirely my own, I am proud to imagine has traced knowledge from a fountain correſpondent to ſeveral opinions of the ancients, though hitherto undiſcovered both by them and the more ingenious moderns. And now what ſhall I ſay to mankind in the thought of this great diſcovery? What, but that they ſhould

* Father Le Comte, a Jeſuit, in the account of his travels.

ſhould abate of their pride, and conſider that the authors of our knowledge are among the beaſts. That theſe who were our elder brothers by a day in the creation, whoſe kingdom (like that in the ſcheme of Plato) was governed by philoſophers, who flouriſhed with learning in Æthiopia and India, are now undiſtinguiſhed, and known only by the ſame appellation as the mantiger, and the monkey!

As to ſpeech, I make no queſtion that there are remains of the firſt and leſs corrupted race in their native deſerts, who yet have the power of it. But the vulgar reaſon given by the Spaniards, "that they will not ſpeak for fear of "being ſet to work," is alone a ſufficient one, conſidering how exceedingly all other learned perſons affect their eaſe. A ſecond is, that theſe obſervant creatures, having been eye-witneſſes of the cruelty with which that nation treated their brother Indians, find it neceſſary not to ſhow themſelves to be men, that they may be protected, not only from work, but from cruelty alſo. Thirdly, they could at beſt take no delight to converſe with the Spaniards, whoſe grave and ſullen temper is ſo averſe to that natural and open chearfulneſs, which is generally obſerved to accompany all true knowledge.

But now, were it poſſible that any way could be found to draw forth their latent qualities, I cannot but think it would be highly ſerviceable to the learned world, both in reſpect of recovering paſt knowledge, and promoting the future.

Might

Might there not be found certain gentle and artful methods, whereby to endear us to them? Is there no nation in the world, whoſe natural turn is adapted to engage their ſociety, and win them by a ſweet ſimilitude of manners? Is there no nation where the men might allure them by a diſtinguiſhing civility, and in a manner faſcinate them by aſſimilated motions? No nation, where the women, with eaſy freedoms, and the gentleſt treatment, might oblige the loving creatures to ſenſible returns of humanity. The love I bear my native country prompts me to wiſh this nation might be Great-Britain; but alas! in our preſent wretched divided condition, how can we hope, that foreigners of ſo great prudence will freely declare their ſentiments in the midſt of violent parties, and at ſo vaſt a diſtance from their friends, relations, and country? The affection I bear our neighbour-ſtate, would incline me to wiſh it were Holland—*Sed læva in parte mamillæ nil ſalit Arcadico.* It is from France then we muſt expect this reſtoration of learning, whoſe late monarch took the ſciences under his protection, and raiſed them to ſo great a height. May we not hope their emiſſaries will, ſome time or other, have inſtructions, not only to invite learned men into their country, but learned beaſts, the true ancient man-tigers, I mean of Æthiopia and India? Might not the talents of each kind of theſe be adapted to the improvement of the ſeveral ſciences? The man-tigers to inſtruct heroes, ſtateſmen, and ſcholars; baboons to teach

ceremony

ceremony and addreſs to courtiers; monkeys, the art of pleaſing in converſation, and agreeable affectations to ladies and their lovers; apes of leſs learning, to form comedians and dancing-maſters; and marmoſets, court-pages and young Engliſh travellers? But the diſtinguiſhing each kind, and allotting the proper buſineſs to each, I leave to the inquiſitive and penetrating genius of the Jeſuits in their reſpective miſſions.

Vale et fruere.

ANNUS

ANNUS MIRABILIS:

OR,

The wonderful effects of the approaching conjunction of the planets Jupiter, Mars, and Saturn.

By MART. SCRIBLERUS, *Philomath.*

In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
Corpora———

I SUPPOSE every body is ſufficiently appriſed of, and duly prepared for, the famous conjunction to be celebrated the 29th of this inſtant December 1722, foretold by all the ſages of antiquity under the name of the *annus mirabilis*, or the *metamorphoſtical* conjunction: A word which denotes the mutual transformation of ſexes, (the effect of that configuration of the celeſtial bodies) the human males being to be turned into females, and the human females into males.

The Egyptians have repreſented this great transformation by ſeveral ſignificant hieroglyphics, particularly one very remarkable. There are carved upon an obeliſk, a *barber* and a *widwife*;

wife; the barber delivers his razor to the midwife, and ſhe her ſwaddling-clothes to the barber. Accordingly Thales Mileſius, (who, like the reſt of his countrymen, borrowed his learning from the Egyptians) after having computed the time of this famous conjunction, *then*, ſays he, *ſhall men and women mutually exchange the pangs of* ſhaving *and* child-bearing.

Anaximander modeſtly deſcribes this metamorphoſis in mathematical terms: *Then*, ſays he, *ſhall the negative quantity of the women be turned into poſitive, their—into* ×; (i. e.) their *minus* into *plus*.

Plato not only ſpeaks of this great change, but deſcribes all the preparations towards it. "Long "before the bodily transformation, ſays he, na- "ture ſhall begin the moſt difficult part of her "work, by changing the *ideas* and *inclinations* of "the two ſexes: Men ſhall turn effeminate, and "women manly; wives ſhall domineer and huſ- "bands obey; ladies ſhall *ride a-horſeback*, dreſ- "ſed like *cavaliers*; princes and nobles appear "in *night-rails* and *petticoats;* men ſhall *ſqueak* "upon theatres with *female* voices, and women "*corrupt virgins;* lords ſhall *knot* and *cut paper;* "and even the *northern* people, αρσενα χυτριν ορχειν." A phraſe (which for modeſty's ſake I forbear to tranſlate) which denotes a vice too frequent amongſt us.

That the miniſtry foreſaw this great change, is plain from the *callico act*; whereby it is now become the occupation of the women all over England, to convert their uſeleſs female habits into

into beds, window-curtains, chairs, and joint-ſtools; undreſſing themſelves, as it were, *before their transformation.*

The philoſophy of this transformation will not ſeem ſurpriſing to people who ſearch into the *bottom* of things. Madam Bourignon, a devout French lady, has ſhewn us, how man was at firſt created male and female in one individual, having the faculty of propagation within himſelf: A circumſtance neceſſary to the ſtate of innocence, wherein a man's happineſs was not to depend upon the caprice of another. It was not till after he had made a *faut-pax*, that he had his female mate. Many ſuch transformations of individuals have been well atteſted; particularly one by Montaigne, and another by the late Biſhop of Saliſbury. From all which it appears, that this ſyſtem of male and female has already undergone, and may hereafter ſuffer, ſeveral alterations. Every ſmatterer in anatomy knows, that a woman is but an introverted man; a new fuſion and *flatus* will turn the hollow bottom of a bottle into a convexity: But I forbear for the ſake of my *modeſt men readers*, who are in a few days to be virgins.

In ſome ſubjects, the ſmalleſt alterations will do: Some men are ſufficiently ſpread about the hips, and contrived with that female ſoftneſs, that they want only the negative quantity to make them buxom wenches; and there are women who are, as it were, already the

ebauche * of a good ſturdy man. If nature could be puzzled, it will be how to beſtow the redundant matter of the exuberant bubbies that now appear about town, or how to roll out the ſhort dapper fellows into well-ſized women.

This great conjunction will begin to operate on Saturday the 29th inſtant. Accordingly, about eight at night, as Senezino ſhall begin at the opera, *Si videte*, he ſhall be obſerved to make an *unuſual motion*; upon which the audience will be affected with a *red ſuffuſion* over their countenance; and becauſe a ſtrong ſucceſſion of the muſcles of the belly is neceſſary towards performing this great operation, both ſexes will be thrown into a *profuſe involuntary laughter*. Then, to uſe the modeſt terms of Anaximander, *ſhall negative quantity be turned into poſitive*, &c. Time never beheld, nor will it ever aſſemble, ſuch a number of *untouched virgins* within thoſe walls! But, alas! ſuch will be the impatience and curioſity of people to act in their new capacity, that many of them will be completed men and women that very night. To prevent the diſorders that may happen upon this occaſion, is the chief deſign of this paper.

Gentlemen have begun already to make uſe of this conjunction to compaſs their filthy purpoſes. They tell the ladies, forſooth, that it is only parting with a periſhable commodity, hardly of ſo much value as a callico under-petticoat; ſince, like its miſtreſs, it will be uſeleſs in the form it is

* Sketch, rough draught, or eſſay.

is now in. If the ladies have no regard to the diſhonour and immorality of the action, I deſire they will conſider, that nature, who never deſtroys her own productions, will exempt big-bellied women till the time of their lying-in; ſo that not to be transformed will be the ſame as to be pregnant. If they do not think it worth while to defend a fortreſs that is to be demoliſhed in a few days, let them reflect, that it will be a melancholy thing nine months hence, to be brought to bed of a baſtard; a poſthumous baſtard, as it were, to which the *quondam* father can be no more than a *dry nurſe*.

This wonderful transformation is the inſtrument of nature to balance matters between the ſexes. The cruelty of ſcornful miſtreſſes ſhall be returned; the ſlighted maid ſhall grow into an imperious gallant, and reward her undoer with a big belly and a baſtard.

It is hardly poſſible to imagine the revolutions that this wonderful phænomenon will occaſion over the face of the earth. I long impatiently to ſee the proceedings of the parliament of Paris, as to the title of ſucceſſion to the crown; this being a caſe not provided for by the *ſalique* law. There will be no preventing diſorders among friars and monks; for certainly vows of chaſtity do not bind, but under the ſex in which they were made. The ſame will hold good with marriages, though I think it will be a ſcandal among Proteſtants for huſbands and wives to part, ſince there remains ſtill a poſſibility to perform

the *debitum conjugale*, by the huſband being *femme couverte*. I ſubmit it to the judgment of the gentlemen of the long robe, whether this tranſformation does not diſcharge all ſuits of rapes.

The Pope muſt undergo a new groping: but the falſe prophet Mahomet has contrived matters well for his ſucceſſors; for as the grand Signior has now a great many fine women, he will then have as many fine young gentlemen, at his devotion.

Theſe are ſurpriſing ſcenes; but I beg leave to affirm, that the ſolemn operations of nature are ſubjects of contemplation, not of ridicule. Therefore I make it my earneſt requeſt to the merry fellows and giggling girls about town, that they would not put themſelves in a high twitter, when they go to viſit a *general* lying in of his firſt child; his *officers* ſerving as midwives, nurſes, and rockers, diſpenſing caudle; or if they behold the *reverend prelates* dreſſing the heads and airing the linen at court; I beg they will remember that theſe offices muſt be filled with people of the greateſt regularity, and beſt characters. For the ſame reaſon, I am ſorry that a certain prelate, who, notwithſtanding his confinement *, ſtill preſerves his healthy, chearful countenance, cannot come in time to be *a nurſe at court*.

I likewiſe earneſtly intreat the *maids of honour* (then *enſigns* and *captains* of the *guards*) that at their firſt ſetting out, they have ſome regard to their former ſtation; and do not run wild through all

* In December 1723.

all the infamous houſes about town: That the preſent *grooms of the bed-chamber* (then maids of honour) would not eat chalk and lime in the green-ſickneſs: And in general, that the men would remember they are become *retromingent*, and not by inadvertency lift up againſt walls and poſts.

Petticoats will not be burdenſome to the *clergy*; but balls and aſſemblies will be indecent for ſome time.

As for you, coquettes, bawds, and chamber-maids, (the future *miniſters*, *plenipotentiaries*, and *cabinet-counſellors* to the princes of the earth), manage the *great intrigues*, that will be committed to your charge, with your uſual ſecrecy and conduct; and the affairs of your maſters will go better than ever.

O ye *exchange* women! (our right worſhipful *repreſentatives* that are to be) be not ſo griping in the ſale of your ware as your predeceſſors, but conſider that the nation, like a ſpendthrift heir, has run out: Be likewiſe a little more continent in your *tongues* than you are at preſent, elſe the length of debates will ſpoil your dinners.

You houſewifely good women, who now preſide over the *confectionary* (henceforth *commiſſioners* of the *treaſury*) be ſo good as to diſpenſe the *ſugar-plumbs* of the government with a more impartial and frugal hand.

Ye prudes and cenſorious old maids (the hopes of the *bench*) exert but your uſual talent of *finding faults*, and the laws will be ſtrictly executed;

only I would not have you proceed upon ſuch *ſlender evidences* as you have done hitherto.

It is from you, eloquent oyſter-merchants of Billingſgate, (juſt ready to be called to the bar, aud quoifed like your ſiſter-ſerjeants), that we expect the ſhortening the time, and leſſening the expences of law-ſuits: For I think you are obſerved to bring your debates to a *ſhort iſſue*; and even cuſtom will reſtrain you from taking the *oyſter*, and leaving only the *ſhell* to your client.

O ye phyſicians, who in the figure of old women are to clean the *tripe* in the markets, ſcour it as effectually as you have done that of your patients, and the town will fare moſt deliciouſly on Saturdays.

I cannot but congratulate human nature upon this happy transformation; the only expedient left to reſtore the liberties and tranquillity of mankind. This is ſo evident, that it is almoſt an affront to common ſenſe to inſiſt upon the proof: If there can be any ſuch ſtupid creature as to doubt it, I deſire he will make but the following obvious reflection. There are in Europe alone at preſent about a million of ſturdy fellows, under the denomination of *ſtanding forces*, with arms in their hands; that thoſe are maſters of the lives, liberties, and fortunes of all the reſt, I believe no-body will deny. It is no leſs true in fact, that reams of paper, and above a ſquare mile of ſkins of vellum have been employed to no purpoſe to ſettle peace among thoſe ſons of violence. Pray who is he that will ſay unto them,

them, *Go and diſband yourſelves?* But lo! by this transformation it is done at once, and the *halcyon* days of public tranquillity return; for neither the military temper nor diſcipline can taint the ſoft ſex for a whole age to come: *Bellaque matribus inviſa*, wars odious to *mothers*, will not grow immediately palatable in their *paternal* ſtate.

Nor will the influence of this transformation be leſs in *family* tranquillity, than it is in *national*. Great faults will be amended, and frailties forgiven, on both ſides. A wife, who has been diſturbed with late hours, and choaked with the hautgoût of a ſot, will remember her *ſufferings*, and avoid the temptations; and will for the ſame reaſon indulge her mate in his female capacity in ſome *paſſions*, which ſhe is ſenſible from experience are natural to the ſex; ſuch as vanity, of fine clothes, being admired, *&c.* And how tenderly muſt ſhe uſe her mate under the breeding qualms and labour-pains which ſhe hath felt herſelf? In ſhort, all unreaſonable demands upon huſbands muſt ceaſe, becauſe they are already ſatisfied from natural experience, that they are impoſſible.

That the ladies may govern the affairs of the world, and the gentlemen thoſe of their houſehold, better than either of them have hitherto done, is the hearty deſire of

Their moſt ſincere well-wiſher,

M. S.

A SPECIMEN of SCRIBLERUS's REPORTS.

STRADLING verſus STILES.

Le report del caſe argue en le commen banke devant touts les juſtices de meſme le banke, en le quart. An, du raygne de roy Jaques, entre *Matthew Stradling*, plant. & *Peter Stiles*, def. en un action propter certos equos coloratos, Anglice, *pyed horſes*, poſt. per le dit. *Matthew* verſe le dit *Peter*.

Le recital del Caſe. SIR John Swale *of* Swale-hall, *in* Swaledale, *faſt by the river* Swale, *Kt. made his laſt will and teſtament: in which, among other bequeſts was this*, viz. Out of the kind love and reſpect that I bear unto my much honoured and good friend Mr Matthew Stradling, Gent. I do bequeath unto the ſaid Matthew Stradling, Gent. *all my black and white horſes. The teſtator had ſix black horſes, ſix white horſes, and ſix pyed horſes.*

Le point. *The debate therefore was, Whether or no the ſaid Matthew Stradling ſhould have the ſaid pyed horſes by virtue of the ſaid bequeſt?*

Pour le pl. Atkins apprentice *pour le pl. moy ſemble que le pl. recovera.*

And firſt of all it ſeemeth expedient to conſider what

what is the nature of horſes, *and alſo what is the* nature of colours; *and ſo the argument will conſequently divide itſelf in a twofold way, that is to ſay, the* formal part, *and* ſubſtantial part. Horſes *are the* ſubſtantial part, *or thing bequeathed:* black and white *the* formal, *or deſcriptive part.*

Horſe, *in a phyſical ſenſe, doth import* a certain quadrupede or four-footed animal, which, by the apt and regular diſpoſition of certain proper and convenient parts, is adapted, fitted, and conſtituted for the uſe and need of man. *Yea, ſo neceſſary and conducive was this animal conceived to be to the behoof of the commonweal, that ſundry and divers acts of parliament have from time to time been made* in favour of horſes.

1ſt Edw. VI. *Makes the tranſporting of* horſes *out of the kingdom no leſs a penalty than the forfeiture of* 40 *l.*

2d and 3d Edward VI. *Takes from* horſe-ſtealers *the benefit of their clergy.*

And the ſtatutes of the 27th and 32d of Henry VIII. *condeſcend ſo far as to take care of their very* breed: *theſe our wiſe anceſtors prudently foreſeeing, that they could not better take care of their own poſterity, than by alſo taking care of that of their* horſes.

And of ſo great eſteem are horſes *in the eye of the common law, that when a* Knight of the Bath *committeth any great and enormous crime, his puniſhment is to have his* ſpurs chopt off with a cleaver, *being, as Maſter Bracton well obſerveth,* unworthy to ride on a horſe.

Littleton,

Littleton, ſect. 315. ſaith, *If tenants in common make a leaſe reſerving for rent* a horſe, *they ſhall have but one aſſize, becauſe,* ſaith the book, *the law will not ſuffer* a horſe to be ſevered. *Another argument of what high eſtimation the law maketh of an horſe.*

But as the great difference ſeemeth not to be ſo much touching the ſubſtantial part, horſes, *let us proceed to the formal or deſcriptive part,* viz. *what horſes they are that come within this bequeſt.*

Colours are commonly of various kinds and different ſorts; *of which* white *and* black *are the two extremes, and conſequently* comprehend within them all other colours whatſoever.

By a bequeſt therefore of black and white horſes, gray or pyed horſes may well paſs; *for when two extremes, or remoteſt ends of any thing, are deviſed, the law, by common intendment, will intend* whatſoever is contained between them to be deviſed too.

But the preſent caſe is ſtill ſtronger, coming not only within the intendment, but alſo the very letter of the words.

By the word black, *all the horſes that are* black are deviſed; *by the word* white, *are deviſed thoſe that* are white; *and by the ſame word, with the conjunction copulative,* and, *between them,* the horſes that are black and white, *that is to ſay* pyed, are deviſed alſo.

Whatever is black and white *is* pyed, *and whatever* is pyed *is* black and white; *ergo,* black and white

white *is* pyed, *and, vice verſa*, pyed *is* black and white.

If therefore black and white horſes *are deviſed*, pyed horſes ſhall paſs by ſuch deviſe; but black and white horſes are deviſed; *ergo*, the pl. ſhall have the pyed horſes.

Pour le Defend. Catlyne *ſerjeant; moy ſemble al' contrary, the plaintiff* ſhall not have the pyed horſes by intendment; *for if by the deviſe of* black and white horſes, *not only black and white horſes, but horſes of any colour between theſe two extremes may paſs;* then not only pyed and grey horſes, but alſo red or bay horſes would paſs likewiſe; which would be abſurd and againſt reaſon. *And this is another ſtrong argument in law, Nihil quod eſt contra rationem eſt licitum; for* reaſon is the life of the law, *nay, the* common law is nothing but reaſon; *which is to be underſtood of* artificial perfection and reaſon *gotten by long ſtudy, and* not of man's natural reaſon; *for, nemo naſcitur artifex*, and legal reaſon *eſt ſumma ratio; and therefore if all the reaſon that is diſperſed into ſo many different heads, were united into one, he could not make ſuch a law as the law of England; becauſe by many ſucceſſions of ages it has been fixed and refixed by grave and learned men; ſo that the old rule may be verified in it*, Neminem oportet eſſe legibus ſapientiorem.

As therefore pyed horſes *do not come within the intendment of the bequeſt, ſo neither do they within the letter of the words.*

A pyed horſe *is not a* white horſe, *neither is*

a

a pyed a black horſe; *how then can* pyed horſes *come under the words of* black and white horſes?

Beſides, where cuſtom hath adapted a certain determinate name to any one thing, in all deviſes, feoffments, and grants, that certain name ſhall be made uſe of, and no uncertain circumlocutory deſcriptions ſhall be allowed; *for certainty is the father of right, and the mother of juſtice.*

Le reſte del argument jeo ne pouvois oyer, car jeo ſui diſturb en mon place.

Le court fuit longement en doubt' de c'eſt matter; et apres grand deliberation eu,

Judgment fuit donne pour le pl. niſi cauſa.

Motion in arreſt of judgment, *that the* pyed horſes were mares; *and thereupon* an inſpection as prayed.

Et ſur ceo le court adviſare vult.

A KEY to the LOCK:

OR,

A Treatiſe, proving beyond all contradiction the dangerous tendency of a late poem, intitled, *The Rape of the Lock*, to government and religion.

Written in the year 1714.

SINCE this unhappy diviſion of our nation into PARTIES, it is not to be imagined how many artifices have been made uſe of by writers to obſcure the truth, and cover deſigns which may be detrimental to the public. In particular, it has been their cuſtom of late to vent their political ſpleen in *allegory* and *fable*. If an honeſt believing nation is to be made a jeſt of, we have a ſtory of John Bull and his wife; if a treaſurer is to be glanced at, an *ant* with a *white ſtraw* is introduced: if a treaty of commerce is to be ridiculed, it is immediately metamorphoſed into a tale of count Tariff.

But if any of theſe malevolents have a ſmall talent in rhime, they principally delight to convey their malice in that pleaſing way; as it were,

gilding the pill, and concealing the poiſon under the ſweetneſs of numbers.

It is the duty of every well-deſigning ſubject to prevent, as far as he can, the ill conſequences of ſuch pernicious treatiſes; and I hold it mine to warn the public of a late poem, intitled, the RAPE of the LOCK; which I ſhall demonſtrate to be of this nature.

It is a common and juſt obſervation, that, when the meaning of any thing is dubious, one can no way better judge of the true intent of it, than by conſidering *who* is the author, *what* is his character in general, and his diſpoſition in particular.

Now, that the author of this poem is a reputed Papiſt, is well known; and that a genius ſo capable of doing ſervice to that cauſe may have been corrupted in the courſe of his education by Jeſuits or others, is juſtly very much to be ſuſpected; notwithſtanding that ſeeming coolneſs and moderation, which he has been (perhaps artfully) reproached with by thoſe of his own perſuaſion. They are ſenſible, that this nation is ſecured by good and wholeſome laws to prevent all evil practices of the church of Rome; particularly the publication of books, that may in any ſort propagate that doctrine: Their authors are therefore obliged to couch their deſigns the deeper; and though I cannot aver the intention of this gentleman was directly to ſpread popiſh doctrines, yet it comes to the ſame point if he touch the government; for the

the court of Rome knows very well, that the church at this time is ſo firmly founded on the ſtate, that the only way to ſhake the one is by attacking the other.

What confirms me in this opinion, is an accidental diſcovery I made of a very artful piece of management among his popiſh friends and abettors, to hide his whole deſign upon the government by taking all the characters upon themſelves.

Upon the day that this poem was publiſhed, it was my fortune to ſtep into the Cocoa-tree, where a certain gentleman was railing very liberally at the author with a paſſion extremely well counterfeited, for having, as he ſaid, reflected upon him in the character of Sir Plume. Upon his going out, I inquired who he was, and they told me he was a *Roman Catholic Knight*.

I was the ſame evening at Will's, and ſaw a circle round another gentleman, who was railing in like manner, and ſhewing his ſnuff-box and cane to prove he was ſatirized in the ſame character. I aſked this gentleman's name, and was told he was a *Roman Catholic Lord*.

A day or two after, I happened to be in company with the young Lady to whom the poem is dedicated. She alſo took up the character of Belinda with much frankneſs and good humour, though the author has given us a hint in his de-

dication *, that he meant ſomething further. This Lady is alſo a *Roman Catholic*. At the ſame time others of the characters were claimed by ſome perſons in the room; and all of them *Roman Catholics*.

But to proceed to the work itſelf.

In all things which are intricate, as *allegories* in their own nature are, and eſpecially thoſe that are induſtriouſly made ſo, it is not to be expected, we ſhould find the clue at firſt ſight; but when once we have laid hold on that, we ſhall trace this our author through all the labyrinths, doublings, and turnings of this intricate compoſition.

Firſt then, let it be obſerved, that in the moſt demonſtrative ſciences ſome *poſtulata* are to be granted, upon which the reſt is naturally founded.

The only *poſtulatum* or conceſſion which I deſire to be made me, is, that by the *lock* is meant

The BARRIER TREATY †.

I. Firſt then, I ſhall diſcover, that Belinda repreſents Great Britain, or, which is the ſame thing, her *late Majeſty*. This is plainly ſeen in his deſcription of her:

On her white breaſt a ſparkling croſs ſhe wore:

alluding

* "The character of Belinda (as it is here managed) "reſembles you in nothing but beauty." Dedication to the Rape of the Lock.

† For a full account of the political tranſaction relating to this treaty, ſee *The Conduct of the Allies*; and *Remarks on the Barrier-Treaty*, Vol. ii. P. 94, 152.

alluding to the ancient name of Albion, from her *white cliffs*, and to the *croſs* which is the enſign of England.

II. The baron, who cuts off the *lock*, or barrier-treaty, is the E. of Oxford.

III. Clariſſa, lent the ſciſſars, my lady Maſham.

IV. Thaleſtris, who provokes Belinda to reſent the loſs of the lock, or treaty, the Dutcheſs of Marlborough.

V. Sir Plume, who is moved by Thaleſtris to re-demand it of Great-Britain, Prince Eugene, who came hither for that purpoſe.

There are ſome other inferior characters, which we ſhall obſerve upon afterwards; but I ſhall firſt explain the foregoing.

The firſt part of the Baron's character is his being *adventurous*, or enterpriſing, which is the common epithet given to the Earl of Oxford by his enemies. The prize he aſpires to is the treaſury, in order to which he offers a ſacrifice:

——————an altar built
Of twelve vaſt *French* romances neatly gilt.

Our author here takes occaſion maliciouſly to inſinuate this ſtateſman's love to France; repreſenting the books he chiefly ſtudies to be vaſt French romances: Theſe are the vaſt proſpects from the friendſhip and alliance of France, which he ſatirically calls romances; hinting thereby, that theſe promiſes and proteſtations were no more to be relied on than thoſe idle legends. Of theſe he is ſaid to build an altar; to intimate, that the

foundation of his ſchemes and honours was fixed upon the *French romances* above mentioned.

A fan, a garter, half a pair of Gloves.

One of the things he ſacrifices is a *fan*, which, both for its gaudy ſhow and perpetual fluttering, has been held the emblem of woman: This points at the change of the *ladies* of the *bed-chamber*. The *garter* alludes to the honours he conferred on ſome of his friends; and we may, without ſtraining the ſenſe, call the *half pair of gloves* a *gauntlet*, the token of thoſe military employments, which he is ſaid to have ſacrificed to his deſigns. The prize, as I ſaid before, means the treaſury, which he makes his prayer, *ſoon to obtain*, and *long to poſſeſs*.

The powr's gave ear, and granted half his pray'r,
The reſt, the winds diſpers'd in empty air.

In the firſt of theſe lines he gives him the treaſury, and in the laſt ſuggeſts, that he ſhould not long poſſeſs that honour.

That Thaleſtris is the Dutcheſs of Marlborough, appears both by her nearneſs to Belinda, and by this author's malevolent ſuggeſtion that ſhe is a lover of war.

To arms, to arms, the bold Thaleſtris cries:

But more particularly by ſeveral paſſages in her ſpeech to Belinda upon the cutting off the lock, or treaty. Among other things ſhe ſays, *Was it for this you bound your locks in paper durance?* Was

it

it for this ſo much *paper* has been ſpent to ſecure the barrier-treaty?

Methinks, already I your tears ſurvey;
Already hear the horrid things they ſay;
Already ſee you a degraded toaſt.

This deſcribes the aſperſions under which that good Princeſs ſuffered, and the repentance which muſt have followed the diſſolution of that treaty; and particularly levels at the refuſal ſome people made to drink her Majeſty's health.

Sir Plume (a proper name for a ſoldier) has all the circumſtances that agree with Prince Eugene.

Sir Plume, of amber ſnuff-box juſtly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane,
With earneſt eyes———

It is remarkable, this general is a great taker of ſnuff as well as towns; his conduct of the clouded cane gives him the honour which was ſo juſtly his due, of an exact conduct in battle, which is figured by his cane or truncheon, the enſign of a general. His *earneſt eye*, or the vivacity of his look, is ſo particularly remarkable in him, that this character could be miſtaken for no other, had not the author purpoſely obſcured it by the fictitious circumſtances of a *round unthinking face*.

Having now explained the chief characters of his *human perſons*, (for there are ſome others that will hereafter fall in by-the-bye, in the ſequel of this diſcourſe), I ſhall next take in pieces his *machinery*,

chinery, wherein the ſatire is wholly confined to miniſters of ſtate.

The Sylphs and Gnomes at firſt ſight appeared to me to ſignify the two contending parties of this nation; for theſe being placed in the *air*, and thoſe on the *earth*, I thought agreed very well with the common denomination, *high* and *low*. But as they are made to be the firſt movers and influencers of all that happens, it is plain they repreſent promiſcuouſly the *heads* of *parties*; whom he makes to be the authors of all thoſe changes in the ſtate, which are generally imputed to the levity and inſtability of the Britiſh nation.

This erring mortals levity may call:
Oh blind to truth! the Sylphs contrive it all.

But of this he has given us a plain demonſtration; for ſpeaking of theſe ſpirits, he ſays in expreſs terms,

——The chief the care of *nations* own:
And guard, with *arms* divine the *Britiſh throne*.

And here let it not ſeem odd, if, in this myſterious way of writing, we find the ſame perſon, who has before been repreſented by the *Baron*, again deſcribed in the character of Ariel; it being a common way with authors, in this fabulous manner, to take ſuch a liberty. As for inſtance, I have read in *St Evremont*, that all the *different* characters in Petronius are but Nero in ſo many different appearances. And in the key to the curious romance of Barclay's Argenis, both Poliarchus

archus and Archombrotus mean only the king of Navarre.

We obſerve in the firſt beginning of the poem, that Ariel is poſſeſſed of the *ear* of Belinda; therefore it is abſolutely neceſſary, that this perſon muſt be the miniſter who was neareſt the Queen. But whoever would be further convinced, that he meant the treaſurer, may know him by his enſigns in the following line.

He rais'd his *azure wand.*

His ſitting on the *maſt* of a veſſel ſhews his preſiding over the South-ſea trade. When Ariel aſſigns to his Sylphs all the poſts about Belinda, what is more clearly deſcribed than the treaſurer's diſpoſing of all the places in the kingdom, and particularly about her Majeſty? But let us hear the lines.

——Ye ſpirits to your charge repair,
The flutt'ring fan by Zephyretta's care;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we conſign,
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine:
Do thou, Criſpiſſa, tend her fav'rite lock.

He has here particularized the ladies and women of the bed-chamber, the keeper of the cabinet, and her Majeſty's dreſſer, and impudently given *nick-names* to each. To put this matter beyond all diſpute, the Sylphs are ſaid to be *wonderous fond of place*, in the Canto following, where Ariel is perched *uppermoſt*, and all the reſt take their places *ſubordinately under him.*

Here

Here again I cannot but obſerve the exceſſive malignity of this author, who could not leave the character of Ariel without the ſame invidious ſtroke, which he gave him in the character of the Baron before:

Amaz'd, confus'd; he ſaw his pow'r expir'd,
Reſign'd to fate, and with a ſigh retir'd.

Being another prophecy that he ſhould *reſign his place*, which, it is probable, all miniſters do with a *ſigh*.

At the head of the Gnomes he ſets Umbriel a duſky melancholy ſprite, who makes it his buſineſs to give Belinda the ſpleen; a vile and malicious ſuggeſtion againſt ſome *grave* and *worthy miniſter*. The vapours, phantoms, viſions, and the like, are the jealouſies, fears, and cries of danger, that have ſo often affrighted and alarmed the nation. Thoſe who are deſcribed in the houſe of *ſpleen*, under thoſe ſeveral fantaſtical forms, are the ſame whom their ill-willers have ſo often called the *whimſical*.

The two foregoing ſpirits being the only conſiderable characters of the machinery, I ſhall but juſt mention the Sylph, that is wounded with the ſciſſars at the loſs of the lock, by whom is undoubtedly underſtood my Lord Townſhend, who at that time received a *wound* in his character for making the barrier-treaty, and was *cut out* of his employment upon the diſſolution of it: But that ſpirit re-unites, and receives no harm;

to

to ſignify that it came to nothing, and his Lordſhip had no real hurt by it.

But I muſt not conclude this head of the characters without obſerving, that our author has run through every ſtage of beings in ſearch of topics for detraction. As he has characteriſed ſome perſons under *angels* and *men*, ſo he has others under *animals* and *things inanimate*: he has even repreſented an eminent clergyman as a *dog*, and a noted writer as a *tool*. Let us examine the former.

——But *Shock*, who thought ſhe ſlept too long,
Leapt up, and wak'd his miſtreſs with his tongue.
'Twas then, Belinda, if report ſay true,
Thy eyes firſt open'd on a *billet-doux*.

By this *ſhock* it is manifeſt he has moſt audaciouſly and profanely reflected on Dr Sacheverel, who leapt up, that is, into the pulpit, and awakened Great Britain with his *tongue*, that is, with his *ſermon*, which made ſo much *noiſe*, and for which he has been frequently termed by others of his enemies, as well as by this author, a *dog*. Or perhaps by his *tongue* may be more literally meant his *ſpeech* at his trial ſince immediately thereupon, our author ſays, her *eyes opened* on a *billet-doux*. Billets-doux, being addreſſes to ladies from lovers, may be aptly interpreted thoſe addreſſes of loving ſubjects to her Majeſty, which enſued that trial.

The

The other inſtance is at the end of the third Canto.

Steel did the labours of the gods deſtroy.
And ſtrike to duſt th' imperial tow'rs of Troy.
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.

Here he moſt impudently attributes the demolition of Dunkirk, not to the pleaſure of her Majeſty, or of her miniſtry, but to the frequent inſtigations of his friend Mr Steele. A very artful pun to conceal his wicked lampoonry!

Having now conſidered the general intent and ſcope of the poem, and opened the characters, I ſhall next diſcover the malice which is covered under the epiſodes, and particular paſſages of it.

The game at *ombre* is a myſtical repreſentation of the late *war*, which is hinted by his making *ſpades* the trump; *ſpade* in Spaniſh ſignifying a *ſword*, and being yet ſo painted in the cards of that nation, to which it is well known we owe the original of our cards. In this one place indeed he has unawares paid a compliment to the Queen and her ſucceſs in the war; for Belinda gets the better of the *two* that play againſt her, *viz.* the kings of France and Spain.

I do not queſtion but every particular card has its perſon and character aſſigned, which, no doubt the author has told his friends in private; but I ſhall only inſtance in the deſcription of the diſgrace under which the Duke of Marlborough then ſuffered, which is ſo apparent in theſe verſes:

Ev'n

Ev'n mighty *pam*, that kings and Queens o'erthrew,
And Mow'd down armies in the fights of *lu*,
Sad chance of war! now deſtitute of aid,
Falls undiſtinguiſh'd———

And that the author here had an eye to our modern tranſactions, is very plain, from an unguarded ſtroke towards the end of this game,

And now, as oft in ſome *diſtemper'd ſtate*,
On *one nice trick* depends the gen'ral fate,

After the concluſion of the war, the public rejoicings and *thankſgivings* are ridiculed in the two following lines:

The nymph, exulting, fills with ſhouts the ſky,
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.

Immediately upon which there follows a malicious inſinuation in the manner of a prophecy (which we have formerly obſerved this ſeditious writer delights in) that the peace ſhould continue but a ſhort time, and that the day ſhould afterwards be curſed, which was then celebrated with ſo much joy:

Sudden theſe honours ſhall be ſnatch'd away,
And curs'd for ever this victorious day.

As the game at *ombre* is a ſatirical repreſentation of the late *war*, ſo is the *tea-table* that enſues, of the *council-table*, and its conſultations after the peace. By this he would hint, that all the advantages we have gained by our late extended commerce, are only coffee and tea, or

things of no greater value. That he thought of the *trade* in this place, appears by the paſſage, which repreſents the Sylphs particularly careful of the *rich brocade*; it having been a frequent complaint of our mercers, that *French brocades* were imported in great quantities. I will not ſay he means thoſe preſents of rich *gold-ſtuff ſuits*, which were ſaid to be made her Majeſty by the king of France, though I cannot but ſuſpect that he glances at it.

Here this author (as well as the ſcandalous John Dunton) repreſents the miniſtry in plain terms taking *frequent cups*.

And frequent cups prolong the rich repaſt;

for it is manifeſt he meant ſomething more than common coffee, by his calling it

Coffee, that makes the *politician wiſe*;

and by telling us, it was this coffee, that

Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain
New *ſtratagems*———

I ſhall only further obſerve, that it was at this table the lock was cut off; for where, but at the *council-board*, ſhould the barrier-treaty be diſſolved?

The enſuing *contentions* of the parties, upon the loſs of that treaty, are deſcribed in the ſquabbles following the Rape of the Lock, and this he raſhly expreſſes without any diſguiſe,

All ſide in *parties* ———

and

and here you have a gentleman who *ſinks beſide the chair*: A plain alluſion to a Noble Lord, who loſt his chair of *preſident* of the *council*.

I come next to the *bodkin*, ſo dreadful in the hand of Belinda; by which he intimates the Britiſh *ſceptre*, ſo revered in the hand of our late auguſt Princeſs. His own note upon this place tells us, he alludes to a ſceptre; and the verſes are ſo plain, they need no remark.

The ſame (his ancient perſonage to deck)
Her great great grandſire wore about his neck
In *three ſeal rings*, which, after melted down,
Form'd a vaſt buckle for his widow's gown;
Her infant grandame's whiſtle next it grew,
The bells ſhe gingled, and the whiſtle blew;
Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs,
Which long ſhe wore, and now Belinda wears.

An open ſatire upon *hereditary right!* The *three ſeal rings* plainly allude to the three kingdoms.

Theſe are the chief paſſages in the battle, by which, as hath before been ſaid, he means the ſquabble of parties. Upon this occaſion, he could not end the deſcription, without teſtifying his malignant joy at thoſe diſſentions, from which he forms the proſpect that *both* ſhould be diſappointed, and cries out with triumph, as if it were already accompliſhed,

Behold how oft ambitious aims are croſt,
And chiefs contend till *all the prize is loſt*.

The lock at length is turn'd into a *ſtar*, or

the old barrier-treaty into a new and glorious *peace* This, no doubt, is what the author, at the time he printed this poem, would have been thought to mean; in hopes by that compliment, to eſcape the puniſhment for the reſt of this piece. It puts me in mind of a fellow who concluded a bitter lampoon upon the prince and court of his days, with theſe lines,

God ſave the king, the commons, and the peers,
And grant the author long may wear his ears.

Whatever this author may think of that *peace*, I imagined it the moſt *extraordinary ſtar*, that ever appeared in our hemiſphere. A ſtar that is to bring us all the wealth and gold of the Indies; and from whoſe influence, not Mr John Partridge alone (whoſe worthy labours this writer ſo ungenerouſly ridicules) but all true Britons, may, with no leſs authority than he, prognoſticate *the fall of Lewis* in the reſtraint of the exorbitant power of France, and the *fate of Rome* in the triumphant condition of the church of England.

We have now conſidered this poem in its political view, wherein we have ſhewn, that it hath two different walks of ſatire; the one in the ſtory itſelf, which is a ridicule on the *late tranſactions in general*, the other in the machinery, which is a ſatire on the *miniſters of ſtate in particular*. I ſhall now ſhew that the ſame poem, taken in another light, has a tendency to *Popery*, which is ſecretly inſinuated through the whole.

In

In the firſt place, he has conveyed to us the doctrine of *guardian angels* and *patron ſaints* in the machinery of his Sylphs, which being a piece of Popiſh ſuperſtition that hath been exploded ever ſince the Reformation, he would revive under this diſguiſe. Here are all the particulars which they believe of thoſe beings, which I ſhall ſum up in a few heads.

1*ſt*, The ſpirits are made to concern themſelves with all human actions in general.

2*dly*, A diſtinct guardian ſpirit or patron is aſſigned to each perſon in particular.

Of theſe am I, who thy protection claim,
A watchful ſprite———

3*dly*, They are made directly to inſpire dreams, viſions, and revelations.

Her guardian Sylph prolong'd her balmy reſt,
'Twas he had ſummon'd to her ſilent bed,
The morning dream———

4*thly*, They are made to be ſubordinate in different degrees, ſome preſiding over others. So Ariel has his ſeveral under-officers at command,

Superior by the head was Ariel plac'd.

5*thly*, They are employed in various offices, and each hath his office aſſigned him,

Some in the fields of pureſt æther play,
And baſk and whiten in the blaze of day;
Some guide the courſe, *&c.*

6*thly*, He hath given his ſpirits the charge of

the ſeveral parts of *dreſs*; intimating thereby, that the ſaints preſide over the ſeveral parts of *human bodies*. They have one ſaint to cure the tooth-ach, another the gripes, another the gout, and ſo of the reſt.

The flutt'ring fan be Zephyretta's care,
The drops to thee, Brillante, we conſign, &c.

7*thly*, They are repreſented to know the thoughts of men:

As on the noſegay in her breaſt reclin'd,
He watch'd th' ideas riſing in her mind.

8*thly*, They are made protectors even to animal and irrational beings:

Ariel himſelf ſhall be the guard of *Shock*.

So St Anthony preſides over hogs, &c.

9*thly*, They are made patrons of whole kingdoms and provinces:

Of theſe the chief the care of nations own.

So St George is imagined by the *Papiſts* to defend England, St Patrick, Ireland, St James, Spain, &c. Now, what is the conſequence of all this? By granting that they have this power, we muſt be brought back again to *pray* to them.

The *toilette* is an artful recommendation of the *maſs*, and pompous ceremonies of the *church of Rome*. The *unveiling* of the *altar*, the *ſilver vaſes* upon it, being *robed* in *white* as the prieſts are upon the chief feſtivals, and the *head uncovered* are manifeſt marks of this.

A heav'nly image in the glaſs appears,
To that ſhe bends———

plainly denotes *image-worſhip*.

The *goddeſs*, who is decked with *treaſures*, *jewels*, and the various *offerings of the world*, manifeſtly alludes to the Lady of Loretto. You have perfumes breathing from the *incenſe-pot* in the following line:

And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.

The character of Belinda, as we take it in this third view, repreſents the Popiſh religion, or the whore of Babylon; who is deſcribed in the ſtate this malevolent author wiſhes for, coming forth in all her glory upon the Thames, and overſpreading the whole nation with ceremonies.

Not with more glories in th' ætherial plain
The ſun firſt riſes o'er the purple main,
Then iſſuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launch'd on the boſom of the ſilver Thames.

She is dreſſed with a *croſs* on her breaſt, the enſign of Popery, the *adoration* of which is plainly recommended in the following lines:

On her white breaſt a ſparkling *croſs* ſhe wore,
Which Jews might *kiſs*, and infidels *adore*.

Next he repreſents her as the *univerſal church*, according to the boaſts of the Papiſts:

And like the ſun ſhe ſhines on all alike.

After which he tells us,

If to her ſhare ſome female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.

Though

Though it ſhould be granted ſome errors fall to her ſhare, look on the pompous figure ſhe makes throughout the world, and they are not worth regarding. In the ſacrifice following, you have theſe two lines:

For this, ere Phœbus roſe, he had implor'd
Propitious heav'n, and ev'ry pow'r ador'd.

In the firſt of them he plainly hints at their riſing to *matins*; in the ſecond, by adoring *every power*, the *invocation of ſaints*.

Belinda's viſits are deſcribed with numerous *wax-lights*, which are always uſed in the ceremonial part of the Romiſh worſhip.

——Viſits ſhall be paid on ſolemn days,
When num'rous wax-lights in bright order blaze.

The *lunar ſphere* he mentions, opens to us their *purgatory*, which is ſeen in the following line:

Since all things loſt on earth are *treaſur'd* there.

It is a Popiſh doctrine, that ſcarce any perſon quits this world, but he muſt touch at purgatory in his way to heaven; and it is here alſo repreſented as the *treaſury* of the *Romiſh church*. Nor is it much to be wondered at, that the *moon* ſhould be *purgatory*, when a learned divine hath in a late treatiſe proved the *ſun* to be *hell* *.

I ſhall now, before I conclude, deſire the reader to compare this key with thoſe upon any other pieces, which are ſuppoſed to have been ſecret

* The Reverend Dr Swinden.

cret ſatires upon the ſtate, either ancient or modern; in particular with the keys to Petronius Arbiter, Lucian's true Hiſtory, Barclay's Argenis, and Rabelais's Garagantua; and I doubt not he will do me the juſtice to acknowledge, that the explanations here laid down, are deduced as naturally, and with as little violence, both from the general *ſcope* and *bent* of the work, and from the ſeveral *particulars*; furthermore, that they are every way as conſiſtent and undeniable, every way as candid, as any modern interpretations of either *party* on the conduct and writings of the other. And I appeal to the moſt eminent and able *ſtate-decypherers* themſelves, if, according to their art, any thing can be more fully *proved*, or more ſafely *ſworn* to?

To ſum up my whole charge againſt this author in a few words: He has ridiculed both the preſent miniſtry and the laſt; abuſed great ſtateſmen and great generals; nay, the treaties of whole nations have not eſcaped him, nor has the royal dignity itſelf been omitted in the progreſs of his ſatire; and all this he has done juſt at the meeting of a new parliament. I hope a proper authority may be made uſe of to bring him to condign puniſhment. In the mean while, I doubt not, if the perſons moſt concerned, would but order Mr Bernard Lintot, the printer and publiſher of this dangerous piece, to be taken into cuſtody and examined, many farther diſcoveries might be made both of this poet's and his abettor's ſecret deſigns, which are doubtleſs of the utmoſt importance to the *government*.

MEMOIRS

MEMOIRS of P. P. Clerk of this Pariſh.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The original of the following extraordinary treatiſe conſiſted of two large volumes in folio; which might juſtly be intitled, The importance of a man to himſelf: *But, as it can be of very little uſe to any body beſides, I have contented myſelf to give only this ſhort abſtract of it; as a taſte of the* true ſpirit of memoir-writers.

IN the name of the Lord, Amen. I P. P. by the grace of God, clerk of this pariſh, writeth this hiſtory.

Ever ſince I arrived at the age of diſcretion, I had a call to take upon me the function of a pariſh-clerk; and to that end it ſeemed unto me meet and profitable to aſſociate myſelf with the pariſh-clerks of this land; ſuch I mean as were right worthy in their calling, men of a clear and ſweet voice, and of a becoming gravity.

Now it came to paſs, that I was born in the year of our Lord, *Anno Domini* 1655, the year wherein our worthy benefactor, Eſq; Bret, did add one bell to the ring of this pariſh. So that it hath been wittily ſaid, "that one and the ſame "day did give to this our church two rare gifts, "it's great bell and it's clerk."

Even when I was at ſchool, my miſtreſs did ever

ever extol me above the reſt of the youth, in that I had a laudable voice. And it was furthermore obſerved, that I took a kindly affection unto that black letter in which our bibles are printed. Yea, often did I exerciſe myſelf in ſinging godly ballads, ſuch as the lady and death, the children in the wood, and chevy-chace; and not like other children, in lewd and trivial ditties. Moreover, while I was a boy, I always adventured to lead the pſalm next after Maſter William Harris, my predeceſſor, who (it muſt be confeſſed to the glory of God) was a moſt excellent pariſh-clerk in that his day.

Yet, be it acknowledged, that at the age of ſixteen I became a company-keeper, being led into idle converſation by my extraordinary love to ringing; inſomuch, that in a ſhort time I was acquainted with every ſet of bells in the whole *country*: Neither could I be prevailed upon to abſent myſelf from wakes, being called thereunto by the harmony of the ſteeple. While I was in theſe ſocieties, I gave myſelf up to unſpiritual paſtimes, ſuch as wreſtling, dancing, and cudgel-playing; ſo that I often returned to my father's houſe with a broken pate. I had my head broken at Milton by Thomas Wyat, as we played a bout or two for an hat that was edged with ſilver galloon: But in the year following I broke the head of Henry Stubbs, and obtained a hat not inferior to the former. At Yelverton I encountered George Cummins weaver, and behold my head was broken a ſecond time! At the wake of Way-

brook,

brook, I engaged William Simkins tanner, when lo, thus was my head broken a third time, and much blood trickled therefrom. But I adminiſtered to my comfort, ſaying within myſelf, "what "man is there howſoever dextrous in any craft, "who is for aye on his guard?" A week after I had a baſe-born child laid unto me; for in the days of my youth I was looked upon as a follower of venereal fantaſies: Thus was I led into ſin by the comelineſs of Suſanna Smith, who firſt tempted me, and then put me to ſhame: for indeed ſhe was a maiden of a ſeducing eye, and pleaſant feature. I humbled myſelf before the juſtice, I acknowledged my crime to our curate, and to do away mine offences, and make her ſome atonement, was joined to her in holy wedlock on the Sabbath-day following.

How often do thoſe things which ſeem unto us misfortunes, redound to our advantage! for the miniſter (who had long looked on Suſanna as the moſt lovely of his pariſhioners) liked ſo well of my demeanour, that he recommended me to the honour of being his clerk, which was then become vacant by the deceaſe of good Maſter William Harris.

Here ends the firſt chapter; after which follow fifty or ſixty pages of his amours in general, and that particular one with Suſanna his preſent wife; but I proceed to chapter the ninth.

No ſooner was I elected into mine office, but I layed aſide the powdered gallantries of my youth, and

and became a new man. I conſidered myſelf as in ſome-wiſe of eccleſiaſtical dignity, ſince by wearing a band, which is no ſmall part of the ornament of our clergy, I might, not unworthily, be deemed, as it were, a ſhred of the linnen-veſtment of Aaron.

Thou mayeſt conceive, O reader, with what concern I perceived the eyes of the congregation fixed upon me, when I firſt took my place at the feet of the prieſt. When I raiſed the pſalm, how did my voice quaver for fear! and when I arrayed the ſhoulders of the miniſter with the ſurplice, how did my joints tremble under me! I ſaid within myſelf, "Remember, Paul, thou ſtandeſt "before men of high worſhip, the wiſe Mr Ju- "ſtice Freeman, the grave Mr Juſtice Thomſon, "the good Lady Jones, and the two virtuous gen- "tlewomen her daughters; nay, the great Sir "Thomas Truby, Knight and Baronet, and my "young maſter the Eſquire, who ſhall one day "be lord of this manor." Notwithſtanding which, it was my good hap to acquit myſelf to the good liking of the whole congregation; but the Lord forbid I ſhould glory therein.

The next chapter contains an account how he diſcharged the ſeveral duties of his office; in particular he inſiſts on the following:

I was determined to reform the manifold corruptions and abuſes which had crept into the church.

Firſt, I was eſpecially ſevere in whipping forth

dogs from the temple, all excepting the lap-dog of the good widow Howard, a ſober dog, which yelped not, nor was there offence in his mouth.

Secondly, I did even proceed to moroſeneſs, though ſore againſt my heart, unto poor babes, in tearing from them the half-eaten apples, which they privily munched at church. But verily it pitied me, for I remembered the days of my youth.

Thirdly, With the ſweat of my own hands, I did make plain and ſmooth the dogs-ears throughout our great Bible.

Fourthly, The pews and benches, which were formerly ſwept but once in three years, I cauſed every Saturday to be ſwept with a beſom and trimmed.

Fifthly and laſtly, I cauſed the ſurplice to be neatly darned, waſhed, and laid in freſh lavender (yea, and ſometimes to be ſprinkled with roſe-water) and I had great laud and praiſe from all the neighbouring clergy, foraſmuch as no pariſh kept the miniſter in cleaner linnen.

Notwithſtanding theſe his public cares, in the eleventh chapter he informs us, he did not neglect his uſual occupations as an handicraftſman.

Shoes, ſaith he, did I make (and, if intreated, mend) with good approbation. Faces alſo did I ſhave, and I clipped the hair. Chirurgery alſo I practiſed in the worming of dogs; but to bleed adventured I not, except the poor. Upon this my twofold profeſſion there paſſed among men a merry tale, delectable enough to be rehearſed: how

how that, being overtaken in liquor one Saturday evening, I ſhaved the prieſt with Spaniſh blacking for ſhoes inſtead of a waſh-ball, and with lamp-black powdered his peruke. But theſe were ſayings of men, delighting in their own conceits more than in the truth. For it is well known, that great was my ſkill in theſe my crafts; yea I once had the honour of trimming Sir Thomas himſelf, without fetching blood. Furthermore, I was ſought unto to geld the Lady Frances her ſpaniel, which was wont to go aſtray: he was called Toby, that is to ſay, Tobias. And, thirdly, I was entruſted with a gorgeous pair of ſhoes of the ſaid Lady to ſet an heel-piece thereon; and I received ſuch praiſe therefor, that it was ſaid all over the pariſh, I ſhould be recommended unto the King to mend ſhoes for his Majeſty: whom God preſerve! Amen.

The reſt of this chapter I purpoſely omit; for it muſt be owned, that when he ſpeaks as a ſhoemaker he is very abſurd. He talks of Moſes's pulling off his ſhoes, *of tanning the* hides *of the* Bulls *of Baſan, of Simon the* tanner, *&c. and takes up four or five pages to prove, that when the Apoſtles were inſtructed to travel* without ſhoes, *the precept did not extend to their ſucceſſors.*

The next relates how he diſcovered a thief *with a Bible and key, and experimented verſes of the Pſalms that had cured* agues.

I paſs over many others, which inform us of pariſh-affairs only; ſuch as of the ſucceſſion of curates;

a liſt of the weekly texts; *what* pſalms *he choſe on proper occaſions; and what children were born and* buried; *the laſt of which articles he concludes thus:*

That the ſhame of women may not endure, I ſpeak not of baſtards; neither will I name the mothers, although thereby I might delight many grave women of the pariſh; even her who hath done penance in the ſheet will I not mention, foraſmuch as the church hath been witneſs of her diſgrace: Let the father, who hath made due compoſition with the church-wardens to conceal his infirmity, reſt in peace, my pen ſhall not bewray him, for I alſo have ſinned.

The next chapter contains what he calls a great revolution in the church, part of which I tranſcribe.

Now was the long expected time arrived, when the Pſalms of K. David ſhould be hymned unto the ſame tunes, to which he played them upon his harp, (ſo was I informed by my ſinging-maſter, a man right cunning in pſalmody). Now was our over-abundant quaver and trilling done away, and in lieu thereof was inſtituted the ſolfa, in ſuch guiſe as is ſung in his Majeſty's chapel. We had London ſinging-maſters ſent into every pariſh, like unto exciſemen; and I alſo was ordained to adjoin myſelf unto them, though an unworthy diſciple, in order to inſtruct my fellow-pariſhioners in this new manner of worſhip. What though they accuſed me of humming through the noſtril as a ſacbut; yet would I not forego that harmony, it having been agreed by

by the worthy pariſh-clerks of London ſtill to preſerve the ſame. I tutored the young men and maidens to tune their voices as it were a pſaltery, and the church on the Sunday was filled with theſe new hallelujahs.

Then follow full ſeventy chapters, containing an exact detail of the law-ſuits *of the parſon and his pariſhioners concerning tythes, and near an hundred pages left blank, with an earneſt deſire that the* hiſtory might be completed by any of his ſucceſſors, in whoſe time theſe ſuits ſhould be ended.

The next contains an account of the briefs *read in the church, and the ſums collected upon each.* For the reparation of nine churches, collected at nine ſeveral times, 2*s.* and 7$\frac{3}{4}$*d.* For fifty families ruined by fire, 1*s.* $\frac{1}{2}$*d.* For an inundation, a K. Charles's groat, given by Lady Frances, *&c.*

In the next, he laments the diſuſe of wedding-ſermons, *and celebrates the benefits ariſing from thoſe at* funerals, *concluding with theſe words:* Ah! let not the relations of the deceaſed grudge the ſmall expence of an hatband, a pair of gloves, and ten ſhillings, for the ſatisfaction they are ſure to receive from a pious divine, that their father, brother, or boſom-wife, are certainly in heaven.

In another, he draws a panegyric on one Mrs Margaret Wilkins; but, after great encomiums, concludes, that notwithſtanding all, ſhe was an unprofitable veſſel, being a barren woman, and never

once having furniſhed God's church with a chriſtening.

We find in another chapter, how he was much ſtaggered in his belief, and diſturbed in his conſcience, by an Oxford ſcholar, who had proved to him by logic, that animals might have rational, nay immortal ſouls; *but how he was again comforted with the reflection,* that if ſo, they might be allowed Chriſtian burial, and greatly augment the fees of the pariſh.

In the two following chapters he is overpowered with vanity. We are told, how he was conſtantly admitted to all the feaſts and banquets of the church-officers, and the ſpeeches he there made for the good of the pariſh. How he gave hints to young clergymen to preach; but above all, how he gave a text for the 30*th of January, which occaſioned a moſt excellent ſermon, the merits of which he takes entirely to himſelf. He gives an account of a conference he had with the vicar concerning the uſe of texts.* Let a preacher, ſaith he, conſider the aſſembly before whom he preacheth, and unto them adapt his text. Micah the iii. and 11. affordeth good matter for courtiers and court-ſerving men: "*The heads of the land judge for reward, and the* "*people thereof judge for hire, and the prophets there-*"*of divine for money; yet will they lean upon the* "*Lord, and ſay, Is not the Lord among us?*" Were the firſt miniſter to appoint a preacher before the Houſe of Commons, would not he be wiſe

wiſe to make choice of theſe words? "*Give, and* "*it ſhall be given unto ye.*" Or before the Lords, "*Giving no offence, that the miniſtry be not blamed,* "2 Cor. vi. 3." Or praiſing the warm zeal of an adminiſtration, "*Who maketh his miniſters a fla-* "*ming fire,* Pſal. civ. 4." We omit many other of his texts, as too tedious.

From this period the ſtile of the book riſes extremely. Before the next chapter was paſted the effigies of Dr Sacheverel, and I found the oppoſite page all on a foam with politics.

We are now, ſays he, arrived at that celebrated year, in which the church of England was tried in the perſon of Dr Sacheverel. I had ever the intereſt of our High-church at heart, neither would I, at any ſeaſon, mingle myſelf in the ſocieties of Fanatics, whom I, from my infancy, abhorred more than the Heathen or Gentile. It was in theſe days I bethought myſelf, that much profit might accrue unto our pariſh, and even unto the nation, could there be aſſembled together a number of choſen men of the right ſpirit, who might argue, refine, and define, upon high and great matters. Unto this purpoſe, I did inſtitute a weekly aſſembly of divers worthy men at the Roſe and Crown alehouſe, over whom myſelf, though unworthy, did preſide. Yea, I did read unto them the poſt-boy of Mr Roper, and the written letter of Mr Dyer, upon which we communed afterwards among ourſelves.

Our ſociety was compoſed of the following perſons:

perſons: Robert Jenkins, farrier; Amos Turner, collar-maker; George Pilcocks, late exciſe-man; Thomas White, wheel-wright; and myſelf. Firſt, of the firſt, Robert Jenkins.

He was a man of bright parts and ſhrewd conceit, for he never ſhoed an horſe of a Whig or a Fanatic, but he lamed him ſorely.

Amos Turner, a worthy perſon, rightly eſteemed among us for his ſufferings, in that he had been honoured in the ſtocks for wearing an oaken bough.

George Pilcocks, a ſufferer alſo; of zealous and laudable freedom of ſpeech, inſomuch that his occupation had been taken from him.

Thomas White, of good repute likewiſe, for that his uncle, by the mother's ſide, had formerly been ſervitor at Maudlin-college, where the glorious Sacheverel was educated.

Now were the eyes of all the pariſh upon theſe our weekly councils. In a ſhort ſpace the miniſter came among us; he ſpake concerning us and our councils to a multitude of other miniſters at the viſitation, and they ſpake thereof unto the miniſters at London, ſo that even the biſhops heard and marvelled thereat. Moreover, Sir Thomas, member of parliament, ſpake of the ſame unto other members of parliament, who ſpake thereof unto the peers of the realm. Lo! thus did our councils enter into the hearts of our generals and our lawgivers; and from henceforth, even as we deviſed, thus did they.

After

After this, the book is turned on a ſudden from his own life *to a* hiſtory *of all the* public tranſactions *of Europe, compiled from the news-papers of thoſe times. I could not comprehend the meaning of this, till I perceived at laſt, to my no ſmall aſtoniſhment, that all the meaſures of the four laſt years of the Queen, together with the peace of Utrecht, which have been uſually attributed to the Earl of Oxford, Duke of Ormond, Lords Harcourt and Bolingbroke, and other great men, do here moſt plainly appear to have been wholly owing to Robert Jenkins, Amos Turner, George Pilcocks, Thomas White, but above all, P. P.*

The reader may be ſure I was very inquiſitive after this extraordinary writer, whoſe work I have here abſtracted. I took a journey into the country on purpoſe: but could not find the leaſt trace of him: till by accident I met an old clergyman, who ſaid he could not be poſitive, but thought it might be one Paul Philips, who had been dead about twelve years. And, upon inquiry, all we could learn of that perſon from the neighbourhood, was, that he had been taken notice of for ſwallowing loaches, *and remembered by ſome people by a* black and white cur with one ear, *that conſtantly followed him.*

In the church-yard I read his epitaph, ſaid to be written by himſelf.

O reader, if that thou canſt read,
Look down upon this ſtone;
Do all we can, death is a man
That never ſpareth none.

THOUGHTS

THOUGHTS on VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

I.

PARTY is the madneſs of many, for the gain of a few.

II.

There never was any party, faction, ſect, or cabal whatſoever, in which the moſt ignorant were not the moſt violent: For a bee is not a buſier animal than a blockhead. However, ſuch inſtruments are neceſſary to politicians; and perhaps it may be with ſtates as with clocks, which muſt have ſome dead weight hanging at them, to help and regulate the motion of the finer and more uſeful parts.

III.

To endeavour to work upon the vulgar with fine ſenſe, is like attempting to hew blocks with a razor.

IV.

Fine ſenſe and exalted ſenſe are not half ſo uſeful as common ſenſe: There are forty men of wit for one man of ſenſe; and he that will carry nothing about him but gold, will be every day at a loſs for want of readier change.

V.

V.

Learning is like mercury, one of the moſt powerful and excellent things in the world in ſkilful hands; in unſkilful, the moſt miſchievous.

VI.

The niceſt conſtitutions of government are often like the fineſt pieces of clock-work; which depending on ſo many motions, are therefore more ſubject to be out of order.

VII.

Every man has juſt as much vanity as he wants underſtanding.

VIII.

Modeſty, if it were to be recommended for nothing elſe, this were enough, that the pretending to little leaves a man at eaſe, whereas boaſting requires a perpetual labour to appear what he is not. If we have ſenſe, modeſty beſt proves it to others; if we have none, it beſt hides our want of it. For as bluſhing will ſometimes make a whore paſs for a virtuous woman, ſo modeſty may make a fool ſeem a man of ſenſe.

IX.

It is not ſo much the being exempt from faults, as the having overcome them, that is an advantage to us: It being with the follies of the mind as with the weeds of a field, which, if deſtroyed

and

and conſumed upon the place of their birth, enrich and improve it more than if none had ever ſprung there.

X.

To pardon thoſe abſurdities in ourſelves, which we cannot ſuffer in others, is neither better nor worſe than to be more willing to be fools ourſelves, than to have others ſo.

XI.

A man ſhould never be aſhamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but ſaying in other words, that he is wiſer to-day than he was yeſterday.

XII.

Our paſſions are like convulſion-fits, which, though they make us ſtronger for the time, leave us weaker ever after.

XIII.

To be angry, is to revenge the fault of others upon ourſelves.

XIV.

A brave man thinks no one his ſuperior who does him an injury, for he has it then in his power to make himſelf ſuperior to the other, by forgiving it.

XV.

To relieve the oppreſſed is the moſt glorious act

act a man is capable of; it is in ſome meaſure doing the buſineſs of God and providence.

XVI.

Superſtition is the ſpleen of the ſoul.

XVII.

Atheiſts put on a falſe courage and alacrity in the midſt of their darkneſs and apprehenſions; like children, who when they go in the dark will ſing for fear.

XVIII.

An atheiſt is but a mad ridiculous derider of piety, but a hypocrite makes a ſober jeſt of God and religion. He finds it eaſier to be upon his knees, than to riſe to do a good action; like an impudent debtor, who goes every day and talks familiarly with his creditor without ever paying what he owes.

XIX.

What Tully ſays of war, may be applied to diſputing; it ſhould be always ſo managed as to remember, that the only end of it is peace: But generally true diſputants are like true ſportſmen, their whole delight is in the purſuit; and a diſputant no more cares for the truth, than the ſportſman for the hare.

XX.

The ſcripture, in time of diſputes, is like an open town in time of war, which ſerves indifferently the occaſions of both parties; each makes

uſe of it for the preſent turn, and then reſigns it to the next comer to do the ſame.

XXI.

Such as are ſtill obſerving upon others, are like thoſe who are always abroad at other mens houſes, reforming every thing there, while their own run to ruin.

XXII.

When men grow virtuous in their old age, they only make a ſacrifice to God of the devil's leavings.

XXIII.

When we are young, we are ſlaviſhly employed in procuring ſomething whereby we may live comfortably when we grow old; and when we are old, we perceive it is too late to live as we propoſed.

XXIV.

People are ſcandalized, if one laughs at what they call a ſerious thing. Suppoſe I were to have my head cut off to-morrow, and all the world were talking of it to-day, yet why might not I laugh to think, what a buſtle is here about my head?

XXV.

The greateſt advantage I know of being thought a wit by the world, is that it gives one the greater freedom of playing the fool.

XXVI.

XXVI.

We ought in humanity no more to deſpiſe a man for the misfortunes of the mind than for thoſe of the body, when they are ſuch as he cannot help. Were this thoroughly conſidered, we ſhould no more laugh at one for having his brains cracked than for having his head broke.

XXVII.

A man of wit is not incapable of buſineſs, but above it. A ſprightly generous horſe is able to carry a pack-ſaddle as well as an aſs, but he is too good to be put to the drudgery.

XXVIII.

Where-ever I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, I take it for granted there would be as much generoſity if he were a rich man.

XXIX.

Flowers of rhetoric in ſermons and ſerious diſcourſes are like the blue and red flowers in corn, pleaſing to thoſe who only come for amuſement, but prejudicial to him who would reap the profit.

XXX.

When two people compliment each other with the choice of any thing, each of them generally gets that which he likes leaſt.

XXXI.

He who tells a lie, is not ſenſible how great a taſk he undertakes, for he muſt be forced to invent twenty more to maintain that one.

XXXII.

Giving advice is many times only the privilege of ſaying a fooliſh thing one's ſelf, under pretence of hindering another from doing one.

XXXIII.

It is with followers at court, as with followers on the road, who firſt beſpatter thoſe that go before, and then tread on their heels.

XXXIV.

Falſe happineſs is like falſe money, it paſſes for a time as well as the true, and ſerves ſome ordinary occaſions; but when it is brought to the touch, we find the lightneſs and allay, and feel the loſs.

XXXV.

Daſtardly men are like ſorry horſes, who have but juſt ſpirit and mettle enough to be miſchievous.

XXXVI.

Some people will never learn any thing; for this reaſon, becauſe they underſtand every thing too ſoon.

XXXVII.

A perſon who is too nice an obſerver of the buſineſs of the croud, like one who is too curious in obſerving the labour of the bees, will often be ſtung for his curioſity.

XXXVIII.

A man of buſineſs may talk of philoſophy, a man who has none may practiſe it.

XXXIX.

XXXIX.

There are ſome ſolitary wretches, who ſeem to have left the reſt of mankind only as Eve left Adam, to meet the devil in private.

XL.

The vanity of human life is like a river conſtantly paſſing away, and yet conſtantly coming on.

XLI.

I ſeldom ſee a noble building, or any great piece of magnificence and pomp, but I think, how little is all this to ſatisfy the ambition, or to fill the idea, of an immortal ſoul.

XLII.

It is a certain truth, that a man is never ſo eaſy or ſo little impoſed upon, as among people of the beſt ſenſe: It coſts far more trouble to be admitted or continued in ill company than in good; as the former have leſs underſtanding to be employed, ſo they have more vanity to be pleaſed; and to keep a fool conſtantly in good humour with himſelf and with others, is no very eaſy taſk.

XLIII.

The difference between what is commonly called ordinary company and good company, is only hearing the ſame things ſaid in a little room, or in a large ſaloon, at ſmall tables, or at great tables before two candles or twenty ſconces.

XLIV.

It is with narrow-ſouled people as with narrow-necked bottles; the leſs they have in them, the more noiſe they make in pouring it out.

XLV.

Many men have been capable of doing a wiſe thing, more a cunning thing, but very few a generous thing.

XLVI.

Since it is reaſonable to doubt moſt things, we ſhould moſt of all doubt that reaſon of ours which would demonſtrate all things.

XLVII.

To buy books, as ſome do who make no uſe of them, only becauſe they were publiſhed by an eminent printer, is much as if a man ſhould buy clothes that did not fit him, only becauſe they were made by ſome famous taylor.

XLVIII.

It is as offenſive to ſpeak wit in a fool's company, as it would be ill manners to whiſper in it; he is diſpleaſed at both for the ſame reaſon, becauſe he is ignorant of what is ſaid.

XLIX.

Falſe critics rail at falſe wits, as quacks and impoſtors are ſtill cautioning us to beware of counterfeits, and decry other cheats only to make more way for their own.

L.

L.

Old men, for the moſt part, are like old chronicles, that give you dull, but true accounts of times paſt, and are worth knowing only on that ſcore.

LI.

There ſhould be, methinks, as little merit in loving a woman for her beauty, as in loving a man for his proſperity; both being equally ſubject to change.

LII.

We ſhould manage our thoughts in compoſing any work, as ſhepherds do their flowers in making a garland: Firſt ſelect the choiceſt, and then diſpoſe them in the moſt proper places, where they give a luſtre to each other.

LIII.

As handſome children are more a diſhonour to a deformed father than ugly ones, becauſe unlike himſelf; ſo good thoughts, owned by a plagiary, bring him more ſhame than his own ill ones. When a poor thief appears in rich garments, we immediately know they are none of his own.

LIV.

Human brutes, like other beaſts, find ſnares and poiſon in the proviſions of life, and are allured by their appetites to their deſtruction.

LV.

The moſt poſitive men are the moſt credulous; ſince they muſt believe themſelves, and adviſe moſt with their falſeſt flatterer, and worſt enemy, their own ſelf-love.

LVI.

Get your enemies to read your works, in order to mend them; for your friend is ſo much your ſecond-ſelf, that he will judge too like you.

LVII.

Women uſe lovers as they do cards, they play with them a while, and when they have got all they can by them, throw them away, call for new ones, and then perhaps loſe by the new ones all they got by the old ones.

LVIII.

Honour in a woman's mouth, like an oath in the mouth of a gameſter, is ever ſtill moſt uſed as their truth is moſt queſtioned.

LIX.

Women, as they are like riddles in being unintelligible, ſo generally reſemble them in this, that they pleaſe us no longer when once we know them.

LX.

A man who admires a fine woman, has yet no more reaſon to wiſh himſelf her huſband, than one who admired the *Heſperian* fruit would have had to wiſh himſelf the dragon that kept it.

LXI.

LXI.

He who marries a wife, becauſe he cannot always live chaſtely, is much like a man, who, finding a few humours in his body, reſolves to wear a perpetual bliſter.

LXII.

Married people, for being ſo cloſely united, are but the apter to part; as knots, the harder they are pulled, break the ſooner.

LXIII.

A family is but too often a commonwealth of malignants: What we call the charities and ties of affinity, prove but ſo many ſeparate and claſhing intereſts: The ſon wiſhes the death of the father; the younger brother that of the elder; the elder repines at the ſiſters portions; when any of them marry, there are new diviſions, and new animoſities. It is but natural and reaſonable to expect all this, and yet we fancy no comfort but in a family.

LXIV.

Authors in France ſeldom ſpeak ill of each other, but when they have a perſonal pique; authors in England ſeldom ſpeak well of each other, but when they have a perſonal friendſhip.

LXV.

There is nothing wanting to make all rational and diſintereſted people in the world of one religion, but that they ſhould talk together every day.

LXVI.

LXVI.

Men are grateful, in the ſame degree that they are reſentful.

LXVII.

The longer we live, the more we ſhall be convinced, that it is reaſonable to love God, and deſpiſe man, as far as we know either.

LXVIII.

That character in converſation, which commonly paſſes for agreeable, is made up of civility and falſehood.

LXIX.

A ſhort and certain way to obtain the character of a reaſonable and wiſe man, is, whenever any one tells you his opinion, to comply with it.

LXX.

What is generally accepted as virtue in women, is very different from what is thought ſo in men: A very good woman would make but a paltry man.

LXXI.

Some people are commended for a giddy kind of good humour, which is as much a virtue as drunkenneſs.

LXXII.

Thoſe people only will conſtantly trouble you with doing little offices for them, who leaſt deſerve you ſhould do them any.

LXXIII.

LXXIII.

We are ſometimes apt to wonder to ſee thoſe people proud, who have done the meaneſt things; whereas a conſciouſneſs of having done poor things, and a ſhame of hearing of them, often make the compoſition we call pride.

LXXIV.

An excuſe is worſe and more terrible than a lie: for an excuſe is a *lie guarded.*

LXXV.

Praiſe is like ambergreaſe: a little whiff of it, and by ſnatches, is very agreeable; but when a man holds a whole lump of it to your noſe, it is a ſtink, and ſtrikes you down.

LXXVI.

The general cry is againſt ingratitude; but ſure the complaint is miſplaced, it ſhould be againſt vanity. None but direct villains are capable of wilful ingratitude; but almoſt every body is capable of thinking he hath done more than another deſerves, while the other thinks he hath received leſs than he deſerves.

LXXVII.

I never knew any man in my life, who could not bear another's misfortunes perfectly like a Chriſtian.

LXXVIII.

Several explanations of caſuiſts, to multiply the

the catalogue of ſins, may be called *amendments* to the *ten commandments*.

LXXIX.

It is obſervable that the ladies frequent tragedies more than comedies: The reaſon may be, that in tragedy their ſex is deified and adored, in comedy expoſed and ridiculed.

LXXX.

The character of covetouſneſs is what a man generally acquires more through ſome niggardlineſs, or ill grace, in little and inconſiderable things, than in expences of any conſequence. A very few pounds a-year would eaſe a man of the ſcandal of avarice.

LXXXI.

Some mens wit is like a dark lanthorn which ſerves their own turn, and guides them their own way; but is never known (according to the ſcripture-phraſe) either to ſhine forth before men, or to glorify their Father in heaven.

LXXXII.

It often happens, that thoſe are the beſt people, whoſe characters have been moſt injured by ſlanderers, as we uſually find that to be the ſweeteſt fruit which the birds have been picking at.

LXXXIII.

The people all running to the capital city, is like a confluence of all the animal ſpirits to the heart;

heart; a ſymptom that the conſtitution is in danger.

LXXXIV.

The wonder we often expreſs at our neighbours keeping dull company, would leſſen, if we reflected, that moſt people ſeek companions leſs to be talked to, than to talk.

LXXXV.

Amuſement is the happineſs of thoſe that cannot think.

LXXXVI.

Never ſtay dinner for a clergyman, who is to make a morning-viſit, ere he comes; for he will think it his duty to dine with any greater man that aſks him.

LXXXVII.

A contented man is like a good tennis-player, who never fatigues and confounds himſelf with running eternally after the ball, but ſtays till it comes to him.

LXXXVIII.

Two things are equally unaccountable to reaſon, and not the object of reaſoning; the wiſdom of God, and the madneſs of man.

LXXXIX.

Many men, prejudiced early in diſfavour of mankind by bad maxims, never aim at making friendſhips; and while they only think of avoiding

ing the evil, miſs of the good that would meet them. They begin the world knaves for prevention, while others only end ſo after diſappointment.

XC.

No woman ever hates a man for being in love with her, but many a woman hates a man for being a friend to her.

XCI.

The eye of a critic is often like a microſcope, made ſo very fine and nice, that it diſcovers the atoms, grains, and minuteſt particles, without ever comprehending the whole, comparing the parts, or ſeeing all at once the harmony.

XCII.

A king may be a tool, a thing of ſtraw; but if he ſerves to frighten our enemies, and ſecure our property, it is well enough: A ſcare-crow is a thing of ſtraw, but it protects the corn.

XCIII.

The greateſt things, and the moſt praiſe-worthy, that can be done for the public good, are not what require great parts, but great honeſty: Therefore for a king to make an amiable character, he needs only to be a man of common honeſty well adviſed.

XCIV.

Notwithſtanding the common complaint of the knavery of men in power, I have known no great

great miniſters, or men of parts in buſineſs, ſo wicked as their inferiors; their ſenſe and knowledge preſerve them from a hundred common rogueries, and when they become bad, it is generally more from the neceſſity of their ſituation, than from a natural bent to evil.

XCV.

Whatever may be ſaid againſt a premier or ſole miniſter, the evil of ſuch an one, in an abſolute government, may not be great: For it is poſſible that almoſt any miniſter may be a better man than a king born and bred.

XCVI.

A man coming to the water-ſide is ſurrounded by all the crew; every one is officious, every one making applications, every one offering his ſervices; the whole buſtle of the place ſeems to be only for him. The ſame man going from the water-ſide, no noiſe is made about him, no creature takes notice of him, all let him paſs with utter neglect; the picture of a miniſter when he comes into power, and when he goes out.

END OF VOL. VI.